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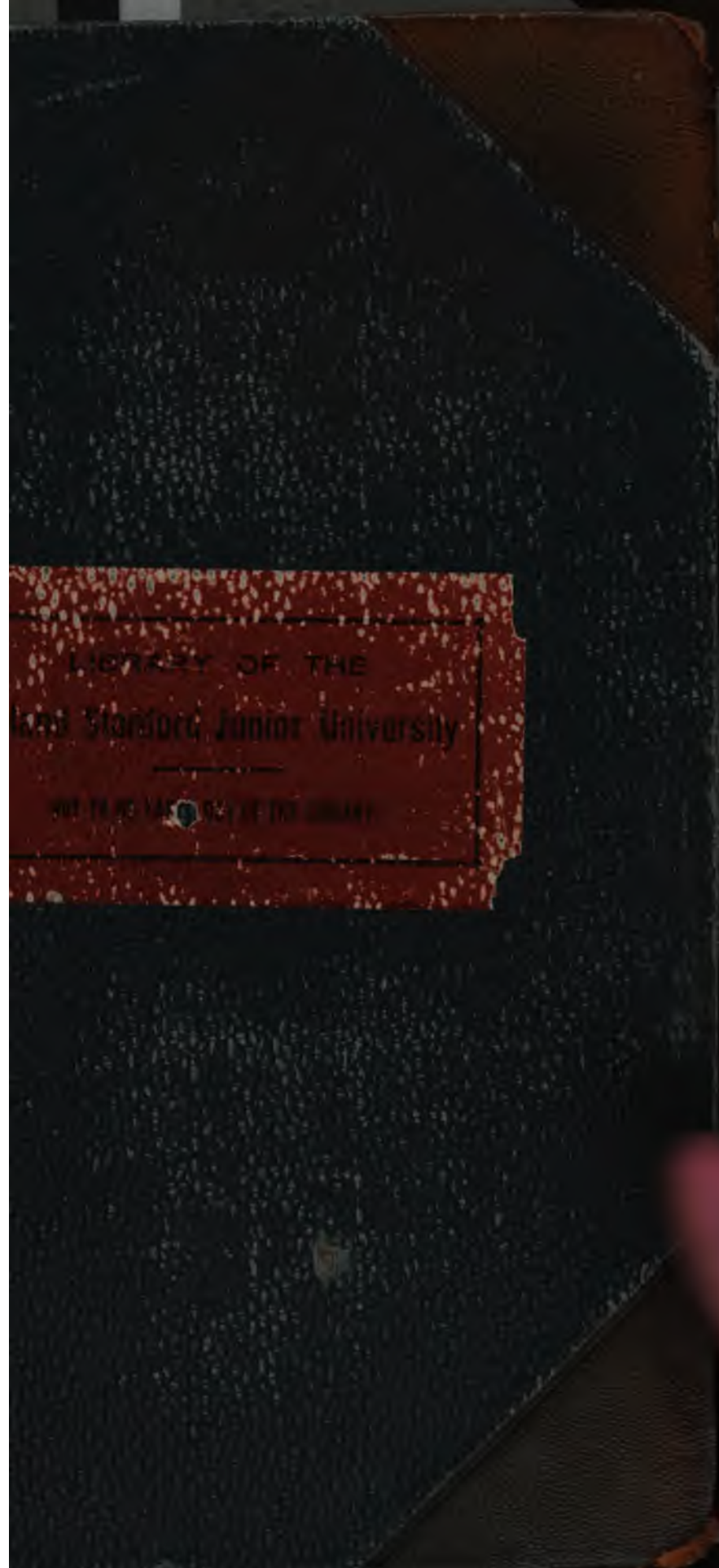
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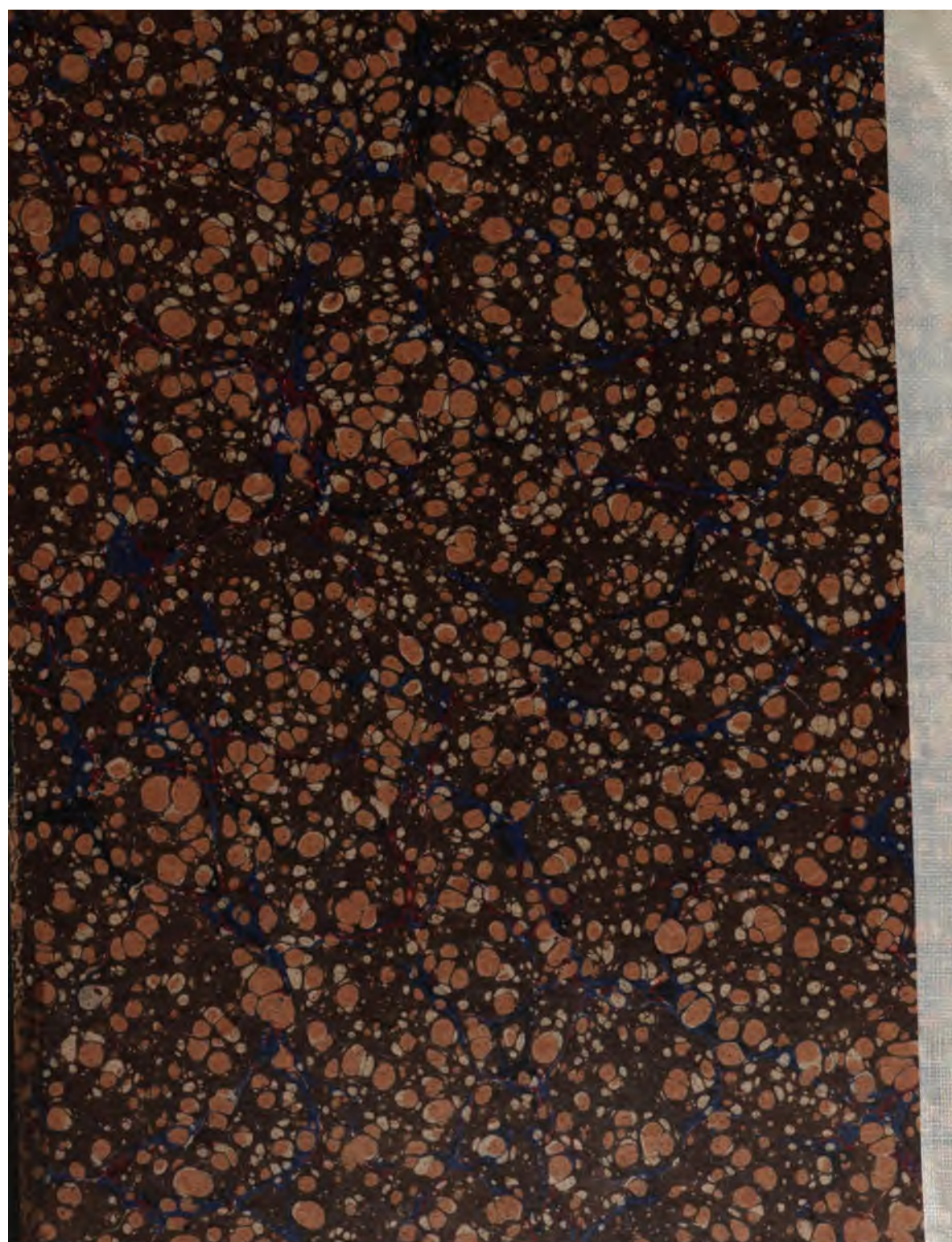
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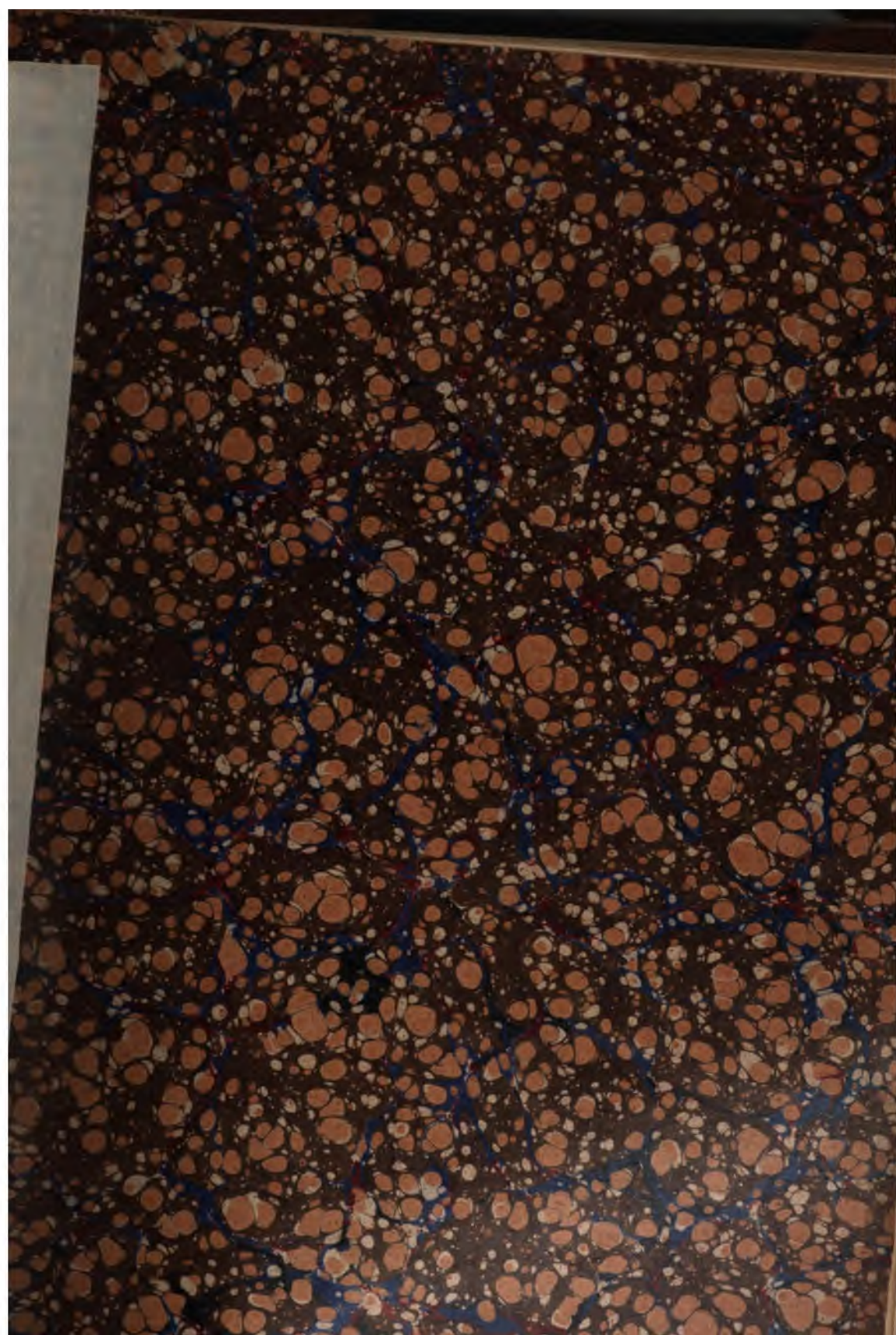


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A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF
The Two Noble Kinsmen.

A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF
The Two Noble Kinsmen;

AND ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPERE'S STYLE
AND THE SECRET OF HIS SUPREMACY.

BY THE LATE
WILLIAM SPALDING, M.A.,
FORMERLY PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, AND AFTERWARDS
PROFESSOR OF LOGIC, RHETORIC, AND METAPHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST
ANDREW'S; AUTHOR OF 'A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,' ETC., ETC.

New Edition, with a Life of the Author,

BY
JOHN HILL BURTON, LL.D.,
AUTHOR OF
'THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,' ETC., ETC.

PUBLISHT FOR
The New Shakspere Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, E.C., 1876.



A 20367

Series VIII. No. 1.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

FOREWORDS

THIS *Letter* by Prof. Spalding has always seemd to me one of the ablest (if not the ablest) and most stimulating pieces of Shakspeare criticism I ever read. And even if you differ from the writer's conclusion as to Shakspeare's part, or even hold that Shakspeare took no part at all, in the Play, you still get almost as much good from the essay as if you accept its conclusions as to the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. It is for its general, more than for its special, discussions, that I value this *Letter*. The close reasoning, the spirited language, the perception and distinction of the special qualities of Shakspeare's work, the investigation into the nature of dramatic art, the grasp of subject, and the mixt logic and enthusiasm of the whole *Letter*, are worthy of a true critic of our great poet, and of the distinguisht Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Metaphysics, who wrote this treatise, that at once delights and informs every one who reads it. No wonder it carrid away and convinct even the calm judicial mind of Hallam.

Indeed, while reading the *Letter*, one can hardly resist the power of Prof. Spalding's argument, backt as it is by his well-chosen passages from the Play. But when one turns to the play itself, when one reads it aloud with a party of friends, then come doubt and hesitation. One begins to ask, 'Is this indeed Shakspeare, Shakspeare at the end of his glorious career, Shakspeare who has just given us Perdita, Hermione and Autolycus'?

Full of the heavenly beauty of Perdita's flowers, one reads over *The Two Noble Kinsmen* flower-song, and asks, pretty as the fancy of a few of the epithets is, whether all that Shakspeare, with the spring-flowers of Stratford about him, and the love of nature deeper than ever in his soul—whether all he has to say of the daisy—Chaucer's 'Quene of flourës alle'—is, that it is "smelless but most quaint"; and of marigolds, that they blow on death-beds', when one recollects his twenty-years' earlier

* Unsure myself as to the form of oxlip root-leaves, and knowing nothing of the use of marigolds alluded to in the lines

"Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,"

also seeing no fancy even if there were fact in 'em, I applied to the best judge in England

use of them in *Lucretia* (A.D. 1594) :—

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April *daisy* on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like *marigolds*, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Full of the ineffable charm and consistency of Miranda and Perdita, one asks of Emilia—Chaucer's daring huntress, virgin free, seeking no marriage-bed—whether Shakspeare, at the crisis of her life, degraded her to a silly lady's-maid or shop-girl, not knowing her own mind, up and down like a bucket in a well, balancing her lovers' qualities against one another, saying she'd worn the losing Palamon's portrait on her right side, not the heart one, her left, &c. ; and then (oh dear !) that Palamon might wound Arcite and *spoil his figure!* What a pity it would be !

Arcite may win me,
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O what pitty
Enough for such a chance !

V. iii. 68-71, p. 81, ed. Littledale.

I say, is it possible to believe that Shakspeare turn'd a noble lady, a frank gallant nature, whose character he had rightly seiz'd at first, into a goose of this kind, whom one would like to shake, or box her ears well ? The thing is surely impossible. Again, is ~~it~~ ^{he} *likely*—and again, I say, at the end of his career, with all his experience behind him, that Shakspeare would make his hero Palamon publicly urge on Venus in his prayer to her, that she was bound to protect him because he'd believ'd a wanton young wife's word that her old incapable husband was the father of her

known to me, Dr R. C. A. Prior, author of the *Popular Names of British Plants*; and he says "I am quite at a loss for the meaning of *cradles* and *death-beds* in the second stanza.

"The writer did not know much about plants, or he would not have combined summer flowers, like the marigold and larkspur, with the primrose.

"I prefer the reading 'With hair-bells dimme'; for nobody would call the upright silver-shaped flower of the primrose a 'bell.' The poet probably means the blue bell."

On the other hand, Mr Wm Whale of our Fgham Nurseries writes : "The root-leaves of the Oxlip are cradle shaped, but circular instead of long. The growth of the leaves would certainly give one an idea of the stem and Oxlip flowers being lodged in a cradle (I suspect) !

"I have seen the marigold * in my boyish days frequently placed on coffins; and in a warm death room they would certainly flower. The flowers named may be all called Spring flowers, but of course some blowing rather later than others."

* This is called the *Calendula officinalis*, or *Medicinal Marigold*, not the African or French sorts which are now so improved and cultivated in gardens.

child? Is this the kind of thing that the Shakspeare of Imogen, of Desdemona, of Queen Catherine, would put forward as the crown of his life and work? Again I say, it can hardly be.

Further, when at one's reading-party one turns to the cleverest and most poetic-natured girl-friend, and says, 'This is assignd to Shakspeare. Do you feel it's his?' She answers, 'Not a bit. And no one else does either. Look how people's eyes are all off their books. They don't care for it: you never see that when we're reading one of Shakspeare's genuine plays.' Then when you note Prof. Spalding's own admission in his *Letter*, p. 81, that in Shakspeare's special excellence, characterization, the play is—as of course it is—weak, and that it is to be compar'd on the one hand with his weaker early work, and on the other with his latest *Henry VIII*, more than half of which Fletcher wrote, you are not surpris'd to find that in 1840,¹ seven years after the date of his *Letter*, Professor Spalding had concluded, that on Shakspeare's having taken part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, his "opinion is not now so decided as it once was," and that by 1847 he was still less decided, and declared the question "really insoluble." Here is the full passage from his article on Dyce's "Beaumont and Fletcher," in the *Edinb. Review*, July 1847, p. 57:—

"In measuring the height of Beaumont and Fletcher, we cannot take a better scale than to put them alongside Shakespeare, and compare them with him. In this manner, an imaginary supposition may assist us in determining the nature of their excellence, and almost enable us to fix its degree. Suppose there were to be discovered, in the library of the Earl of Ellesmere, or in that of the Duke of Devonshire, two dramas not known before, and of doubtful authorship, the one being 'Hamlet,' and the other 'The Winter's Tale.' We should be at no loss, we think, to assign the former to Shakespeare: the judgment would be warranted alike by the consideration of the whole, and by a scrutiny of particular parts. But with regard to the other play, hesitation would not be at all unreasonable. Beaumont and Fletcher (as an eminent living critic has remarked to us) might be believed to have written all its serious parts, more especially the scenes of the jealousy of Leontes, and those beautiful ones which describe the rustic festival². Strange to say, a case of this kind has actually arisen. And the uncertainty which still hangs over it, agrees entirely with the hesitation which we have ventured to imagine as arising in the case we have supposed.

"In 1634, eighteen years after Beaumont's death, and nine after Fletcher's, there was printed, for the first time, the play called 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' The bookseller in his title-page declared it to have

¹ *Edinb. Review*, July 1840, no. 144, p. 468.

² Surely the 'eminent living critic' made an awful mistake about this. Beaumont and Fletcher write Perdita's flowers, Florizel's description of her, Autolycus!

been 'written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakespeare, gentlemen.' On the faith of this assertion, and on the evidence afforded by the character of the work, it has been assumed universally, that Fletcher had a share in the authorship. Shakespeare's part in it has been denied; though there is, perhaps, a preponderance of authority for the affirmative. Those who maintain the joint authorship, commonly suppose the two poets to have written together: but Mr Dyce questions this, and gives us an ingenious theory of his own, which assumes Fletcher to have taken up and altered the work long after Shakespeare's labour on it had been closed.

"*The question of Shakespeare's share in this play is really insoluble.* On the one hand, there are reasons making it very difficult to believe that he can have had any concern in it; *particularly the heavy and undramatic construction of the piece, and the want of individuality in the characters.* Besides, we encounter in it direct and palpable imitations of Shakespeare himself; among which the most prominent is the wretchedly drawn character of the jailor's daughter. On the other hand, there are, in many passages, resemblances of expression (in the very particulars in which our two poets are most unlike Shakespeare) so close, that we must either admit Shakespeare's authorship of these parts, or suppose Fletcher or some one else to have imitated him designedly, and with very marvellous success. Among these passages, too, there are not a few which display a brilliancy of imagination, and a grasp of thought, much beyond Fletcher's ordinary pitch. Readers who lean to Mr Dyce's theory, will desire to learn his grounds for believing that Fletcher's labour in the play was performed in the latter part of his life. It appears to us that the piece bears a close likeness to those more elevated works which are known to have been among the earliest of our series: and if it were not an unbrotherly act to throw a new bone of contention among the critics, we would hint that there is no evidence entitling us peremptorily to assert that Fletcher was concerned in the work to the exclusion of Beaumont.

"Be the authorship whose it may, 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is undoubtedly one of the finest dramas in the volumes before us. It contains passages which, in dramatic vigour and passion, yield hardly to anything—perhaps to nothing—in the whole collection; while for gorgeousness of imagery, for delicacy of poetic feeling, and for grace, animation, and strength of language, we doubt whether there exists, under the names of our authors, any drama that comes near to it.¹ Never has any theme enjoyed the honours which have befallen the semi-classical legend of Palamon and Arcite. Chosen as the foundation of chivalrous narrative by Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden, it has furnished one of the

¹ In the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1841, p. 237-8, Prof. Spalding says that in Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, "The scene of defiance and threatening between Jamie and Henrique is in one of Fletcher's best keys;—not unlike a similar scene in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.'" Act III. sc. i.

fairest of the flowers that compose the dramatic crown of Fletcher, while from that flower, perhaps, leaves might be plucked to decorate another brow which needs them not.

"If the admirers of Fletcher could vindicate for him the fifth act of this play, they would entitle him to a still higher claim upon our gratitude, as the author of a series of scenes, as picturesquely conceived, and as poetically set forth, as any that our literature can boast. Dramatically considered, these scenes are very faulty: perhaps there are but two of them that have high dramatic merits—the interrupted execution of Palamon, and the preceding scene in which Emilia, left in the forest, hears the tumult of the battle, and receives successive reports of its changes and issue. But as a gallery of poetical pictures, as a cluster of images suggestive alike to the imagination and the feelings, as a cabinet of jewels whose lustre dazzles the eye and blinds it to the unskilful setting,—in this light there are few pieces comparable to the magnificent scene before the temples, where the lady and her lovers pray to the gods: and the pathetically solemn close of the drama, admirable in itself, loses only when we compare it with the death of Arcite in Chaucer's masterpiece, 'the Iliad of the middle ages.'"

All this does but show how well-founded was the judgment which that sound scholar and able Shaksperian critic, Prof. Ingram,¹ expresses in our *Transactions* for 1874, p. 454. My own words on pages 73, 64*,—written after short acquaintance with the play, and under stress of Prof. Spalding's and Mr Hickson's able Papers, and the metrical evidence—were incautiously strong. In modifying them now, I do but follow the example of Prof. Spalding himself. Little as my opinion may be worth, I wish to say that I think the metrical and æsthetic evidence are conclusive as to there being two hands in the play. I do not think the evidence that Shakspeare wrote all the parts that either Prof. Spalding or Mr Hickson assigns to him, at all conclusive. If it could be shown that Beaumont² or any other author wrote the suppos'd Shakspeare parts, and that Shakspeare toucht them up, that theory would suit me best. It failing, I accept, for the time, Shakspeare as the second author, subject to Fletcher having spoilt parts of his conception and work.

¹ His Dublin 'Afternoon Lecture' of 1863, shows that he then knew all that I in 1873 was trying in vain to find a known Shaksperian editor or critic to tell me.

² I name Beaumont because of his run-on lines, &c., and the power I find in some of the parts of his and Fletcher's joint dramas that I attribute to him.

X FOREWORDS. PROF. SPALDING AND MR HICKSON ON *THE 2 N. K.*

The following scheme shows where Prof. Spalding and Mr Hickson agree, and where they differ :—

Prologue		FLETCHER (Littledale).
Act I. sc. i.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson (Bridal Song not Sh.'s : Dowden, Nicholson, Littledale, Furnivall ¹).	
„ sc. ii.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding (Sh. revis'd by Fletcher, Dyce, Skeat, Swinburne, Littledale).	SHAKSPERE and FLETCHER, or Fletcher revis'd by Shakspeare. Hickson.
„ sc. iii, iv.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.	
„ sc. v.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, ? Sh. Hickson.	? FLETCHER. Littledale.
Act II. sc. i (prose).	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson, Cole-ridge, Littledale.	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
„ sc. ii, iii, iv, v, vi.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.
Act III. sc. i.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson.	
„ sc. ii.	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson (not Fletcher, Furnivall).	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
„ sc. iii, iv, v, vi.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, Littledale.
Act IV. sc. i, ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson.
„ sc. iii.	*SHAKSPERE. Hickson.	*FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
Act V. sc. i (in-cludes Weber's sc. i, ii, iii).	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, &c.	? lines 1—17 by FLETCHER. Skeat, Littledale.
„ sc. ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, &c.
„ sc. iii, iv.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, &c., with a few lines FLETCHER. Sc. iv. (with FLETCHER interpolations. Swinburne, Littledale).	
Epilogue		FLETCHER. Littledale.

Mr Swinburne, when duly clothed and in his right mind, and not exposing himself in his April-Fool's cap and bells, will have something to say on the subject ; and it will no doubt be matter of controversy to the end of time. Let every one study, and be fully convinct in his own mind.

To Mrs Spalding and her family I am greatly obligd for their willing consent to the present reprint. To Dr John Hill Burton, the Historian of Scotland, we are all grateful for his interesting Life of his

¹ I cannot get over Chaucer's daisies being calld "smelless but most quaint." The epithets seem to me not only poor, but pauper : implying entire absence of fancy and imagination.—F. "Chough hoar" is as bad though.—H. L.

* Here Prof. Spalding and Mr Hickson differ.

old schoolfellow and friend, which comes before the author's *Letter*. Miss Spalding too I have to thank for help. And our Members, Mrs Bidder—the friend of our lost sweet-natured helper and friend, Richard Simpson—and Mr *****, for their gifts of £10 each, and the Rev. Stopford Brooke for his gift of four guineas, towards the cost of the present volume.

To my friend Miss Constance O'Brien I am indebted for the annex Scheme of Prof. Spalding's argument, and the Notes and Index. The side-notes, head-lines, and the additions to the original title-page¹ are mine. I only regret that the very large amount of his time—so much wanted for other pressing duties,—which Mr Harold Littledale has given to his extremely careful edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* for us, has thrown on me, who know the Play so much less intimately than he does, the duty of writing these *Forewords*. But we shall get his mature opinion in his Introduction to the Play in a year or two².

F. J. FURNIVALL.

3, St George's Square, Primrose Hill,

London, N.W., Sept. 27—Oct. 13, 1876.

¹ This was "A Letter / on / Shakspeare's Authorship / of / *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; / a Drama commonly ascribed / to John Fletcher. / Edinburgh : / Adam and Charles Black ; / and Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman. / London. / M.DCCC.XXXIII."

² See the opinion of Mr J. Herbert Stack, an old *Fortnightly-Reviewer*, in the *Notes* at the end of this volume.

SKELETON OF PROF. SPALDING'S *LETTER*.

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LIFE OF PROFESSOR W. SPALDING,

BY HIS SCHOOL-FELLOW AND FRIEND,

JOHN HILL BURTON, LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND,' ETC., ETC.

WILLIAM SPALDING was born on the 22nd of May in the year 1809, at Aberdeen. His father was a practising lawyer as a member of the Society of Advocates in that town, and held office as Procurator Fiscal of the district, or local representative of the law officers of the crown, in the investigation of crimes and the prosecution of criminals. Spalding's mother, Frances Read, was well connected among the old and influential families of the city. When he went to school, Spalding was known to be the only son of a widow. He had one sister who died in early life. Whatever delicacy of constitution he inherited seems to have come from his father's side, for his mother lived to the year 1874, and died in the house of her son's widow among her grown-up grandchildren.

Spalding had the usual school and college education of the district. He attended the elementary burgh schools for English reading, writing, and arithmetic, and passed on to Latin in the grammar school. In his day the fees for attendance in that school, whence many pupils have passed into eminence, were raised from 7s. 6d. to 10s. for each quarter of the year. Those who knew Spalding in later life, would not readily understand that as a school-boy he was noticeable for his personal beauty. His features were small and symmetrical, and his cheeks had a brilliant colour. This faded as he approached middle age, and the features lost in some measure their proportions. He had ever a grave, thoughtful, and acute face, and one of his favourite pupils records the quick glance of his keen grey eye in the active duties of his class. He was noticed in his latter years to have a resemblance to Francis and Leonard Horner, and what Sydney Smith said of the older and more distinguished of these brethren might have been said of Spalding's earnest honest face, that "the commandments were written on his forehead." When he had exhausted his five years' curriculum at the grammar school, Spalding

stepped on a November morning, with some of his school-fellows, and a band of still more primitive youth, from the Aberdeenshire moorlands, and the distant highlands, to enter the open door of Marishal College, and compete for a bursary or endowment. This arena of mental gladiatorship was open to all comers, without question of age, country, or creed. The arrangement then followed—and no doubt still in use, for it has every quality of fairness and effectiveness to commend it, was this—An exercise was given out. It then consisted solely of a passage in English of considerable length, dictated to and written out by the competitors, who had to convert it into Latin. The name of each competitor was removed from his exercise, and kept by a municipal officer. A committee of sages, very unlikely to recognise any known handwriting among the multitude of papers subjected to their critical examination, sorted the exercises in the order of their merits, and then the names of the successful competitors were found. My present impression is that Spalding took the first bursary. It may have been the second or the third, for occasionally a careless inaccuracy might trip up the best scholar, but by acclamation the first place was assigned to Spalding. Indeed, in a general way, through the whole course of his education he swept the first prizes before him. When he finished the four years' curriculum of Marishal College, he attended a few classes in the college of Edinburgh, where the instruction was of another kind—less absolute teaching, but perhaps opportunities for ascending into higher spheres of knowledge. It was a little to the surprise of his companions that he was next found undergoing those "Divinity Hall" exercises, which predicate ambition to be ordained for the Church of Scotland, with the prospect, to begin with, of some moorland parish with a manse on a windy hill and a sterile but extensive glebe, a vista lying beyond of possible promotion to the ministry of some wealthy and hospitable civic community. Spalding said little about his views while he studied for the Church, and nothing about his reasons for changing his course, as he did, after a few months of study in his usual energetic fashion. He had apparently no quarrel either with institutions or persons, stimulating him to change his design, and he ever spoke respectfully of the established Church of Scotland.

From this episodic course of study he brought with him some valuable additions to the large stores of secular learning at his command. He had a powerful memory, and great facilities for mastering and simplifying sciences as well as languages. He seemed to say to himself, like Bacon, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." With any of his friends who strayed into eccentric by-paths of inquiry he was sar-

castic—almost intolerant, in denouncing their selection. Why abandon the great literature—the great sciences and the great arts—which the noblest and strongest intellects in all ages have combined to enrich and bring to perfection? Master all that has been done in these, in the first place, and then you may be permitted to take your devious course. In all the departments of study he seemed to pass over the intermediate agencies, to contemplate with something like worship the great leading spirits whose intellectual stature raised them far above the mob. So in literature, it was in Homer and Shakspeare that he delighted. In the sciences connected with the analysis and the uses of intellect, he looked to Aristotle, Hume, and Kant. In the exact sciences, to Galileo, Tycho Brache and Newton, and so on. In art, he could admit the merits of a Teniers, an Ostade, or a Morland, in accurately rendering nature, as he would admit the merit of an ingenious toy. He could not but wonder at the turbulent power of Rubens, but he was bitter on the purpose these gifts were put to, in developing unsightly masses of flesh, and motions and attitudes wanting alike in beauty and dignity. It was in Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Thorwaldsen, with a select group from those approaching near to these in their characteristic qualities, that the young student selected the gods of his idolatry.

This love of art was something new in Spalding's native district. There all forms of learning were revered, and many a striving rustic devoted the whole energies of his life to acquire the means of teaching his fellow-men from the pulpit or the printing press. But art was nought among them. Spalding was thoroughly attached to his native district, and could well have said, "I love my fathers' northern land, where the dark pine trees grow;" but when his thoughts ran on art, he would sometimes bitterly call the north of Scotland a modern Bœotia. This is not the place for inquiring how it came to pass, that neglect of art could keep company with an ardent love of letters, but it is remarkable that the district so destitute of the æsthetic, gave to the world some considerable artists. In the old days there was George Jameson; and in Spalding's own generation, Bœotia produced Dyce, Giles, Philips, and Cassy as painters, with Brodie as a sculptor. Spalding could not but see merit in these, for none of them gave themselves to vulgar or purely popular art. Still he panted after the higher altitudes, and it appeared to him at one time that in his friend David Scot he had found the practical master of his ideal field. Scot had, to be sure, grand conceptions, but he did not possess the gift that enabled the great masters to abstract them from the clay of the common world. He had the defect—and his friend seeing it, felt it

almost as a personal calamity—of lapsing into the ungainly, and even the grotesque, in his most aspiring efforts.

In approaching the time when the book to which this notice is prefixed was published, one is tempted to offer a word or two of explanation on its writer not appearing before the world earlier ; and when he did appear choosing so unobtrusive a fashion for his entry. About the time when his college education ended, there was something like a revival of literary ambition in Aberdeen, limited to young men who were Spalding's contemporaries. A few of them appealed for the loudest blasts of the trumpet of fame, in grand efforts in heroic and satirical poetry, and their works may be found in the libraries of collectors curious in specimens of forgotten provincial literature. These authors were generally clever young men ; and like others of their kind, they found in after life that verse was not the only path to fame or fortune. One of them became a distinguished pulpit orator. If Paley noticed, as an "only defect" in a brother clergyman, that he was a popular preacher, Spalding was apt to take a harsher view of such a failing ; nor would he palliate it on the representation of one who was the friend and admirer of both, who pleaded the trials that a person so gifted is subjected to, noting that there were certain eminences that the human head could not reach without becoming dizzy—as, for instance, being Emperor of Russia, Ambassador at an oriental court, Provost of a Scotch "Burgh toon"—or a popular preacher. Another contemporary who courted and obtained popularity, and still, to the joy of his friends, lives to enjoy it, was less distasteful to Spalding, though trespassing on his own field of ambition as a Greek scholar and Homeric critic. But he made the distinction, that in this instance he thought the homage to popularity was natural to the man, moving in irresistible impulses unregulated by a system for bringing popularity in aid of success.

The lookers-on, knowing that Spalding was ambitious, expected to hear him in the tuneful choir, but he was dumb. He was once or twice, by those nearest to him, heard in song, and literally heard only, for it is believed that he never allowed any manuscript testimony of such a weakness to leave his custody. One satirical performance got popularity by being committed to memory. It was called "The fire-balloon." In the year 1828 there was an arousing of public sympathy with the sufferers by a great conflagration at Merimachi in North America. A body of the students who had imbibed from the Professor of Natural Philosophy an enthusiasm about aerostation, proposed to raise money for the sufferers by making and exhibiting a huge fire balloon. The effort was embarrassed by many difficulties and adventures affording opportunity for the satirist.

For instance, a trial trip was attempted, and one of "the committee," who was the son of a clergyman, got hold of the key of his father's church, and put its interior at the disposal of his colleagues. The balloon inflated and ascended. The problem of getting it down again, however, had not been solved. It got itself comfortably at rest in the roof of a cupola, and the young philosophers then had to wait until it became exhausted enough to descend.

The literary ambition of young Aberdeen found for itself a very sedate and respectable looking organ in "*The Aberdeen Magazine*," published monthly during the years 1831 and 1832, and still visible in two thick octavo volumes. Spalding was not to be tempted into this project, though there was a slight touch in it supposed, solely from internal evidence, to have come from him. A heavy controversy was begun by one calling himself "a classical reformer," who brought up foemen worthy of his steel. At the end of the whole was a sting in a postscript, more effective than anything in the unwieldy body it was attached to. "P. S. As I am no great scholar, perhaps your classical Reformer will have the goodness to tell me where I can see *The Works of Socrates*. He seems to allude to them twice [reference to pages]. As he modestly tells us that he is a much better translator of Homer than Pope was, perhaps he will be kind enough to favour the world with a translation, to use his own words, of "those works which have immortalized the name of Socrates."¹

The papers in the Aberdeen Magazine were not all of the sombre cumbrous kind. There was an infusion of fresh young blood, fired perhaps by the influence of Wilson and Lockhart in Blackwood's Magazine, but seeking original forms of its own. For the leader of this school, Spalding had both esteem and admiration, but it was for far other merits than those of the brisk unrestrained writer of fugitive literature. This was Joseph Robertson, afterwards distinguished as an archæologist. He survived Spalding eight years. No lines of study could well be in more opposite directions than those of the two men who respected each other. While Spalding revelled in all that was brightest and best in literature and art, Robertson devoted himself to the development of our knowledge about the period when the higher arts—those of the painter and the sculptor—had been buried with the higher literature, and the classic languages had degenerated, in the hands of those who, as Du Cange, whose ample pages were often turned by Robertson, called them, were "*Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Latinitatis*." The source of Spalding's admiration was that Robertson's writing was perfect of its kind, and led

¹ Aberdeen Magazine, II., 350.

to important and conclusive results. It was in this spirit that he wrote his own "Letter." It did not fulfil a high aspiration, but it must be perfect ; and it was surely a moment of supreme happiness to him, when he found the unknown author sought for and praised by so cautious and reserved a critic as Hallam.

The "Letter" was published in 1833. It is characteristic of its author's distaste of loud applause, that whenever this, his first achievement in letters, saw the light, he fled, as it were, from the knowledge of what was said of it, and wandered for several months in Italy and Germany. This was an era in his life, for it gave him the opportunity of seeing face to face, and profoundly studying, the great works of art that had hitherto only been imaged in his dreams from copies and engravings. He at the same time studied—or rather enjoyed—nature. In his native north he had been accustomed to ramble among the Grampians at the head of the Dee, where the precipices are from 1500 to 2000 feet high, and snow lies all the year round. In these rambles he encountered hardships such as one would hardly have thought within the capacity of his delicate frame. He took the same method of enjoyable travelling in the Apennines—that of the Pedestrian.

He gave to the world a slight morsel descriptive of his experiences and enjoyments, in the Blackwood's Magazine of November, 1835. They were told in so fine a spirit, so free both from ungraceful levity and solemn pedantry, that the reader only regretted that they were too sparingly imparted. He thus announced his own enjoyment in his pilgrimage : "Among the ruined palaces and temples of Rome, and in the vineyards and orange-groves beside the blue sea of Naples, I had warmed my imagination with that inspiration which, once breathed upon the heart, never again grows cold. It did not desert me now as I entered this upper valley of the Apennines to seek a new colour and form of Italian landscape. Happy and elevating recollections thronged in upon me, and blended with the clear sunshine which slept on the green undulating hills." This fragment is the only morsel of autobiographic information left by its author, and therefore perhaps the following, taken from among many expressions of a genial spirit enjoying itself in freedom, may not be unacceptable. He has crossed the high-lying, bare plain of Rosetto, and reaches the village of Val san Giovanni, where "shelter was heartily welcome, the sun was set, snow-flakes were beginning to whirl in the air, and before we reached the village, a sharp snow-storm had set in." Here he is taking comfort to himself before a huge wood fire, when "a man entered of superior dress and appearance to the

rest, and behind him bustled up a little wretch in the government indirect-tax livery, who, never saying by your leave, pushed a chair to the fire for his master. The gentleman popped down, and turning to me, 'I am the Podestà,' said he. I made my bow to the chief magistrate of the place. 'I am the Potestà,' said he again, and our little squinting spy repeated reproachfully, 'His excellency is the Podestà.'

"I was resolved not to understand what they would be at, and the dignitary explained it to me with a copious use of circumlocution. He said he had no salary from the government—this did not concern me;—that he had it in charge to apprehend all vagabonds; this he seemed to think might concern me. He asked for my passport, which was exhibited and found right; and the Podestà proved the finest fellow possible. These villagers then became curious to know what object I had in travelling about among their mountains. My reader will by this time believe me when I say that the question puzzled me. My Atanasio felt that it touched his honour to be suspected of guiding a traveller who could not tell what he travelled for. He took on him the task of reply. Premising that I was a foreigner, and perhaps did not know how to express myself, he explained that I was one of those meritorious individuals who travel about discovering all the countries and the unknown mountains, and putting all down on paper; and these individuals always ask likewise why there are no mendicant friars in the country, and which the peasants eat oftenest, mutton or macaroni? He added, with his characteristic determined solemnity, that he had known several such inquisitive travellers. This clear definition gave universal satisfaction."¹

Soon after Spalding's return to Scotland, the late George Boyd, the sagacious chief of the Firm of Oliver and Boyd, thought he might serve him in a considerable literary project. It was the age of small books published in groups—of "Constable's Miscellany," "Lardner's Cyclopedia," "Murray's Family Library," and the like. With these Mr Boyd thought he would compete, in the shape of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and Spalding was prevailed on to write for it three volumes, with the title, "Italy and the Italian Islands." The bulk of the contributions to such collections are mere compilations. But Scott, Southey, Macintosh, and Moore had enlivened them with gifts from a higher literature, and Spalding's contribution was well fitted to match with the best of these, though he had to content himself in the ranks of the compilers, until the discerning found a higher place for his book.

The same acute observer who had set him to this task found another

¹ Blackwood's Mag., Nov. 1835, p. 669.

XX SPALDING'S LOGIC, AND RHETORIC. HIS CALL TO THE BAR.

for him in "The History of English Literature." The *Encyclopedia Britannica* in the same manner drew him into contributions which developed themselves into two works of great value, on "Logic," and on "Rhetoric." That one of so original and self-relying a nature should have thus been led by the influence of others into the chief labours of his life, is explained by the intensity of his desire for perfection in all he did. Once induced to lift his pen in any particular cause, he could not lay it down again while there remained an incompleteness unfilled, or an imperfection unremedied.

In a review on his book on Logic, having detected, from "various internal symptoms of origin," the style and manner of a personal friend of his own, he wrote to the culprit in this characteristic form, "very many thanks for the notice. It may do good with some readers who don't know the corrupt motives by which it was prompted: and it strikes me as being exceedingly well and dexterously executed. I am quite sorry to think how much trouble it must have cost you to pierce into the bowels of the dry and dark territory, so far as the points you have been able to reach. I am afraid also that you had to gutta-percha your conscience a little, before it would stretch to some of your allegations, both about the work and about the science. I see already so much that I could myself amend—not in respect of doctrine, but in the manner of exposition—as to make me regret that I am not in a place where the classes of students are large enough to take off an edition, and so to give me by and by the chance of re-writing the book. Yet it is satisfactory to me to have got clearly the start of the publication of Hamilton's Lectures, and so to anticipate—for some of the points on which it will certainly be found that I have taken up ground of my own—the attention of *some* of the few men who have written on the science. Any of them who, having already looked into my book, shall attempt to master Hamilton's system when it appears in his own statement of it, are sure to find, if I do not greatly mistake, that I have raised several problems, the discussion of which will require that my suggestions be considered independently of Hamilton's, and my little bits of theory either accepted or refuted. I dare say I told you that early in the winter I had very satisfactory letters from Germany, and you heard that the book was kindly taken by some of the Englishmen it was sent to, and set on tooth and nail, though very amicably, by," &c.

Let us go back to the chronology of his personal history, after his one opportunity of seeing the world outside of Britain. He had joined the Bar of Scotland before this episode in his life, and on his return he took

up the position of an advocate prepared for practice. This was no idle ambitious attempt, for he had endured the drudgery of a solicitor's office for the mastery of details, and had thoroughly studied the substance of the law. His career now promised a great future. He was affluent enough to spurn what Pope called "low gains;" he had good connections, and became speedily a rising counsel. His career seemed to be in the line of his friend Jeffrey's, taking all the honours and emoluments of the profession, and occasionally relaxing from it in a brilliant paper in the *Edinburgh Review*.¹ To complete the vista of good fortune he took to be the domestic sharer of his fortunes a wife worthy of himself—Miss Agnes Frier, born of a family long known and respected on the Border. They were married on the 22nd of March in the year 1838.

Perhaps some inward monitor told him that the fortunes before him were too heavy to be borne by the elements of health and strength allotted to him. It was to the surprise of his friends that in 1838 he abandoned the bar, and accepted the chair of Rhetoric in Edinburgh. In 1845 he exchanged it for the chair of Rhetoric and Logic at St Andrews. The emoluments there were an inducement to him, since part of the property of his family had been lost through commercial reverses over which he had no control; and he was not one to leave anything connected with the future of his family to chance. It was a sacrifice, for he left behind him dear friends of an older generation, such as Jeffrey, Cockburn, Hamilton, Wilson, and Pillans. Then there were half way between that generation and his own, Douglas Cheape, Charles Neaves, and George Moir; while a small body of his contemporaries sorely missed him, for he was a staunch friend ever to be depended on. He was a

¹ The following list of her father's contributions, drawn up by Miss Mary Spalding, is believed to be complete.

No. 144. July 1840. Recent Shaksperian Literature. (Books by Collier, Brown, De Quincey, Dyce, Courtenay, C. Knight, Mrs Jameson, Coleridge, Hallam, &c.)

No. 145. October 1840. Introduction to the Literature of Europe, by Henry Hallam.

No. 147. April 1841. The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. With an Introduction. By George Darley.

No. 164. April 1845. 1. The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. — 2. The Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. — 3. The Works of William Shakespeare. The text formed from an entirely new collation of the old editions; with the various Readings, Notes, a Life of the Poet, and a History of the English Stage. By J. Payne Collier, Esquire, F.S.A.

No. 173. July 1847. The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce.

No. 181. July 1849. 1. Lectures on Shakespeare. By H. N. Hudson. — 2. Macbeth de Shakespeare, en 5 Actes et en vers. Par M. Emile Deschamps.

ib. King Arthur. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2nd edition, London, 1849, 8vo.

great teacher, and left a well-trained generation of scholars behind him. The work of the instructor, abhorred by most men, and especially by sensitive men, was to him literally the "delightful task" of the poet who has endured many a jibe for so monstrous a euphuism. Even while yet he was himself a student, if he saw that a companion was wasting good abilities in idleness or vapid reading, he would burden his own laborious hours with attempts to stimulate his lazy friend. Just after he had passed through the Greek class of Marishal College, a temporary teacher for that class was required. Some one made the bold suggestion of trying the most distinguished of the students fresh from the workshop, and Spalding taught the class with high approval. As years passed on, the spirit of the teacher strengthened within him. The traditions of the older university were more encouraging to the drilling process than Edinburgh, where the tendency was towards attractive lecturing. So entirely did the teacher's duty at last absorb his faculties, that the phenomenon was compared to the provisions in nature for compensating the loss by special weaknesses or deficiencies, and that the scholar, conscious that his own days of working were limited, instinctively felt that in imparting his stores to others who would distribute them after he was gone, he was making the most valuable use of his acquirements.

It was a mighty satisfaction to old friends in Edinburgh to hear that Spalding had condescended to seek, and that he had found, that blessed refuge of the overworked and the infirm, called a hobby. He was no sportsman. The illustrious Golfing links of St Andrews were spread before him in vain, though their attractions induced many a man to pitch his tabernacle on their border, and it was sometimes consolatorily said of Professors relegated to this arid social region, that they were reconciling themselves to Golf. The days were long past for mounting the knapsack and striding over the Apennines or even the Grampians. Spalding's hobby was a simple one, but akin to the instincts of his cultivated taste; it was exercised in his flower-garden. We may be sure that he did not debase himself to the example of the stupid floriculturist, the grand ambition of whose life is successfully to nourish some prize monster in the shape of tulip or pansy. He allied his gentle task of a cultivator of beautiful flowers, with high science, in botany and vegetable physiology.

Besides such lighter alleviations, he had all the consolations that the most satisfactory domestic conditions can administer to the sufferer. In his later days he became afflicted with painful rheumatic attacks, and the terrible symptoms of confirmed heart-disease. He died on the 16th of November, 1859.

A LETTER
ON
SHAKSPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP
OF THE DRAMA ENTITLED
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

MY DEAR L—, We have met again, after an interval long enough to have made both of us graver than we were wont to be. A few of my rarely granted hours of leisure have lately been occupied in examining a question on which your taste and knowledge equally incline and qualify you to enter. Allow me to address to you the result of my inquiry, as a pledge of the gratification which has been afforded me by the renewal of our early intercourse.

Proud as SHAKSPEARE's countrymen are of his name, it is singular, though not unaccountable, that at this day our common list of his works should remain open to correction. Every one knows that some plays printed in his volumes have weak claims to that distinction; but, while the exclusion even of works certainly not his would now be a rash exercise of prerogative in any editor, it is a question of more interest, whether there may not be dramas not yet admitted among his collected works, which have a right to be there, and might be inserted without the danger attending the dismissal of any already put upon the list. A claim for admission has been set up in favour of Malone's six plays,¹ without any ground as to five of them, and ² with very little to support it even for the sixth. Ireland's impostures are an anomaly in literary history: even the spell and sway of temporary fashion and universal opinion are causes scarcely adequate to account for the blindness of the eminent men who fell into the snare. The want of any external evidence in favour of the

The list of SHAKSPEARE's works is not yet settled.

Are all his in his published "Works"?

Six "Doubtful Plays:" (none by Shakspeare.)

Ireland's forgery, *Vortigern*.

[2 page 2]

¹ Locrine—Sir John Oldcastle—Lord Cromwell—The London Prodigal—The Puritan—The Yorkshire Tragedy.

The folly of sup-
posing *Vortigern*
genuine.

Shakspeare said
(absurdly) to
have helped in

Ben Jonson's
Sejanus.

*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
attributed to
Shakspeare and
Fletcher; and
rightly so.

It is unjustly
excluded from
*Shakspeare's
Works*.

I. Historical or
External Evi-
dence.
II. External
Evidence, p. 10.
[¹ Page 3]

first fabrication, the Shakspeare papers, was overlooked ; and the internal evidence, which was wholly against the genuineness, was unhesitatingly admitted as establishing it. The play of ' Vortigern ' had little more to support it than the previous imposition.

There are two cases, however, in which we have external presumptions to proceed from ; for there are traditions traceable to Shakspeare's own time, or nearly so, of his having assisted in two plays, still known to us, but never placed among his works. The one, the ' Sejanus ', in which Shakspeare is said to have assisted Jonson, was re-written by the latter himself, and published as it now stands among his writings, the part of the assistant poet having been entirely omitted ; so that the question as to that play, a very doubtful question, is not important, and hardly even curious. But the other drama is in our hands as it came from the closets of the poets, and, if Shakspeare's partial authorship were established, ought to have a place among his works. It is, as you know, THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, printed among the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and sometimes attributed to SHAKSPEARE and FLETCHER jointly. I have been able to satisfy myself that it is rightly so attributed, and hope to be able to prove to you, who are intimately conversant with Shakspeare, and familiar also with the writings of his supposed coadjutor, that there are good grounds for the opinion. The same conclusion has already been reached by others ; but the discussion of the question cannot be needless, so long as this fine drama continues excluded from the received list of Shakspeare's works ; and while there is reason to believe that there are many discerning students and zealous admirers of the poet, to whom it is known only by name. The beauty of the work itself will make much of the investigation delightful to you, even though my argument on it may seem feeble and stale.

The proof is, of course, two-fold ; the first branch emerging ¹ from any records or memorials which throw light on the subject from without ; the second, from a consideration of the work itself, and a comparison of its qualities with those of Shakspeare or Fletcher. You will keep in mind, that it has not been doubted, and may be assumed, that Fletcher had a share in the work ; the only question

is,—Whether Shakspeare wrote any part of it, and what parts, if any?

The Historical Evidence claims our attention in the first instance; but in no question of literary genuineness is this the sort of proof which yields the surest grounds of conviction. Such questions arise only under circumstances in which the external proof on either side is very weak, and the internal evidence has therefore to be continually resorted to for supplying the defects of the external. It is true that a complete proof of a work having been actually written by a particular person, destroys any contrary presumption from intrinsic marks; and, in like manner, when a train of evidence is deduced, showing it to be impossible that a work could have been written by a certain author, no internal likeness to other works of his can in the least weaken the negative conclusion. In either case, however, the historical evidence must be incontrovertible, before it can exclude examination of the internal; and the two cases are by no means equally frequent. It scarcely ever happens that there is external evidence weighty enough to establish certainly, of itself, an individual's authorship of a particular work; but the external proof that his authorship was impossible, may often be convincing and perfect, from an examination of dates, or the like. Since, therefore, external evidence against authorship admits of completeness, we are entitled, when such evidence exclusively is founded on, to demand that it shall be complete. Where by the very narrowest step it falls short of a demonstration of absolute impossibility, the internal evidence cannot be refused admittance in contravention of it, and comes in with far greater force than that of the other. There may be cases where authorship can be made out to the highest degree, at least, of probability, by strong internal evidence coming in aid of an external proof equally balanced for and against; and even where the extrinsic proof is of itself sufficient ¹ to infer improbability, internal marks may be so decided the opposite way, as to render the question absolutely doubtful, or to occasion a leaning towards the affirmative side. These principles point out the internal evidence as the true ground on which my cause must be contested; but it was not necessary to follow them out to their full extent; for I can show you,

I. External Evidence.

Historical evidence cannot exclude internal, unless the former is complete.

[¹ page 4]

Internal evidence the true test for *The Two N. K.*

4 EXTERNAL EVIDENCE FOR SHAKSPERE'S HAND IN 2 N. K.

that the external facts which we have here, few as they are, raise a presumption in favour of Shakspeare's authorship, as strong as exists in cases of more practical importance, where its effect has never been questioned.

The Two N. K.
printed in 1634 as
by Fletcher and
Shakspeare.

Steevens's
doubts.

A.D. 1634 was
18 years after
Shakspeare's
death, 9 after
Fletcher's.

No motive to
forge
Shakspeare's
name, as he (Sh.)
had then fallen
into neglect.

[* page 5]

The fact from which the maintainers of Shakspeare's share in this drama have to set out, is the first printing of it, which took place in 1634. In the title-page of this first edition,¹ the play is stated to be the joint work of Shakspeare and Fletcher. It is needless to enumerate categorically the doubts which have been thrown, chiefly by the acute and perverse Steevens, on the credit due to this assertion; for a few observations will show that they have by no means an overwhelming force, while there are contrary presumptions far more than sufficient to weigh them down. The edition was not published till eighteen years after Shakspeare's death, and nine years after Fletcher's; but any suspicion which might arise from the length of this interval, as giving an opportunity for imposture, is at once removed by one consideration, which is almost an unanswerable argument in favour of the assertion on the title-page, and in contravention of this or any other doubts. There was no motive for falsely stating Shakspeare's authorship, because no end would have been gained by it; for it is a fact admitting of the fullest proof, that, even so recently after Shakspeare's death as 1634, he had fallen much into neglect. Fletcher had become far more popular, and his name in the title-page would have been a surer passport to public favour than Shakspeare's. If either of the names was to be ² fabricated, Fletcher's (which stands foremost in the title-page as printed) was the more likely of the two to have been preferred. It appears then that the time when the publisher's assertion of Shakspeare's authorship was made, gives it a right to more confidence than it could have deserved if it had been advanced earlier. If the work had been printed during the poet's life, and the height of his popularity, its title-page would have been no evidence at all.

¹ "The Two Noble Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriars, by the Kings Majesties servants, with great Applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr John Fletcher and Mr William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Watersone; and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Pauls Church-yard: 1634."

And when the assertion is freed from the suspicion of designed imposture, the truth of it is confirmed by its stating the play to have been acted by the king's servants, and at the Blackfriars. It was that company which had been Shakspeare's; the Globe and Blackfriars were the two theatres at which they played; and at one or the other of these houses all his acknowledged works seem to have been brought out. The fact of the play not having been printed sooner, is accounted for by the dramatic arrangements and practice of the time: the first collected edition of Shakspeare's works, only eleven years earlier than the printing of this play, contained about twenty plays of his not printed during his life; and the long interval is a reason also why the printer and publisher are different persons from any who were concerned in Shakspeare's other works. The hyperbolical phraseology of the title-page is quite in the taste of the day, and is exceeded by the quarto editions of some of Shakspeare's admitted works.

² *N. K.* acted at the Blackfriars (in whose profits Shakspeare had once a share).

Was the alleged co-operation then in itself likely to have taken place? It was. Such partnerships were very generally formed by the dramatists of that time; both the poets were likely enough to have projected some union of the kind, and to have chosen each other as the parties to it. Although Shakspeare seems to have followed this custom less frequently than most of his contemporaries, we have reason to think that he did not wholly refrain from it; and his favourite plan of altering plays previously written by others, is a near approach to it. As to Fletcher, his name is connected in every mind with that of Beaumont; and the memorable and melancholy letter of the three players,¹ proves him to have coalesced with other writers even during that poet's short ² life. This is of some consequence, because, if the two poets wrote at the same time, it would seem that they must have done so previously to Beaumont's death; for Shakspeare lived only one year longer than

Custom of authors writing plays together.

Shakspeare followed this custom, though rarely.

Fletcher very often.

[² page 6]

¹ Gifford's Massinger, vol. i. p. xv. [Moxon's ed. p. xxxix, and *B. and Fl.* i. xiii. The letter is from Nat. Field, Rob. Daborne, and Philip Massinger, to Henslowe the manager: "You know there is x. *l.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v *l.* of that, which shall be allowd to you. Nat. Field." "The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for the play of *Mr. Fletcher and ours.* Rob. Daborne."—F.]

6 OBJECTIONS AGAINST SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP ANSWERD.

Fletcher's
co-authors

His sonship to a
bishop, no
hindrance.

Fletcher's
burlesquing
Shakspeare is no
argument against
their having
written together.

Shakspeare pokes
fun at Kyd,
Peele, Marlowe.

The 2 *N. K.* not
in the First Folio
of Shakspeare's
Works, 1623, put
forth by Shak-
speare's fellows.
[¹ page 7]

Beaumont, and is believed to have spent that year in the country. There is no proof that the drama before us was not written before Beaumont's death (1615), and it is only certain that its era was later than 1594. After the loss of his friend, Fletcher is said to have been repeatedly assisted by Massinger: he joined in one play with Jonson and Middleton, and in another with Rowley. His superior rank (he was the son of a bishop) has been gravely mentioned as discrediting his connection with Shakspeare; but the same objection applies with infinitely greater force to his known co-operation with Field, Daborne, and the others just named; and the idea is founded on radically wrong notions of the temper of that age. There is scarcely more substance in a doubt raised from the frequency with which Shakspeare is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher. Those satirical flings could have been no reason why Fletcher should be unwilling to coalesce with Shakspeare, because they indicate no ill feeling towards him. They were practised by all the dramatic writers at the expense of each other; Shakspeare himself is a parodist, and indulges in those quips frequently, not against such writers only as the author of the Spanish Tragedy, but against Peele and even Marlowe, his own fathers in the drama, and both dead before he vented the jests, which he never would have uttered had he attached to them any degree of malice. And therefore also Fletcher's sarcasms cannot have disinclined Shakspeare to the coalition, especially as his personal character made it very unlikely that he should have taken up any such grudge as a testy person might have conceived from some of the more severe.

But the circumstance on which most stress has been laid as disproving Shakspeare's share in the drama in question, is this. While the first edition of it was not printed till 1634, two editions of Shakspeare's collected works had been published between the time of his death (1616) and that year, in neither of which this play appears; and it is said that its omission in the first folio (1623), in particular, is fatal to its claim, since Heminge and ¹Condell, who edited that collection, were Shakspeare's fellow-actors and the executors of his will, and must be presumed to have known perfectly what works were and what were not his. I have put this objec-

tion as strongly as it can be put ; and at first sight it is startling ; but those who have most bibliographical knowledge of Shakspeare's works, are best aware that much of its force is only apparent. The omission in the second folio (1632) should not have been founded on ; for that edition is nothing but a reprint of the contents of the first ; and it is only the want of the play in this latter that we have to consider. Now, you know well, that in taking some objections to the authority of the First Folio, I shall only echo the opinions of Shakspeare's most judicious critics. It was a speculation on the part of the editors for their own advantage, either solely or in conjunction with any others, who, as holders of shares in the Globe Theatre, had an interest in the plays : for it was to the theatre, you will remark, and not to Shakspeare or his heirs personally, that the manuscripts belonged. The edition shews distinctly, that profit was its aim more than faithfulness to the memory of the poet, in the correctness either of his text or of the list of his works. Even the style of the preface excites suspicions which the work itself verifies. One object of it was to put down editions of about fifteen separate plays of Shakspeare's, previously printed in quarto, which, though in most respects more accurate than their successors, had evidently been taken from stolen copies : the preface of the folio, accordingly, strives to throw discredit on these quartos, while the text, usually close in its adherence to them, falls into errors where it quits them, and omits many very fine passages which they give, and which the modern editors have been enabled by their assistance to restore.

Here it is, however, of more consequence to notice, that the authority of the Table of Contents of the Folio is worse than weak. The editors profess to give all Shakspeare's works, and none which are not his : we know that they have fulfilled neither the one pledge nor the other. There is no doubt but they could at least have enumerated Shakspeare's works correctly : but their knowledge and their design of profit did not suit each other. They have admitted, for plain reasons, two plays which are not Shakspeare's. Their edition contains about twenty plays never before printed ; it was evidently their interest to enlarge this part of their list as far as they safely could. The pretended First Part of Henry VI., in

But the First Folio is not of much authority.

It was just a speculation for profit ;

designed to put down the Quartos,

which yet it copies.

The Table of Contents of the First Folio of Shakspeare's Works is of less worth.

[* page 8]

It lets in two Plays that are not Shakspeare's.

8 THE PUTTERS-OUT OF THE FIRST FOLIO NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

It contains two plays not Shakspeare's :

1 *Henry VI,*

and *Titus Andronicus.*

Troilus and Cressida

is not in the Table of Contents.

Pericles is not in the volume, and yet is in part Shakspeare's.

[2 page 9]

The editors of the First Folio put forth an incomplete book.

which Shakspeare may perhaps have written a single scene,¹ but certainly not twenty lines besides, had not been printed, and could be plausibly inserted ; it does not seem that they could have had any other reasons for giving it a place. The Tragedy of the Shambles, which we call 'Titus Andronicus,' if it had been printed at all, had been so only once, and that thirty years before ; therefore it likewise was a novelty ; and a pretext was easily found for its admission. The editors then were unscrupulous and unfair as to the works which they inserted : professing to give a full collection, they were no less so as to those which they did not insert. 'Troilus and Cressida,' an unpleasing drama, contains many passages of the highest spirit and poetical richness, and the bad in it, as well as the good, is perfectly characteristic of Shakspeare ; it is unquestionably his. It does not appear in Heminge and Condell's table of contents, and is only found appended, like a separate work, to some copies of their edition. Its pages are not even numbered along with the rest of the volume ; and if the first editors were the persons who printed it, it was clearly after the remainder of the work. If they did print it, their manner of doing so shews their carelessness of truth more strongly than if they had omitted it altogether. They first make up their list, and state it as a full one without that play, which they apparently had been unable to obtain ; they then procure access to the manuscript, print the play, and insert it in the awkward way in which it stands, and thus virtually confess that the assertion in their preface, made in reference to their table of contents, was untrue. At any rate, a part of their impression was circulated without this play. 'Pericles' also is wholly omitted by those editors ; it appears for the first time in the third folio (1666), an edition of no value, and its genuineness rests much on the internal proofs, which² are quite sufficient to establish it. It is an irregular and imperfect play, older in form than any of Shakspeare's ; but it has clearly been augmented by many passages written by him, and therefore had a right to be inserted by the first editors, upon their own principles. These two plays then being certainly Shakspeare's, no matter whether his best or his worst, and his editors being so situated that

¹ Act II. Scene 4. The plucking of the roses.

they must have known the fact, their edition is allowed to appear as a complete collection of Shakspeare's works, although its contents include neither of the two. They probably were unable to procure copies; but they were not the less bound to have acknowledged in their preface, that these, or any other plays which they knew to be Shakspeare's, were necessary for making up a complete collection. It in no view suited their purposes to make such a statement; and it was not made. In short, the whole conduct of these editors inspires distrust, but their unacknowledged omission of those two plays deprives them of all claim to our confidence. The effect of that omission, in reference to any play which can be brought forward as Shakspeare's, is just this, that the want of the drama in their edition, is of itself no proof whatever that Shakspeare was not the author of it, and leaves the question, whether he was or was not, perfectly open for decision on other evidence. It leaves the inquiry before us precisely in that situation. Why Heminge and Condell could not procure the manuscripts of 'Troilus,' 'Pericles,' or the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' I am not bound to shew. As to the last, Fletcher may have retained a partial or entire right of property in it, and was alive at the publication of their edition. Difficulties at least as great attach to the question as to the other two rejected plays, in which the strength of the other proofs has long been admitted as counterbalancing them. But the argument serves my purpose without any theory on the subject. The state of it entitles me, as I conceive, to throw the First Folio entirely out of view, as being no evidence one way or the other.

We cannot trust
the Editors of
the First Folio.

The First Folio
no evidence
against the *Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

Laying the folio aside then, I think I have shewn that, in the most unfavourable view, no doubts which other circumstances can throw on the assertion made in the title-page of the first edition of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' are of such strength as to render the truth of it improbable. Strong internal evidence therefore will, in any view, establish Shakspeare's claim. But, if the consideration first suggested be well-founded, (as I have no doubt it is,) namely, that the statement of the publisher was disinterested, there arises a very strong external presumption of the truth of his assertion, which will enable us to proceed to the examination of the internal marks with a prepossession in favour of Shakspeare's authorship.

[page 10]

Strong internal
evidence will
prove it in part
Shakspeare's.

Early annotators
on Shakspeare
narrow-minded.

Yet Pope,
Warburton,
Farmer, believe
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
genuine: so does
Schlegel.

As I wish to make you a convert to the affirmative opinion, it may be wise to acquaint you that you will not be alone in it, if you shall finally see reason to embrace it. Shakspeare, you know, suffered a long eclipse, which left him in obscurity till the beginning of last century, when he reappeared surrounded by his annotators, a class of men who have followed a narrow track, but yet are greater benefactors to us than we are ready to acknowledge. The commentators have given little attention to the question before us; but some of the best of them have declared incidentally for Shakspeare's claim; and though even the editors who have professed this belief have not inserted the work as his, this is only one among many evil results of the slavish system to which they all adhere. We have with us Pope, Warburton, and above all, Farmer, a man of fine discernment, and a most cautious sifter of evidence. The subject has more recently been treated shortly by a celebrated foreign critic, the enthusiastic and eloquent Schlegel,¹ who comes to a conclusion decidedly favourable to Shakspeare.

II. Internal
evidence.

[² page 11]

Shakspeare's
work specially fit
for the Internal
Evidence test.

There still lies before us the principal part of our task, that of applying to the presumption resulting from the external proof, (whatever the amount of that may be,) the decisive test of the ² Internal Evidence. Do you doubt the efficacy of this supposed crucial experiment? It is true that internal similarities form almost a valueless test when applied to inferior writers; because in them the distinctive marks are too weak to be easily traced. But, in the first place, great authors have in their very greatness the pledge of something peculiar which shall identify their works, and consequently the test is usually satisfactory in its application to them; and, secondly and particularly, Shakspeare is, of all writers that have existed, that one to whose alleged works such a test can be most confidently administered; because he is not only strikingly

¹ Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. It would ill become me to carp at an author whom I have expressly to thank for much assistance in this inquiry, and to whom I am perhaps indebted for more than my recollection suggests. But it must be owned, that M. Schlegel's opinion loses somewhat of its weight from the fact, that he also advocates Shakspeare's authorship of some of Malone's plays, a decision in which it is neither desirable nor likely that the poet's countrymen should acquiesce.

peculiar in those qualities which discriminate him from other poets, but his writings also possess singularities, different from, and opposite to, the usual character of poetry itself.

I cannot proceed with you to the work itself, till I have reminded you of some distinctive differences between the two writers whose claims we are to adjust, the recollection of which will be indispensable to us in considering the details of the drama. We shall then enter on that detailed examination, keeping those distinctions in mind, and attempting to apply them to individual passages ; and, when all the scenes of the play have thus passed successively before us, we shall be able to look back on it as a whole, and investigate its general qualities.

Differences
between
Shakspeare and
Fletcher to be
discussd.

The first difference which may be pointed out between Shakspeare and Fletcher, is that of their versification. You have learned from a study of the poets themselves, in what that difference consists. Shakspeare's versification is broken and full of pauses, he is sparing of double terminations to his verses, and has a marked fondness for ending speeches or scenes with hemi-stiches. Fletcher's rhythm is of a newer and smoother cast, often keeping the lines distinct and without breaks through whole speeches, abounding in double endings, and very seldom leaving a line incomplete at the end of a sentence or scene.¹ And the opposite taste of the two poets in their choice and arrangement ²of words, gives an opposite character to the whole modulation of their verses. Fletcher's is sweet and flowing, and peculiarly fitted either for declamation or the softness of sorrow : Shakspeare's ear is tuned to the stateliest solemnity of thought, or the abruptness and vehemence of passion. The present drama exhibits in whole scenes the qualities of Shakspeare's versification ; and there are other scenes which are marked by those of Fletcher's ; the difference is one reason for separating the authorship.

Shakspeare's and
Fletcher's
versification
contrasted.

Shakspeare's.

Fletcher's.

[? page 12]

Modulation of
Fletcher's verse :
of Shakspeare's.

You will notice in this play many instances of Shakspeare's favourite images, and of his very words. Is this a proof of the play having been his work, or does it only indicate imitation? In

Shakspeare's
images and words
in *The Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

¹ Weber's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. xiii., and Lamb, as there quoted.

Shakspeare a
mannerist in
style, and

wanting in
variety.
Shakspeare
repeats himself.

The likeness to
Shakspeare in
*The Two Noble
Kinmen*, and
the repetitions of
him, are likely to
be by him.

[² page 13]

Massinger also
repeats himself
much.

Fletcher but
little.

Shakspeare's case, such resemblance, taken by itself, can operate neither way. Shakspeare is a mannerist in style. He knew this himself, and what he says of his minor poems, is equally true of his dramatic language; he "keeps invention in a noted weed¹," and almost every word or combination of words is so marked in its character that its author is known at a glance. But not only is his style so peculiar in its general qualities, as scarcely to admit of being mistaken; not only is it deficient in variety of structure, but it is in a particular degree characterised by a frequent recurrence of the same images, often clothed in identically the same words. You are quite aware of this, and those who are not, may be convinced of it by opening any page of the annotated editions. So far, then, this play is only like Shakspeare's acknowledged works. It is true, that one who wished to write a play in Shakspeare's manner, would probably have repeated his images and words as they are repeated here; but Shakspeare would certainly have imitated himself quite as often. The resemblance could be founded on, as indicating imitation, only in conjunction with other circumstances of dissimilarity or inferiority to his genuine writings; and where, as in the present case, there seems to be reason for asserting that the accompanying circumstances point the work out as an original composition of his, this very likeness and repetition become a strong argument in support of those concomitant indications. ²Such repetition is more or less common in all the play-writers of that age. The number of their works, the quickness with which they were written, and the carelessness which circumstances induced as to their elaboration or final correction, all aided in giving rise to this. But all are not equally chargeable with it; Beaumont and Fletcher less than most, Massinger to an extent far beyond Shakspeare, and vying with the common-places of Euripides. May not the professional habits of Shakspeare and Massinger as actors, have had some effect in producing this, by imprinting their own works in their memories with unusual strength? Fletcher and his associate were free from that risk.

It would not be easy to give a systematic account of those

¹ Sonnet 76.

qualities which combine to constitute Shakspeare's singularity of style. Some of them lie at the very surface, others are found only on a deeper search, and a few there are which depend on evanescent relations, instinctively perceptible to the congenial poetical sense, but extremely difficult of abstract prose definition. Several qualities also, which we are apt to think exclusively his, (such, for instance, as his looseness of construction,) are discovered on examination to be common to him with the other dramatic writers of his age. Such qualities can give no assistance in an inquiry like ours, and may be left wholly out of view. But I think the distinctions which I can specify between him and Fletcher are quite enough, and applicable with sufficient closeness to this drama, for making out the point which I wish to prove.

Singularity of Shakspeare's style.

No one is ignorant that Shakspeare is concise, that this quality makes him always energetic and often most impressive, but that it also gives birth to much obscurity. He shows a constant wish to deliver thought, fancy, and feeling, in the fewest words possible. Even his images are brief; they are continual, and they crowd and confuse one another; the well-springs of his imagination boil up every moment, and the readiness with which they throw up their golden sands, makes him careless of fitly using the wealth thus profusely rendered. He abounds in hinted descriptions, in sketches of imagery, in glimpses of illustration, in abrupt and vanishing snatches of fancy. But the merest hint that he gives is of force¹ enough to shew that the image was fully present with him; if he fails to bring it as distinctly before us, it is either from the haste with which he passes to another, or from the eagerness induced by the very force and quickness with which he has conceived the former. It has been said of Milton that language sunk under him; and it is true of him in one sense, but of Shakspeare in two. Shakspeare's strength of conception, to which, not less than to Milton's, existing language was inadequate, compelled him either to use old words in unusual meanings, or to coin new words for himself.² But his mind had another quality powerful over his style,

Qualities of Shakspeare's style: energy, obscurity, abruptness, brevity (in late plays).

Shakspeare never vague. [1 page 14]

Milton and language.

Shakspeare's new meanings and new words.

² There are numerous instances of both these effects in the play before us. "Counter-reflect (a noun); meditative; couch and corslet (used as verbs); operance;

Milton slow,

Shakspeare rapid,

specially in
reflective
passages.He forces speech
to bear a burden
beyond its
strength.Shakspeare's
obscurity.

[page 15]

Fletcher most
unlike
Shakspeare.

Fletcher diffuse.

as, in
not

which Milton's wanted. Milton's conception was comparatively slow, and allowed him time for deliberate expression : Shakspeare's was rapid to excess, and hurried his words after it. When a truth presented itself to his mind, all its qualities burst in upon him at once, and his instantaneousness of conception could be represented only by words as brief and quick as thought itself. This cause operates with the greatest force on his passages of reflection ; for if his images are often brief, his apophthegms are brief a thousand times oftener : his quickness of ideas seems to have been stimulated to an extraordinary degree by the contemplation of general truths. And everywhere his incessant activity and quickness, both of intellect and fancy, engaged him in a continual struggle with speech ; it is a sluggish slave which he would force to bear a burden beyond its strength, a weary courser which he would urge at a speed to which it is unequal. He fails only from insufficiency in his puny instrument ; not because his conception is indistinct, but because it is too full, energetic, and rapid, to receive adequate expression. It is excess of strength which hurts, not weakness which incapacitates ; he is injured by the undue prevalence of the good principle, not by its defect. The obscurity of other writers is often the mistiness of the evening twilight sinking into night ; his is the fitful dimness of the dawn, contending with the retiring darkness, and striving to break out into open day. Scarcely any writer of Shakspeare's class, or of any other, comes near him either in the faults or the grandeur which are the alternate results of this tendency of mind ; but none is more utterly unlike him than the poet to whom, some would say, we must attribute passages in this play so singularly like Shakspeare. Fletcher is diffuse both in his leading thoughts and in his illustrations. His intellect did not present truth to him with the instant conviction which it poured on Shakspeare, and his fancy did not force imagery on him with a profusion which might have tempted him to weave its different suggestions into inconsistent forms ; he expresses thought deliberately and with amplification ; he paints his illustrative pictures with a careful hand and by repeated touches ; *aggravation, for military accoutrements ; glib eyes ; scurriel ; disroot ; dis-seat,*"

2. *Widen.*

his style has a pleasing and delicate air which is any thing but vigorous, and often reaches the verge of feebleness. Take a passage or two from the work before us, and do you say, who know Fletcher, whether they be his, or the work of a stronger hand.

He only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act ; commands men's service,
And what they gain in't, boot and glory too.
What man
Thinks his own worth, (the case is each of ours,)
When that his action's dregged with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about ?—Act I. scene ii.

Shakspeare.
Fletcher
could not have
written these
passages,

Dowagers, take hands :
Let us be widows to our woes : Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.—Act I. scene i.

[i. e. mourn them
over]

I do not quote these lines for praise. The meaning of the last quotation in particular is obscure when it stands alone, and not too clear even when it is read in the scene. But I ask you, whether the oracular brevity of each of the sentences is not perfectly in the manner of Shakspeare. A fragment from another beautiful address in the first scene is equally characteristic and less faulty :—

with their
oracular brevity.

¹ Honoured Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusked boar ; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in) shrunk thee in to
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, | at once subduing |
Thy force and thy affection ;—Soldieress !
That equally canst poise sternness with pity ;—
Who now, I know, hast much more power o'er | him
Than e'er he had on thee ;—*who owest his strength
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech !*

[page 16]

Shakspeare, not
Fletcher.

[owness]

Is this like Fletcher? I think not. It is unlike him in versification and in the tone of thought ; and you will here particularly notice

that it is unlike him in abruptness and brevity. It is like Shakspeare in all these particulars.

Shakspeare hardly
ever vague,

Fletcher unable
to grasp images
distinctly.

I have said that Shakspeare, often obscure, is scarcely ever vague; that he may fail to express all he wishes, but almost always gives distinctly the part which he is able to convey. Fletcher is not only slow in his ideas, but often vague and deficient in precision. The following lines are taken from a scene in the play under our notice, which clearly is not Shakspeare's. I would direct your attention, not to the remoteness of the last conceit, but to the want of distinctness in grasping images, and the inability to see fully either their picturesque or their poetical relations.

Fletcher, not
Shakspeare.

Arcite. We were not bred to talk, man : when we are armed,
And both upon our guards, then *let our fury*,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from | us.

Palamon. Methinks this armour's very like that, *Ar|cite*,
Thou worst that day the three kings fell, but light|er.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, *cous|in*:

When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thund'er
Break from the troop.

Pal. *But still before that flew*
The lightning of your valour.— Act III. scene vi.

[page 17]
Shakspeare
metaphorical, but
seldom has long
description.

¹Shakspeare's style, as every one knows, is metaphorical to excess. His imagination is always active, but he seldom pauses to indulge it by lengthened description. I shall hereafter have occasion to direct your observation to the sobriety with which he preserves imagination in its proper station, as only the minister and interpreter of thought; but what I wish now to say is, that in him the two powers operate simultaneously. He goes on thinking vigorously, while his imagination scatters her inexhaustible treasures like flowers on the current of his meditations. His constant aim is the expression of facts, passions, or opinions; and his intellect is constantly occupied in the investigation of such; but the mind acts with ease in its lofty vocation, and the beautiful and the grand rise up voluntarily to do him homage. He never indeed consents to express those poetical ideas by themselves; but he shows that he felt their import and their

His thought and
imagination work
together.

legitimate use, by wedding them to the thoughts in which they originated. The truths which he taught, received magnificence and amenity from the illustrative forms ; and the poetical images were elevated into a higher sphere of associations by the dignity of the principles which they were applied to adorn. Something like this is always the true function of the imagination in poetry, and dramatic poetry in particular ; and it is also the test which tries the presence of the faculty ; metaphor indicates its strength, and simile its weakness. Nothing can be more different from this, or farther inferior to it, than the style of a poet who turns aside in search of description, and indulges in simile preferably to the brevity of metaphor, to whom perhaps a poetical picture originally suggested itself as the decoration of a striking thought, but who allowed himself to be captivated by the beauty of the suggested image, till he forgot the thought which had given it birth, and on its connexion with which its highest excellence depended. Such was Fletcher, whose style is poor in metaphor. His descriptions are sometimes beautifully romantic ; but even then the effect of the whole is often picturesque rather than poetically touching ; and it is evident that lengthened description can still less frequently be dramatic. In his descriptions, it is observable that the poetical relations introduced in illustration¹ are usually few, the character of the leading subject being relied on for producing the poetical effect. Fletcher's longest descriptions are but elegant outlines ; Shakspeare's briefest metaphors are often finished paintings. Where Shakspeare is guilty of detailed description, he is very often laboured, cold, and involved ; but his illustrative ideas are invariably copious, and it is often their superfluity which chiefly tends to mar the general effect. In the play that you are to examine, you will find a profusion of metaphor, which is undoubtedly the offspring of a different mind from Fletcher's ; and both its excellence and its peculiarity of character seem to me to stamp it as Shakspeare's. I think the following passage cannot be mistaken, though the beginning is difficult, and the text perhaps incorrect.

Shakspeare's truths and their imagery glorify one another.

Metaphor the strength of poetry : simile its weakness.

Fletcher is diffuse in description and simile,

loses the original thought in it,

is poor in metaphor, and picturesque.

[1 page 18]

Fletcher's and Shakspeare's descriptions contrasted.

Metaphor in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*

is Shakspeare's.

They two have *cab|ined*
In many as dangerous, as poor a corn|er—

SPALDING.

Instances of

Shakspeare's
metaphors.

Peril and want contending, they have *skiffed*
 'Torrents, whose raging *tyranny* and *pow'er*
 I' the least of these was dreadful ; and they have
 Fought out together where *Death's self* was *lodged*,
 Yet FATE hath BROUGHT THEM OFF. Their *knot* of love,
 Tied, *weaved*, ENTANGLED, with so true, so long,
 And with a *finger* of so deep a cun|ning,
 May be *outworn*, never *undone*. I think
 Theseus cannot be *umpire* to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and do|ing
 Each side like justice, which he loves best.—Act I. scene iii.

The play throughout will give you metaphors, like Shakspeare's in their frequency, like his in their tone and character, and like his in their occasional obscurity and blending together.

Shakspeare's
classical images.

We have been looking to Shakspeare's imagery. You will meet with classical images in the 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.' Do not allow any ill-applied notion of his want of learning to convert this into an argument against his authorship. You will recollect, that an attachment of this sort is very perceptible in Shakspeare's dramas, and pervades the whole thread of his youthful poems. It is indeed a prominent quality in the school of poetry, which prevailed during the earlier part of his life, perhaps during the whole of it. In his early days, the study of ¹Grecian and Latin literature in England may be said to have only commenced, and the scenery and figures of the classical mythology broke on the view of the student with all the force of novelty. All the literature of that period is tinged with classicism to a degree which in our satiated times is apt to seem pedantic. It infected writers of all kinds and classes: translations were multiplied, and a familiarity with classical tales and history was sought after or affected even by those who had no access to the original language. Shakspeare clearly stood in this latter predicament, his knowledge of Latin certainly not exceeding that of a schoolboy: but the translated classics enabled him to acquire the facts, and he shared the taste of the age to its full extent. His admiration of the classical writers is vouched by the subjects and execution of his early poems, by numerous allusions in his dramas, particularly his histories, by the subjects chosen for some

[¹ page 19]

Elizabethan
literature tinged
with classicism.

Shakspeare's
classical allusions.

of his plays, by one or two imitations of the translated Latin poets,¹ and by many exotic forms in his language, derived from the same secondary source. Correct tameness is the usual character of classical allusion in authors well versed in classical studies. Even Milton, who has drawn the most exquisite images of this kind, has sometimes remembered only, where he should have invented: and Fletcher, whom we have especially to consider, is no exception to the rule; his many classical illustrations are invariably cold and poor. Shakspeare's mythological images have something singular in them. They are incorrect as transcripts of the originals, but admirable if examined without such reference; they are highly-coloured paintings whose subjects are taken from the simplicity of some antique statue. The 'Venus and Adonis' has some fine and some overcharged pictures thus formed from the hints which he derived from his books.² He received the mythological images but imperfectly, and his fancy was stimulated without being³ clogged. He stood but at the entrance of those visionary forests, within whose glades the heroes and divinities of ancient faith reposed; he looked through a glimmering and uncertain light, and caught only glimpses of the sanctity of that world of wonders: and it was with an imagination heated by the flame of mystery and partial ignorance that he turned away from the scene so imperfectly revealed, to brood on the beauty of its broken contours, and allow fancy to create magnificence richer than memory ever saw. The occurrence of classical allusions here, therefore, affords no reason for doubting his authorship even of those passages in which they are found: and if we could trace any of his singularities in the images which we have, the argument in his favour would be strengthened by these. Most of the allusions are too slightly sketched to permit this; but one or two are like him in their unfaithfulness. We have "Mars' drum" in the 'Venus and Adonis'; and here beauty is described as able to make him spurn it: the altar of the same

Milton's classical allusions.

Fletcher's.

Shakspeare's treatment of mythology.

His *Venus and Adonis*.

Shakspeare's treatment of classical mythology: [3 page 20]

¹ Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

² A singularly rich and energetic piece of colouring in this sort is near the beginning of the poem, commencing,

I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful God of War —

and extending through three stanzas.

SHAKESPEARE: SCENE OF REFLECTION AND POWER OF THOUGHT

especially in
Antony and Cleopatra in
 Act I. Scene 1.

This scene is
 certainly
 Shakespeare's

Scenes is limited to the scene of a dramatic marriage. The "Ne-
 tural law of life" is here as his nerve in "Hamlet". But the most
 characteristic use of this sort of imagery is in the prayer in the first
 scene of the Fifth Act. The whole scene of the language, the solemn-
 ity and majesty of the tone of thought, the pulling up of the heap of
 metaphors and images and the business and admirable originality of
 their conceptual all these are Shakespeare's and the fact of this accu-
 mulation of feeling, thought and imagination being employed to
 create out of a fragmentary classical outline a picture both new in
 its features and gorgeously magnificent in its filling up, is strongly
 indicative of his hand and strikingly resembles his mode of dealing
 with such subjects elsewhere.

Shakespeare's
 tendency to
 reflection.

Page 21.

His own active
 and inquiring
 thought, is the
 only quality of
 his own that he's
 given all his
 characters.

Fletcher's
 thought, small
 beside
 Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare's
 worldly wisdom,
 and solemn
 thought.

You will be furnished with a rule to guide your decision on
 many passages of the drama otherwise doubtful by having your
 notice slightly directed to what will fall more properly under our
 consideration when we look back on the general scope of the play,
 —I mean Shakespeare's prevailing tendency to reflection. The
 presence of a spirit of active and inquiring thought through every
 page of his writings is too evident to require any proof. It is ex-
 ercised on every object which comes under his notice: it is serious
 when its theme is lofty: and when the subject is familiar, it is con-
 tented to be shrewd. He has impressed no other of his own
 mental qualities on all his characters: this quality colours every one
 of them. It is one to which poetry is apt to give a very subordi-
 nate place: and, in most poets, fancy is the predominating power;
 because, immeasurably as that faculty in them is beneath its un-
 equalled warmth in Shakspeare, yet intellect in them is com-
 paratively even weaker. With inferior poets, particularly the
 dramatic, inflation of feeling and profusion of imagery are the
 alternate disguises which conceal poverty of thought. Fletcher is a
 poet of much and sterling merit: but his fund of thought is small
 indeed when placed beside Shakspeare's. He has, indeed, very
 little of Shakspeare's practical, searching, worldly wisdom, and none
 of that solemnity of thought with which he penetrates into his
 loftier themes of reflection. This quality in Shakspeare is usually
 relieved by poetical decoration: Imagination is active powerfully

and unceasingly, but she is rebuked by the presence of a mightier influence ; she is but the handmaid of the active and piercing Understanding ; and the images which are her offspring serve but as the breeze to the river, which stirs and ripples its surface, but is not the power which impels its waters to the sea. As you go through this drama, you will not only find a sobriety of tone pervading the more important parts of it, but activity of intellect constantly exerted. But what demands particular notice is, the mass of general truths, of practical, moral, or philosophical maxims, which, issuing from this reflective turn of mind, are scattered through Shakspeare's writings as thick as the stars in heaven. The occurrence of them is characteristic of his temper of mind ; and there is something marked in the manner of the adages themselves. They are often solemn, usually grave, but always pointed, compressed, and energetic ;—they vary in subject, from familiar facts and rules for social life to the enunciation of philosophical truths and the exposition of moral duty. You will meet with them in this drama in all their shapes and in every page [of Shakspeare's part of it].

Shakspeare's
Imagination the
handmaid of his
Understanding.

Note the mass of
general truths
and maxims in
this part of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

Shakspeare's reach and comprehension of thought is as remarkable as its activity, while Fletcher's is by no means great, and in this respect Massinger comes much nearer to him. The simplest fact has many dependent qualities, and may be related by 'men of different degrees of intellect with circumstances differing infinitely, a confined mind seeing only its plainest qualities, while a stronger one grasps and combines many distant relations. Shakspeare's love of brevity would not have produced obscurity nearly so often, had it not been aided by his width of mental vision. There are many passages in the play before us which seem to emanate from a mind of more comprehension than Fletcher's. Look at the following lines. The idea to be expressed was a very simple one. Hippolita is entreating her husband to leave her, and depart to succour the distressed ladies who kneel at her feet and his ; and she wishes to say, that though, as a bride, she was loth to lose her husband's presence, yet she felt that she should act blameably if she detained him. Fletcher would have expressed no idea beyond that ; but on it alone he would have employed six lines and two or three com-

Shakspeare's
reach of thought.

[¹ page 22]

Passages in
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen* too
comprehensive
for Fletcher.

parisons. Hear how many cognate ideas present themselves to Shakspeare's mind in expressing the thought. The passage is obscure, but not the less like Shakspeare on that account.

Shakspeare's
pregnancy and
obscurity.

Though much unlike|ly
I should be so transported, *as much sor|ry*
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure the sur'feit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me—Act I. scene i.

Shakspeare's
conceits and
quibbles.

[? page 23]

Lily's faults.

Shakspeare's
faults.

It would be well if Shakspeare's continual inclination to thought gave rise to no worse faults than occasional obscurity. It was not to be hoped that it should not produce others. His tone of thinking could not be always high and serious; and even when it flowed in a lofty channel, its uninterrupted stream could not always be pure. His judgment often fails to perform its part, and he is guilty of conceit and quibble, not merely in his comic vein, but in his most deeply tragical situations. He has indeed one powerful excuse; he had universal example in both respects to justify or betray him. But he has likewise another plea, that his constant activity of mind, and the wideness of its province, exposed him to peculiar risks. A mind always in action must sometimes act wrongly; and the constant exercise of the creative powers of the mind dulls the edge of the corrective. It was not strange that he who was unwearied in tracing the manifestations of that spirit of likeness which pervades nature, should often mistake a resemblance in name for a community of essence,—that he whose mind was sensible to the most delicate differences, should sometimes fancy he saw distinction where there was none;—it was not strange, however much to be regretted, that he who left the smooth green slopes of fancy to clamber among the craggy steeps of thought, should often stumble in his dizzy track, either in looking up to the perilous heights above, or downwards on the morning landscape beneath him. While the most glaring errors of the tropical Euphues are strained allegorical conceits, Shakspeare's fault is oftener the devising of subtle and unreal distinctions, or the ringing of fantastical changes upon words.

Lily's error was one merely of taste ; Shakspeare's was one of the judgment, and the heavier of the two, but still the error of a stronger mind than the other ; for the judgment cannot act till the understanding has given it materials to work upon, and those fanciful writers who do not reflect at all, are in no danger of reflecting wrongly. Shakspeare's evil genius triumphs when it tempts him to a pun—it enjoys a less complete but more frequent victory in suggesting an antithesis ; but it often happens that this dangerous turn of mind does not carry him so far as to be of evil consequence. It aids its quickness and directness of mental view, in giving to his style a pointed epigrammatic terseness which is quite its own, and a frequent weight and effect which no other equals. Where, however, this antithetic tendency is allowed to approach the serious scenes, it throws over them an icy air which is very injurious, while it often gives the comic ones a ponderousness which is altogether singular, and but imperfectly accordant with the nature of comic dialogue. The arrows of Shakspeare's wit are not the lightly feathered shafts which Fletcher discharges, and as little are they the iron-headed bolts which fill the quiver of Jonson ; but they are weapons forged from materials unknown to the others, and in an armoury to which they had no access ; their execution is irresistible when they reach their aim, but they are covered with a golden massiveness of decoration which sometimes impedes the swiftness of their flight. But whether the effect of these peculiarities of Shakspeare be good or evil, their use in helping an identification of his manner is very great. Nothing can be more directly opposite to them than the slow elegance and want of pointedness which we find in Fletcher, who is not free from conceits, but does not express them with Shakspeare's hard quaintness, while he is comparatively quite guiltless of plays on words. The following instances are only a few among many in the present drama, which seem to be perfectly in Shakspeare's manner, and to most of which Fletcher's works could certainly furnish no parallel, either in subject or in expression.

Shakspeare's evil
genius triumphs
in his puns.

Characteristics of
his wit.

[† page 24]

Contrast with
Fletcher's.

Oh, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncan[died],
Melts into tears ; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is pressed with deeper matter.—Act I. scene i.

Passages by
Shakspeare, not
Fletcher.

Theseus speaks thus of the Kinsmen lying before him in the field of battle desperately wounded :—

[The | is to show
the double
endings.]

Shakspere
metaphors.

Rather than have them
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would them dead :
But forty thousand fold we had rather have | them
Prisoners to us than Death. Bear them speedily
From *our kind air, to them unkind*, and min'ister
What man to man may do.—Act I. scene iv.

A lady hunting is addressed in this strain :

Oh jewel
O' the wood, O' the world !—Act III. scene i.

In the same scene one knight says to another,—

Shakspere
metaphor.

This question sick between us,
By bleeding must be cured.

[page 25]

¹ And the one, left in the wood, says to the other, who goes to the presence of the lady whom both love—

You talk of feeding me, to breed me strength ;
You are going now to look upon a sun,
That strengthens what *it* looks on.—Act III. scene i.

The two knights, about to meet in battle, address each other in these words :—

Pal. Think you but thus ;
That there were aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business,—were't one eye
Against another, arm opposed by arm,
I would destroy the offender ;—coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself : then from this, gath'er
How I should tender you !

Arc. I am in la'bour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kin'dred,
Out of my memory, and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound.—Act V. scene i.

And afterwards their lady-love, listening to the noise of the fight, speaks thus :—

Shakspere
metaphor.

Each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade.—Act V. scene v.

Shakspeare's fondness for thought, the tendency of that train of thought to run into the abstract, and his burning imagination, have united in producing another quality which strongly marks his style, and is more pleasing than those last noticed. He abounds in Personification, and delights particularly in personifications of mental powers, passions, and relations. This metaphysico-poetical mood of musing tinges his miscellaneous poems deeply, especially the *Venus and Adonis*, which is almost lyrical throughout; and even in his dramas the style is often like one of Collins's exquisite odes. This quality is common to him with the narrative poets of his age, from whom ¹he received it; but it is adopted to no material extent by any of his dramatic contemporaries, and by Fletcher less than any. The other dramatists, indeed, are full of metaphysical expressions, of the names of affections and faculties of the soul; but they do not go on as Shakspeare's kindling fancy impelled him to do, to look on them as independent and energetic existences. This figure is one of the most common means by which he elevates himself into the tragic and poetic sphere, the compromise between his reason and his imagination, the felicitous mode by which he reconciles his fondness for abstract thought, with his allegiance to the genius of poetry. 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is rich in personifications both of mental qualities and others, which have all Shakspeare's tokens about them, and vary infinitely, from the uncompleted hint to the perfected portrait.

Shakspeare's personification of mental powers, passions.

In *Venus and Adonis*.

[¹ page 26]

Fletcher uses it but little.

Shakspeare's distinctive use of Personification.

The *Two Noble Kinsmen* is rich in personifications which must be Shakspeare's.

Oh Grief and Time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!—Act I. scene i.

Instances of these.

Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsh|er
Than Strife or War could be.—Act I. scene ii.

A most unbounded tyrant, whose success
Makes heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing,—almost puts
Faith in a fev|er,| and deifies alone
Volatile Chance.—Act I. scene ii.

This funeral path brings to your household graves;
Joy seize on you again—Peace sleep with him!
Act I. scene v.

Content and Anger
In me have but one face.—Act III. scene i.

Force and great Feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers.—Act V. scene i.

Instances of
Shakspeare's
Personification in
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

[1 page 27]

Thou (*Love*) mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance;—the polled bachelor,
Whose youth, (like wanton boys through bonfires,)
¹ *Has skipt thy flame*, at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love.—Act V. scene ii.

Mercy and manly Courage
Are bed-fellows in his visage.—Act V. scene v.

*Our Reasons are not prophets,
When oft our Fancies are.*—Act V. scene v.

In bits of the
*Two Noble
Kinsmen* several
of Shakspeare's
distinctive
qualities are
often combin'd.

The hints which you have now perused, are not, I repeat, offered to you as by any means exhausting the elements of Shakspeare's manner of writing. They are meant only to bring to your memory such of his qualities of style as chiefly distinguish him from Fletcher, and are most prominently present in the play we are examining. When we shall see those qualities instanced singly, they will afford a proof of Shakspeare's authorship: but that proof will receive an incalculable accession of strength when, as will more frequently happen, we shall have several of them displayed at once in the same passages. Your recollection of them will serve us as the lines of a map would in a journey on foot through a wild forest country: the beauty of the landscape will tempt us not seldom to diverge and lose sight of our path, and we shall need their guidance for enabling us to regain it.

The story of
*Palamon and
Arcite*.

The story of PALAMON AND ARCITE is a celebrated one, and, besides its appearance here, has been taken up by other two of our greatest English poets. Chaucer borrowed the tale from the *Teseide* of Boccaccio: it then received a dramatic form in this play; and from Chaucer's antique sketch it was afterwards decorated with the

trappings of heroic rhyme, by one who fell on evil days, the lofty and unfortunate Dryden. It treats of a period of ancient and almost fabulous history, which originally belonged to the classical writers, but had become familiar in the chivalrous poetry of the middle ages; and retaining the old historical characters, it intersperses with them new ones wholly imaginary, and, both in the *Knights Tale* and in the play, preserves the rich and anomalous magnificence of the Gothic cos'tume. The character round which the others are grouped, one which Shakspeare has introduced in another of his works, is the heroic Theseus, whom the romances and chronicles dignify with the modern title of Duke of Athens; and in this story he is connected with the tragical war of the Seven against Thebes, one of the grandest subjects of the ancient Grecian poetry.

Character of the story of Palamon and Arcite.

[1 page 28]

Theseus the centre of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

The whole of the First Act may be safely pronounced to be Shakspeare's. The play opens with the bridal procession of Theseus and the fair Amazon Hippolita, whose young sister EMILIA is the lady of the tale. While the marriage-song is singing, the train are met by three queens in mourning attire, who fall down at the feet of Theseus, Hippolita, and Emilia. They are the widows of three of the princes slain in battle before Thebes, and the conqueror Creon has refused the remains of the dead soldiers the last honour of a grave. The prayer of the unfortunate ladies to Theseus is, that he would raise his powerful arm to force from the tyrant the unburied corpses, that the ghosts of the dead may be appeased by the performance of fitting rites of sepulture. The duty which knighthood imposed on the Prince of Athens, is combated by his unwillingness to quit his bridal happiness; but generosity and self-denial at length obtain the victory, and he marches, with banners displayed, to attack the Thebans.

First Act of *Two Noble Kinsmen* Shakspeare's.

This scene bears decided marks of Shakspeare.—The lyrical pieces scattered through his plays are, whether successful or not, endowed with a stateliness of rhythm, an originality and clearness of imagery, and a nervous quaintness and pomp of language, which can scarcely be mistaken. The Bridal Song which ushers in this play, has several of the marks of distinction, and is very unlike the more formal and polished rhymes of Fletcher.

The Bridal Song can't be Fletcher's.

Act I. sc. i.
The Bridal Song
is Shakspeare's.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With her bells dim :
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim :
All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
¹*Blessing their sense :*
Not an *angel of the air,*
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

[¹ page 29]

Dialogue in I. i.
has the charac-
teristics of
Shakspeare's
style :
is crowded,
obscure,

alliterative,
clear and yet
confus'd,

has fulness and
variety,

originality and
true poetry.

But the dialogue which follows is strikingly characteristic. It has sometimes Shakspeare's identical images and words : it has his quaint force and sententious brevity, crowding thoughts and fancies into the narrowest space, and submitting to obscurity in preference to feeble dilation : it has sentiments enunciated with reference to subordinate relations, which other writers would have expressed with less grasp of thought : it has even Shakspeare's alliteration, and one or two of his singularities in conceit : it has clearness in the images taken separately, and confusion from the prodigality with which one is poured out after another, in the heat and hurry of imagination : it has both fulness of illustration, and a variety which is drawn from the most distant sources ; and it has, thrown over all, that air of originality and that character of poetry, the principle of which is often hid when their presence and effect are most quickly and instinctively perceptible.

1 *Queen. (To Theseus.)* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me !

2 *Queen. (To Hippolita.)* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair | ones,
Hear and respect me !

3 *Queen. (To Emilia.)* Now for the love of him whom Jove
hath marked
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses ! This good deed
Shall rase you, out of the Book of Trespasses,
All you are set down there.

These latter lines are of a character which is perfectly and singularly Shakspeare's. The shade of gravity which so usually darkens his poetry, is often heightened to the most solemn seriousness. The religious thought presented here is most alien from Fletcher's turn of thought.—The ensuing speech offers much of Shakspeare. His energy, sometimes confined within¹ due limits, often betrays him into harshness; and his liking for familiarity of imagery and expression sometimes makes him careless though both should be coarse, a fault which we find here, and of which Fletcher is not guilty. Here also are more than one of those bold coinages of words, forced on a mind for whose force of conception common terms were too weak.

Act I. sc. i.

Shakspeare's gravity and seriousness.

[? page 30]

Shakspeare sometimes harsh and coarse.

His bold coinages of words:

1 *Queen*. We are three queens, whose sovrans fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endured
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To *urn* their ashes, nor to take the offence
Of mortal loathesomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the air
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, Duke!
Thou purger¹ of the earth! draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns i' the world: give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may *chapel* them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note,
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing.

to *urn* ashes;to *chapel* bones.

We now begin to trace more and more that reflecting tendency which is so deeply imprinted on Shakspeare's writings:—

Shakspeare reflective.

Theseus.

King Capanëus² was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a seas|on
As it is now with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar. You were that time fair;

¹ Perhaps it is worth while to direct attention to this form of speech. Verbal names expressing the agent occur, it is true, in Fletcher and others, but they are in an especial manner frequent with Shakspeare, who invents them to preserve his brevity, and always applies them with great force and quaintness.

² Probably Fletcher would not have committed this false quantity.

Act I. sc. 1.

Not Tim's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor is more bonny spread : your whiteness wreath
Was then not thrested nor blasted : Fortune, at you,
Dimpled her cheek with smiles : Heracles nor Atlas
Then weaker than your eyes ; and by his chin —
He minned down upon his Veneer nose.

Page 11

And swore his sinews thawed. O, Grief and Time,
Fears consumers, you will all devour !

1. *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whence he'll misse power and press you forth
Our undertaker.

Theresa. Oh, no knees : none, willow !
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them.
And pray for me, your soldier — Troubled I am. *Exits away.*
2. *Queen.* Honour'd Hippocritus,

A Shakespeare
Scene.

Her first if is dies :
But him, that we whom fanning war hath scorched,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us,
Require him, he advance it o'er our heads :

To middle-rooms,
say, down, away.

Speak it in a woman's key, like such a word as
As any of us three : weep ere you find ;
Lend us a knee ; —

A Shakespeare
Scene.

But touch the ground for us no longer time
Thus a dove's mutism when the hawk's pickit off :
Tell him, if he'll the blood-stain'd hand lay swollen,
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do :

Emilia. Pray stand up ;
Your grief is written on your cheek.

3. *Queen.* Oh, woe !
You cannot read it there : there, through my tears, (*in her eyes*)
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it. Lady, lady, alack !
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth,
Must know the centre too : he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me !
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Shakespeare.

Emilia. Pray you, say nothing ; pray | you !
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy | you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed ;
(Such heart-pierced demonstration ;) but, alas !

Being a natural sister of our sex,
 Your sorrow beats so ardently upon | me,
 That it shall make a counter-reflect against
 My brother's heart, and warm it to some pit|y,
 Though it were made of stone : Pray have good com|fort !

Act I. sc. i.

1 *Queen.* (*To Theseus.*) . . . Remember that your fame [page 32]
 Knolls in the ear o' the world : what you do quickl|y,
 Is not done rashly ; your first thought, is more
 Than others' labour'd med|tance ; your premed|itating,
 More than their actions : but, (oh, Jove !) your ac|tions,
 Soon as they move, *as ospreys do the fish,*
 Subdue before they touch. Think, dear duke, think
 What beds our slain kings have !

Shakspere
simile,

2 *Queen.* What griefs, our beds,
 That our slain kings have none.

metaphor.

Theseus is moved by their prayers, but, loth to leave the side of his newly wedded spouse, contents himself with directing his chief captain to lead the Athenian army against the tyrant. The queens redouble their entreaties for his personal aid.

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably ; but when could Grief
 Cull out, as *unpang'd Judgment* can, fitt'st time
 For best solicitation !

Shakspere
personification.

Theseus. Why, good la|dies,
 This is a service whereto I am go|ing,
 Greater than any war : it more imports | me
 Than all the actions that I have foregone,
 Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaim|ing
 Our suit shall be neglected. When her arms,
 Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
 By warranting moonlight *corslet* thee,—oh, when
 Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
 Upon thy tasteful lips,—what wilt thou think
 Of rotten kings or blubberd queens ? what care,
 For what thou feel'st not ; what thou feel'st, being a|ble
 To make Mars spurn his drum ?—Oh, if thou couch
 But one night with her, every hour in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
 Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
 That banquet bids thee to.

Shakspere
metaphor,

force.

Theseus. . . . Pray stand up :
 I am entreating of myself to do

Act I. sc. i.

That which you kneel to have me. Perithous !
 Lead on the bride ! Get you, and pray the gods
 For success and return ; omit not any thing
 In the pretended celebration. Queens !
 Follow your soldier.

[page 33]

(*To Hippolita.*) Since that our theme is haste,
 I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip :

Shakspeare
metaphor.

Sweet, keep it as my token !

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him ; for

Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
 To godlike honours ; *they themselves, some say,*

Shakspeare.

Groan under such a mas|tery.

Theseus.

As we are men,
 Thus should we do : being sensually subdued,
 We lose our human title. Good cheer, la'dies !

Now turn we towards your comforts. (*Exeunt.*)

Act I. scene ii.

The second scene introduces the heroes of the piece, Palamon and Arcite. They are two youths of the blood-royal of Thebes, who follow the banners of their sovereign with a sense that obedience is their duty, but under a sorrowful conviction that his cause is unjust, and their country rotten at the core. The scene is a dialogue between them, occupied in lamentations and repinings over the dissolute manners of their native Thebes. Its broken versification points out Shakspeare ; the quaintness of some conceits is his ; and several of the phrases and images have much of his pointedness, brevity, or obscurity. The scene, though not lofty in tone, does not want interest, and contains some extremely original illustrations. But quotations will be multiplied abundantly before we have done ; and their number must not be increased by the admission of any which are not either unusually good or very distinctly characteristic of their author. Some lines of the scene have been already given.

has the
characteristics of
Shakspeare.

Act I. scene iii.

The third scene has the farewell commendations of the young Emilia and her sister to Perithous, when he sets out to join Theseus, then before the Theban walls, and a subsequent conversation of the two ladies. Much of this scene has Shakspeare's stamp deeply cut upon it : it is probably all his. It is identified, not only by several others of the qualities marking the first scene, but more particularly

is probably all
Shakspeare's.

by the wealth of its allusion, and by a closeness, directness, and pertinency of reply which Fletcher's most spirited dialogues do not reach. It presents more than one exceed'ingly beautiful climax ; a figure which repeatedly occurs in the play, and is always used with peculiar energy.

Act I. scene iii.
has the charac-
teristics of
Shakspeare.
[¹ page 34]

SCENE—*Before the Gates of Athens.—Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.*

Perithous. No further.

Hippolita. Sir, farewell. Repeat my wish|es
To our great lord, of whose success I dare | not
Make any timorous question ; yet I wish | him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might | be,
To dure ill-dealing Fortune. Speed to him !
Store never hurts good governors.

Perithous. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. (*To Emilia.*) My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their *best-tempered pieces*, keep *enthroned*
In your dear heart !

Shakspeare
metaphor,

Emilia. Thanks, sir ! Remember me
To our all-royal brother, for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit ; and,
Since in our terrene state, petitions are | not,
Without gifts, understood, I'll offer to | her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

Hippolita. In's bos|om !
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broacht on the lance, or wom'en
That have sod their infants in (and after eat | them)
The brine they wept at killing them ; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

phraae.

Emilia. How his long|ing
Follows his friend !

Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed ?

Hippolita. With much la|bour,
And I did love him for't.²

² The remainder of this speech, an extremely fine one, has been quoted incidentally in page 26. Its richness of fancy is wonderful and most characteristic.

Act I. sc. iii.

[page 35.]

Female friend-
ship :
the description
has Shakspeare's
characteristics.

The description of female friendship which follows is familiar to all lovers of poetry. It is disfigured by one or two strained conceits, and some obscurities arising partly from errors in the text : but the beauty of the sketch in many parts is extreme, and its character distinctly that of Shakspeare, vigorous and even quaint, thoughtful and sometimes almost metaphysical, instinct with animation, and pregnant with fancy ; offering, in short, little resemblance to the manner of any poet but Shakspeare, and the most unequivocal opposition to Fletcher's.

Emilia.

Doubtless

There is a best, and reason has no man|ners
To say, it is not you. I was acquaint|ed
Once with a time when I enjoy'd a play|fellow——
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
(Who made too proud the bed,) took leave o' the moon,
Which then look'd pale at parting, when our count
Was each eleven.

Hippolita.

'Twas Flavina.

Emilia.

Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love :
'Theirs has more ground, is more maturely seas'oned,
More buckled with strong judgment ; and their needs,
The one of the other, may be said to wat'er
Their intertangled roots of love.—But I
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things in|nocent,—
Loved for we did, and,—like the elements,
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance,—our souls
Did so to one another. What she liked,
Was then of me approved ; what not, condemned.
No more arraign|ment. The flower that I would pluck,
And put between my breasts, (then but begin|ning
To swell about the blossom,) she would long
Till she had such another, and commit | it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
They died in perfume ; on my head, no toy
But was her pattern ; her affections, (pret|ty,
'Though happily her careless wear,) I fol|low'd
For my most serious decking.—Had mine ear
Stolen some new air, or at adventure humm'd
From musical coinage,—why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, rather dwell | on,
And sing it in her slumbers.—This rehears'al
*(Which, every innocent wots well, comes in

Shakspeare
imitates.

[page 36.]

Like old importment's bastard) has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual. . . .

The fourth scene is laid in a battle-field near Thebes, and Theseus enters victorious. The three queens fall down with thanks before him ; and a herald announces the capture of the Two Noble Kinsmen, wounded and senseless, and scarcely retaining the semblance of life. The phraseology of this short scene is like Shakspeare's, being brief and energetic, and in one or two instances passing into quibbles.

Act I. scene iv.
Shakspeare's.

Has Shakspeare's
words and
quibbles.

The last scene of this act is of a lyrical cast, and comprised in a few lamentations spoken by the widowed queens over the corpses of their dead lords. It ends with this couplet :

Act I. scene v.
is Shakspeare's.

The world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

In the Second Act no part seems to have been taken by Shakspeare. It commences with one of those scenes which are introduced into the play in departure from the narrative of Chaucer, forming an underplot which is clearly the work of a different artist from many of the leading parts of the drama. The Noble Kinsmen, cured of their wounds, have been committed to strait and perpetual prison in Athens, and the first part of this scene is a prose dialogue between their jailor and a suitor of his daughter. The maiden's admiration of the prisoners is then exhibited. You will see afterwards, that there are several circumstances besides the essential dullness of this prose part, which fully absolve Shakspeare from the charge of having written it.

Act II. not
Shakspeare's.
The prose of
II. i. is not from
Chaucer,

and is very dull ;
it is not
Shakspeare's.

The versified portion of this scene, which follows the prose dialogue among the inferior characters, presents the incident on which the interest of the story hinges, the commencement of the fatal and chimerical passion, which, inspiring both the knights towards the young Emilia, severs the bonds of friendship which had so long held them together. The noble prisoners are discovered in their turret-chamber, looking out on the palace-garden, which the lady afterwards enters. They speak in a highly animated strain of that

The verse of Act
II. scene i.

[' page 37]

The verse of Act
II. scene i. has
the character-
istics of
Fletcher :

double endings,

end-stopt lines,

vague images,

but romantic ;

slack dialogue.

II. i. one of the
finest scenes that
Fletcher ever
wrote.

world from which they are secluded, and find themes of consolation for the hard lot which had overtaken them. The dialogue is in many respects admirable. It possesses much eloquence of description, and the character of the language is smooth and flowing ; the versification is good and accurate, frequent in double endings, and usually finishing the sense with the line ; and one or two allusions occur, which, being favourites of Fletcher's, may be in themselves a strong presumption of his authorship ; the images too have in some instances a want of distinctness in application or a vagueness of outline, which could be easily paralleled from Fletcher's acknowledged writings. The style is fuller of allusions than his usually is, but the images are more correct and better kept from confusion than Shakspeare's ; some of them indeed are exquisite, but rather in the romantic and exclusively poetical tone of Fletcher, than in the natural and universal mode of feeling which animates Shakspeare. The dialogue too proceeds less energetically than Shakspeare's, falling occasionally into a style of long-drawn disquisition which Fletcher often substitutes for the quick and dramatic conversations of the great poet. On the whole, however, this scene, if it be Fletcher's, (of which I have no doubt,) is among the very finest he ever wrote ; and there are many passages in which, while he preserves his own distinctive marks, he has gathered no small portion of the flame and inspiration of his immortal friend and assistant. In the following speeches there are images and phrases, which are either identically Fletcher's, or closely resemble his, and the whole cast both of versification and idiom is strictly his :—

Palamon.

Oh, cousin Ar|cite !

Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble coun|try ?

Where are our friends and kindreds ? Never more

Must we behold those comforts ; never see

The hardy youths strive in the games of hon|our,

Hung with the painted favours of their la|dies,

Like tall ships under sail ; then start among | them,

And as an east wind leave them all behind | us

Like lazy clouds, while Palamon and Ar|cite,

Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,

Outstript the people's praises, won the gar|lands,

Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, nev|er
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of hon|our,
 Our arms again, and feel our fiery hors|es
 Like proud seas under us ! our good swords now,
 (Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore,)
 Ravish'd our sides, like age must run to rust,
 And deck the temples of the gods that hate | us :
 These hands shall never draw them out like light|ning
 To blast whole armies more.

[page 38]
 Act II. scene i.
 Fletcher's.

Arcite.

The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand cul|pids,
 Shall never clasp our necks : no issue know | us ;
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
 To glad our age, and like young eagles teach | them
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
 "Remember what your fathers were, and con|quer."
 —The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
 And in their songs curse ever-blinded For|tune,
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To youth and Nature.—'This is all our world :
 We shall know nothing here but one anoth|er,—
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes ;
 'The vine shall grow, but we shall never see | it :
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead-cold winter must inhabit here | still !

Picture fully
 wrought out.

Romantic,
 pathetic sketch.

Palamon. 'Tis too true, Arcite ! To our Theban hounds,
 That shook the aged forest with their ech|oes,
 No more now must we halloo ; no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a Parthian¹ quiver from our rag|es,
 Struck with our well-steel'd darts.

In this scene there is one train of metaphors which is perhaps as
 characteristic of Fletcher as any thing that could be produced. It
 is marked by a slowness of association which he often shews.
 Several allusions are successively introduced ; but by each, as it
 appears, we are prepared for and can anticipate the next ; we see
 the connection of ideas in the poet's mind through which the one
 has sprung out of the other, and that all are but branches, of which
 one original thought is the root. All this is the work of ²a less

Lines from II. i.
 on page 38, of
 slow orderly
 development of
 ideas, markt by
 Fletcher's
 characteristics.

[² page 39]

¹ This allusion is repeatedly found in Fletcher. Here the expression of it is
 defective in precision.

ACT II. SCENE I. PALAMON'S FLOWERS OF ASSOCIATION.

At the same time, and a more early understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have jumped over many of the intervening steps, and reaching at once the most remote particular of the series would have immediately turned away to venture some new chain of thought:—

At the same time, and a more early understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have jumped over many of the intervening steps, and reaching at once the most remote particular of the series would have immediately turned away to venture some new chain of thought:—

At the same time, and a more early understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have jumped over many of the intervening steps, and reaching at once the most remote particular of the series would have immediately turned away to venture some new chain of thought:—

At the same time, and a more early understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have jumped over many of the intervening steps, and reaching at once the most remote particular of the series would have immediately turned away to venture some new chain of thought:—

But the commencement of the prison is to be interrupted. The fair Emilia appears beneath walking in the garden—full of branches green—skirting the wall of the tower in which the princes are confined. She converses with her attendant, and Palamon from the adjoining grating beholds her as she gathers the flowers of spring. He ceases to reply to Arcite, and stands absorbed in silent ecstasy.

Arcite. Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
 Palamon. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
 Arcite. Why, what's the matter, man?
 Palamon. Behold and wonder:
 By heaven, she is a goddess;
 Arcite. Ha!
 Palamon. Do reverence;
 She is a goddess, Arcite!

The beauty of the maiden impresses Arcite no less violently than it previously had his kinsman; and he challenges with great heat a right to love her. An animated and acrimonious dialogue ensues, in which Palamon reproachfully pleads his prior admiration of the lady, and insists on his cousin's obligation to become his abettor instead of his rival. It is spirited even to excess; and probably Shakspeare would have tempered, or abstained from treating so sudden and perhaps unnatural an access of anger and jealousy, and so utter an abandonment to its vehemence, as that under which the fiery Palamon is here represented as labouring.

Palamon. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wish|es,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fel low
False as thy title to her. Friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her !

Act II. scene i.
Fletcher's.

Arcite. Yes, I love | her !
And, if the lives of all my name lay on | it,
I must do so. I love her with my soul ;
If that will lose thee, Palamon, farewell !
I say again I love, and, loving her
I am as worthy and as free a lov|er,
And have as just a title to her beau|ty,
As any Palamon, or any liv|ing
That is a man's son !

Palamon. Have I call'd thee friend !

Palamon. Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't !

Arcite. Thou dar'st not, fool : thou canst not : thou art fee|ble :
Put my head out ? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms to anger thee.

In transferring his story from Chaucer, the poet has here been guilty of an oversight. The old poet fixes a character of positive guilt on Arcite's prosecution of his passion, by relating a previous agreement between the two cousins, by which either, engaging in any adventure whether of love or war, had an express right to the co-operation of the other. Hence Arcite's interference with his cousin's claim becomes, with Chaucer, a direct infringement of a knightly compact ; while in the drama, no deeper blame attaches to it, than as a violation of the more fragile rules imposed by the generous spirit of friendship.

Fletcher has left out Chaucer's making the Knights 'sworn brethren.'

In the midst of the angry conference, Arcite is called to the Duke to receive his freedom ; and Palamon is placed in stricter confinement, and removed from the quarter of the tower overlooking the garden.

In the second scene of this act, Arcite, wandering in the ¹neighbourhood of Athens, soliloquizes on the decree which had banished him from the Athenian territory ; and, falling in with a band of country people on their way to games in the city, conceives the

Act II. scene ii.
(Weber, sc. iii.
Littledale)
is Fletcher's.
[page 41]

Act II. scene ii.
iii. (Weber, sc.
iii. iv. Little-
dale),

notion of joining in the celebration under some poor disguise, in the hope of finding means to remain within sight of his fancifully beloved mistress. Neither this scene, nor the following, in which the jailor's daughter meditates on the perfections of Palamon, and intimates an intention of assisting him to escape, have any thing in them worthy of particular notice.

Act II. scene iv.
(Weber, sc. v.
Littledale),

In the fourth scene, Arcite, victorious in the athletic games, is crowned by the Duke, and preferred to the service of Emilia.

Act II. scene v.
(Weber, sc. vi.
Littledale),
are all Fletcher's.

In the last scene of the second act, the jailor's daughter announces that she has effected Palamon's deliverance from prison, and that he lies hidden in a wood near the city, the scenery of which is prettily described.

Act III. scene i.
is Shakspeare's.

Nothing in the Third Act can with confidence be attributed to Shakspeare, except the first scene. This opening scene is laid in the wood where Palamon has his hiding-place. Arcite enters; and a monologue, describing his situation and feelings, is, as in Chaucer, overheard by Palamon, who starts out of the bush in which he had crouched, and shakes his fettered hands at his false kinsman. A dialogue of mutual reproach ensues; and Arcite departs with a promise to return, bringing food for the outcast, and armour to fit him for maintaining, like a knight, his right to the lady's love. The commencing speech of Arcite has much of Shakspeare's clearness of imagery, and of the familiarity of dress which he often loves to bestow upon allusion; it has also great nerve of expression and calmness of tone, with at least one play on words which is quite in his manner, and one (perhaps more) of his identical phrases. The text seems faulty in one part.

Arcite's first
speech has
Shakspeare's clear
images, and
familiar dress,
nervous
expression, &c.

Shakspearean
phrases.

[page 42]

Arcite. The Duke has lost Hippolita: each took
A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilⁱa!
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her *gold buttons* on the boughs, or all
The enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! Yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers!—Thou,—oh jew^el

O' the wood, o' the world,—hast likewise blest a place
 With thy sole presence. In thy rumina|tion
 That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
 And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
 To drop on such a mistress! Expecta|tion
 Most guiltless of | it.| Tell me, oh lady For|tune,
 (Next after Emily my sovran,) how far
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
 (The primest of all the year,) presents me with
 A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
 Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
 That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas!
 Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner!

Act III. sc. i. is
 Shakspeare's.

If

Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
 I *ear'd* her language, lived in her eye, oh coz,
 What passion would enclose thee!

Shakspeare
 phrase.

There is great spirit, also, in what follows. Some phrases, here again, are precisely Shakspeare's; and several parts of the dialogue have much of his pointed epigrammatic style. The massive accumulation of reproaches which Palamon hurls on Arcite is, in its energy, more like him than his assistant; and the opposition of character between Palamon and his calmer kinsman, is well kept up; but the dialogue cannot be accounted one of the best in the play.

Palamon. . . . Oh, thou most perfid|ious
 That ever gently look'd! The void'st of hon|our
 That e'er bore gentle token! Falsest cous|in
 That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
 I'll prove it in my shackles, in these hands
 Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
 A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
 Not worth the name of villain!—Had I a sword,
 And these house-clogs away!

Shakspearean
 string of epithets.

Arcite. . . . *Dear cousin Pal|amon!*
Palamon. *Cozener Arcite!* give me language such
 As thou hast shewed me feat.

Shakspearean
 word-play.

Arcite. . . . Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
 To form me like your *blazon*, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer. 'Tis your pas|sion
 That thus mistakes; the which, to you being en|emy,
 Cannot to me be kind.

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Act III. scene ii. In the second scene, the only speaker is the jailor's daughter, who, having lost Palamon in the wood, begins to shew symptoms of unsettled reason. There is some pathos in several parts of her soliloquy, but little vigour in the expression, or novelty in the thoughts.

Act III. scene iii. The third scene is an exchange of brief speeches between the two knights. Arcite brings provisions for his kinsman, and the means of removing his fetters, and departs to fetch the armour. In most respects the scene is not very characteristic of either writer, but leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the kinsmen, in which they retort on each other, former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety; and needless degradation of his principal characters, is a fault of which Shakspeare is not guilty. You may be able, hereafter, to see more distinctly the force of this reason. The scene contains one strikingly animated burst of jealous suspicion and impatience.

is probably
Fletcher's,

and not
Shakspeare's.

Arcite. Pray you sit down then; and let me entreat | you,
By all the honesty and honour in | you,
No mention of this woman; 'twill disturb | us;
We shall have time enough.

Palamon. Well, sir, I'll pledge | you.

Arcite. Heigh-ho!

Palamon. For Emily, upon my life!—Fool,
Away with this strained mirth!—I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily. Base cous|in,
Darest thou break first?

Arcite. You are wide.

Palamon. By heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!

Act III. scenes
iv. v.
[¹ page 44]

Gerrold has no
spark of humour.

In the next two scenes, placed in the forest, the jailor's daughter has reached the height of frenzy. She meets the country¹men who had encountered Arcite, and who are now headed by the learned and high-fantastical schoolmaster Gerrold, a personage who has the pedantry of Shakspeare's Holofernes, without one solitary spark of his humour. They are preparing a dance for the presence of the duke, and the maniac is adopted into their number, to fill up a vacancy. The duke and his train appear,—the pedagogue prologuizes,

—the clowns dance,—and their self-satisfied Coryphaeus apologizes and epiloguizes. Some of Fletcher's very phrases and forms of expression have been traced in these two scenes.

Act III. scene iv. v. Fletcher's
B nothing

We have then, in the sixth and last scene of this act, the interrupted combat of the two princes. The scene is a spirited and excellent one ; but its tone is Fletcher's, not Shakspeare's. The railery and retort of the dialogue is more lightly playful than his, and less antithetical and sententious ; and though there are fine images, they are not seized with the grasp which Shakspeare would have given, sometimes harsh, but always at least decided. Some of the illustrations have been quoted (page 17). The knightly courtesy with which the princes arm each other is well supported ; and their dignity of greeting before they cross their swords, is fine, exceedingly fine. Nothing can be more beautifully conceived than the change which comes over the temper of the generous Palamon, when he stands on the verge of mortal battle with his enemy. His usual heat and impatience give place to the most becoming calmness. The versification is very sweet, and the romantic air of the phraseology is very much Fletcher's, especially towards the end of the following quotation.

Act III. scene vi.

Fletcher's, not Shakspeare's.

Has not Shakspeare's grasp of imagery.

Fletcher's sweet versification and romantic phraseology.

Palamon. My cause and honour guard | me.
(*They bow several ways, then advance and stand.*)

Arcite. And me my love ; Is there aught else to say ?

Palamon. This only, and no more : Thou art mine aunt's | son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mu|tual ;
In me, thine ; and in thee, mine. My sword
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee ! If there be
A place prepared for those that sleep in hon|our,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win | it !

7's hand
inward

Fight bravely, cou|sin ;| give me thy noble hand !

Arcite. Here, Palamon ; this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.

[page 45]

Palamon. I commend | thee.

Arcite. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a cow|ard ;
For none but such dare die in these just tri|als.
Once more farewell, my cousin.

Palamon. Farewell, Ar|cite.
(*They fight.*)

The combat is interrupted by the approach of the Duke and his

Act III. scene vi. court ; and Palamon, refusing to give back or conceal himself, appears before Theseus, and declares his own name and situation, and the presumptuous secret of Arcite. The scene is good, but in the flowing style of Fletcher, not the more manly one of Shakspeare. The sentence of death, which the duke, in the first moments of his anger, pronounces on the two princes, is recalled on the petition of Hippolita and her sister, on condition that the rivals shall meantime depart, and return within a month, each accompanied by three knights, to determine in combat the possession of Emilia ; and death by the block is denounced against the knights who shall be vanquished. Some of these circumstances are slight deviations from Chaucer ; and the laying down of the severe penalty is well imagined, as an addition to the tragic interest, giving occasion to a very impressive scene in the last act.

is in Fletcher's style.

Death-penalty for the losing knight, a good addition to Chaucer.

Act IV. all Fletcher's.

Wants all the leading features of Shakspeare's style.

The Fourth Act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's. All of it, except one scene, is taken up by the episodical adventures of the jailor's daughter ; and, while much of it is poetical, it wants the force and originality, and, indeed, all the prominent features of Shakspeare's manner, either of thought, illustration, or expression. There are conversations in which are described, pleasingly enough, the madness of the unfortunate girl, and the finding of her in a sylvan spot, by her former wooer ; but when the maniac herself appears, the tone and subjects of the dialogue become more objectionable.

Act IV. scene ii. In the second scene of this act, the only one which bears reference to the main business of the piece, Emilia first muses over the pictures of her two suitors, and then hears from a messenger, in presence of Theseus and his attendants, a description, (taken in 'its elements from the Knightes Tale,) of the warriors who were preparing for the field along with the champion lovers. In the soliloquy of the lady, while the poetical spirit is well preserved, the alternations of feeling are given with an abruptness and a want of insight into the nicer shades of association, which resemble the extravagant stage effects of the ' King and No King,' infinitely more than the delicate yet piercing glance with which Shakspeare looks into the human breast in the ' Othello ' ; the language, too, is smoother and less

[' page 46]

Emilia's soliloquy on the pictures, not Shakspeare's.

ACT IV. SC. II. FLETCHER'S. ACT V. (LESS SC. IV.) SHAKSPERE'S. 45

powerful than Shakspeare's, and one or two classical allusions are a little too correct and studied for him. One image occurs, not the clearest or most chastened, in which Fletcher closely repeats himself :—

Act IV. scene ii.
Fletcher's.

What a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries !
Arched like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,—
Smoother than Pelop's shoulder. Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near them.¹

His description
of Arcite,
paralleled in his
Philaster.

In the Fifth Act we again feel the presence of the Master of the Spell. Several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as anything which we read in 'Macbeth' or 'Coriolanus.' The whole act, a very long one, may be boldly attributed to him, with the exception of one episodic scene.

Act V. is
Shakspeare's,

The time has arrived for the combat. Three temples are exhibited, as in Chaucer, in which the rival Knights, and the¹ Lady of their Vows, respectively pay their adorations. One principal aim of their supplications is to learn the result of the coming contest ; but the suspense is kept up by each of the Knights receiving a favourable response, and Emilia a doubtful one. Three scenes are thus occupied, the second of which is in somewhat a lower key than the other two ; but even in it there is much beauty ; and in the first and third the tense dignity and pointedness of the language, the gorgeousness and overflow of illustration, and the reach, the mingled familiarity and elevation of thought, are admirable, inimitable, and decisive.

except scene iv.
(Weber : sc. ii.
Littledale).
[¹ page 47]

Act V. sc. ii.*
(i. L.) is lower
in key.
Act V. sc. i. iii.
(Weber : both i.
Littledale)
are Shakspeare's
all through.

¹ In *Philaster*, Act IV. last scene.

Place me, some god, upon a Píramis,
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice,
Loud as your thunder, to me, that from thence
I may discourse, to all the under world,
The worth that dwells in him.

Shakspeare, too, was not the most likely person to have given the true meaning of the *βωπις ποτνια* 'Hērē. I am not aware that either Hall or Chapman shewed him the way. Chapman in the First Book (v. 551) has it ; "She with the cowes fair eyes, Respected Juno."

[* 2 *N. K.*, Act V. sc. i, ii, iii. Weber, are V. i. Littledale.]

From these exquisite scenes there is a temptation to quote too largely.

Act V. scene i.

Spirit and
language
Shakspeare's.

His reflection on
Fortune and
Strife.

In the first scene, Theseus ushers the Kinsmen and their Knights into the Temple of Mars, and leaves them there. After a short and solemn greeting, the Kinsmen embrace for the last time, Palamon and his friends retire, and Arcite and his remain and offer up their devotions to the deity of the place. A fine seriousness of spirit breathes through the whole scene, and the language is alive with the most magnificent and delicate allusion. In Arcite's prayer the tone cannot be mistaken. The enumeration of the god's attributes is coloured by all that energetic depth of feeling with which Shakspeare in his historical dramas so often turns aside to meditate on the changes of human fortune and the horrors of human enmity.¹

Theseus. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow the nearness out that flames between | ye,—
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove|-like,
Before the holy altars of your Help|ers
(The all-feard Gods) bow down your stubborn bod ies !
Your ire is more than mortal : so your help | be !

Arcite. Hoist | we
Those sails that must these vessels port even where
The Heavenly Limiter pleases !

[page 48]

Shakspeare
phrases.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifi|ces !
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and the apprehen|sion
Which still is father of it,—go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea the fierceness too,
Yea the speed also ! to go on I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be draggd out of blood : Force and great Feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flowers ; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp *a ces|tron*
Brimmd with the blood of men : give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him !

¹ This beautiful address has been spoken of already.

(*They fall prostrate before the statue.*)

Act V. scene i.

Thou mighty one ! that with thy power has turn'd
Green Neptune into purple,—whose approach
Comets prewarn,—*whose havock in vast field*
Unearth'd skulls proclaim,—whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyson,—who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The masoned turrets,—that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities ;—me, thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day : Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure !

Shakspeare's
own work.

(*Here there is heard clanging of armour, with a short
thunder, as the burst of a battle ; whereupon they all
rise and bow to the altar.*)

Oh, great Corrector of enormous times !
Shaker of o'er-rank states ! Thou grand Decid|er
Of dusty and old titles ;—*that heal'st with blood*
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the pleurisy of people ! I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go !

Shakspeare again.

(*Exeunt.*)

The passionate and sensitive Palamon has chosen the Queen of Love as his Patroness, and it is in her Temple that, in the 'second scene, he puts up his prayers. This scene is not equal to the first or third, having the poetical features less prominently brought out, while the tone of thought is less highly pitched, and also less consistently sustained. But it is distinctly Shakspeare's. The rugged versification is his, and the force of language. One unpleasing sketch of the deformity of decrepit old age, which need not be quoted, is largely impressed with his air of truth, and some personifications already noticed are also in his manner.

Palamon's prayer
in V. ii. (i. l.) not
equal to V. i. or
iii. (i. l.), but
is yet clearly
Shakspeare's.
[' page 49]

Even the incom-
petent old
husband bit is his.

Palamon. Our stars must glisten with new fire, or be
To-day extinct : our argument is love !

(*They kneel.*)

Hail, sovereign Queen of Secrets ! who hast pow|er
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage
To weep unto a girl !—that hast the might

48 ACT V. SC. II. (OR I.) WITH EMILIA'S PRAYER, IS SHAKSPERE'S.

Act V. scene ii.
(Weber; i.
Littledale)
is Shakspeare's.

Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn the alarm to whis|pers !|
What gold-like pow|er
Hast thou not power upon ? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames hotter than his : the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thou him : The Hunt|ress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away and sigh. Take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier,—who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heav|ier
Than lead itself, stings more than net|tles :—
I have never been foul-mouthed against thy law ;
I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly askt | them
If they had mothers : I had one,—a wom|an,
And women 'twere they wronged.
Brief,—I am
To those that prate and have done,—no compan|ion ;
To those that boast and have not,—a defi|er ;
To those that would and cannot,—a rejoic|er !
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language : Such a one I am,
And vow that *lover never yet made sigh*
Truer than I.

A Shakspeare
touch.

(*Music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter : they fall
upon their faces.*)

[page 50]

I give thee thanks
For this fair token !

Emilia's Prayer
is surely
Shakspeare's.

Emilia's Prayer in the Sanctuary of the pure Diana, forming
the third scene, is in some parts most nervous, and the opening is
inexpressibly beautiful in language and rhythm. Several ideas and
idioms are identically Shakspeare's.

Emilia. (Kneeling before the altar.) Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold,
and constant Queen !
Abandoner of revels ! mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fanned snow !—who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is there order's robe !—I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,

With that thy rare *green eye*,¹ which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virg|in !
And,—sacred silver Mistress !—lend thine ear,
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er entered wanton sound,) to my petit ion
Seasoned with holy fear !—This is my last
Of vestal office : ²I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-heart|ed.] A husband I have, appoint|ed,
But do not know him ; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes.²

Act V. scene iii.
(Weber ; i.
Littledale)
Shakspeare's.

[²—² This is the
character of
Emilia, by
Chaucer and
Shakspeare, but
not by Fletcher of
IV. ii., and the
author of V. v.
(or iii. Littledale)
—if he is not
Fletcher—
with their incon-
sistencies of
Emilia's weak
balancing of
Palamon against
Arcite, now
liking one best,
then the other,
and being afraid
that Palamon
may get his
figure spoilt !
F. J. F.]

(*A rose-tree ascends from under the altar, having one rose
upon it.*)

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy al|tar
With sacred act advances ! But one rose ?
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flow|er
Must grow alone unplucked.

(*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose
falls from the tree.*)

The flower is fallen, the tree descends !—oh, mis|tress,
Thou here dischargest me : I shall be gath|ered,
I think so ; but I know not thine own will ;
Unclasp thy mystery !—I hope she's pleased ;
Her signs were gracious. (*Exeunt.*)

[page 51]

The fourth scene, in which the characters are the jailor's
daughter, her father and lover, and a physician, is disgusting and
imbecile in the extreme. It may be dismissed with a single quo-
tation :

Act V. scene iv.
(Weber ; ii.
Littledale)
is stuff.

Doctor. What stuff she utters !

The fifth scene is the Combat, the arrangement of which is un-
usual. Perhaps there is nothing in every respect resembling it in the
circle of the English drama. Theseus and his court cross the stage
as proceeding to the lists ; Emilia pauses and refuses to be present ;
the rest depart, and she is left. She then, the prize of the struggle,

Act V. scene v.
(Weber ; iii.
Littledale).
Its strangeness.

¹ Romeo and Juliet :—Midsummer Night's Dream :—also in Don Quixote,
Parte II. capit. xi. : " Los ojos de Dulcinea deben ser de *verdes esmeraldas*."

50 ACT V. SC. V. (OR iii. L.) HAS SHAKSPERE'S HAND IN IT.

Act V. scene v.
Shakspeare, in act. iii.
to introduce.

Shakspeare's hand
is in it.

the presiding influence of the day, alone occupies the stage : within, the trumpets are heard sounding the charge, and the cries of the spectators and tumult of the encounter reach her ears ; one or two messengers recount to her the various changes of the field, till Arcite's victory ends the fight. The manner is admirable in which the caution, which rendered it advisable to avoid introducing the combat on the stage, is reconciled with the pomp of scenic effect and bustle. The details of the scene, with which alone we have here to do, make it clear that Shakspeare's hand was in it. The greater part, it is true, is not of the highest excellence ; but the vacillations of Emilia's feelings are well and delicately given, some individual thoughts and words mark Shakspeare, there is a little of his obscure brevity, much of his thoughtfulness legitimately applied, and an instance or two of its abuse. The strong likeness to him will justify some quotations.

In the following lines Theseus is pleading with Emilia for her presence in the lists :—

Shakspeare.

[page 58]

Shakspeare.

Theseus. You must be there :
This trial is as 'twere in the night, and you
The only star to shine.

Emilia. I am extinct.
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.¹

One good description is put into the mouth of Emilia after she is left alone :—

Emilia. Arcite is gently visaged ; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weap|on
In a soft sheath : Mercy and manly Cour|age
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon

¹ The thought here is frequent in Shakspeare's dramas : and the expression of it closely resembles some stanzas in the Lucrece, especially those beginning, "Oh, comfort-killing night !"

Has a most menacing aspect : his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns | on ;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts : long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object : melanchol'y
Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth :
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness mer|ry :| those darker humours that
Stick unbecomingly on oth|ers,| on him
Live in fair dwelling.

Act V. scene v.
(Weber ; or ac.
iii. Littledale).
Shakspeare's hand
in it.

Shakspeare.

After several alternations of fortune in the fight, she again speaks
thus of the two :

Were they metamor'phosed
Both into one—oh why ? there were no wom|an
Worth so composed a man ! their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of dispar|ity,| value's shortness,
To any lady breathing.

(Cp. Beatrice on
Don John and
Benedick, in
Much Ado, II. i.)

(*Cornets : a great shout, and cry, Arcite, victory !*)
Servant. The cry is
Arcite and victory ! Hark, Arcite, vic|tory !
The combat's consummation is proclaimed
By the wind instruments.

[page 53]

Emilia. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no-babe : god's-lid ! *his rich|ness*
And costliness of spirit looked through | him : | it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with wa|ters
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry ; yet I knew | not
Why I did think | so. | *Our Reasons are not proph|ets*
When oft our Fancies are. They're coming off :
Alas, poor Palamon !

Shakspeare touch.

Shakspeare
reflection.

Theseus enters with his attendants, conducting Arcite, as con-
queror, and presents him to Emilia as her husband. Arcite's situa-
tion is a painful one, and is well discriminated : he utters but a
single grave sentence.

Theseus. (To Arcite and Emilia.) Give me your hands :
Receive you her, you him : be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay !

Act V. scene v.
(Weber; or iii.
Littledale).

Arcite.

Emily!

To buy you I have lost what's dearest to | me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheap'ly,
As I do rate your value.

Shakspeare touch.

Theseus. (To Arcite.) Wear the gar'land
With joy that you have won. For the subdued,—
Give them our present justice, *since I know*
Their lives but pinch them. Let it here be done.
The sight's not for our seeing: go we hence
Right joyful, with some sorrow!—Arm your prize:
I know you will not lose | her. | Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Emilia.

Is this, winning?

Oh, all you heavenly powers! where is your mer'cy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriend'ed,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all wom'en,
I should and would die too.

[page 54]

Hippolita.

Infinite pity,

That four such eyes should be so fixed on one,
That two must needs be blind for't.

(*Exeunt.*)

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber; sc. iv.
Littledale)
is clearly Shak-
spere's.

The authorship of the last scene admits of no doubt. The manner is Shakspeare's, and some parts are little inferior to his very finest passages. Palamon has been vanquished, and he and his friends are to undergo execution of the sentence to which the laws of the combat subjected them. The depth of the interest is now fixed on these unfortunate knights, and a fine spirit of resigned melancholy inspires the scene in which they pass to their deaths.¹

¹ It may be well to mention, that this scene contains allusions, extending through several lines, to the every-way luckless jailor's daughter. If I conceal the fact from you, you will, on finding it out for yourself, suspect that I consider it as making against my hypothesis, which assigns those episodical adventures to a different author from this scene. Be assured that I do not regard it in that light. It is plain that the underplot, however bad, has been worked up with much pains; and we can conceive that its author would have been loth to abandon it finally in the incomplete posture in which the fourth scene of this act left it. Ten lines in this scene sufficed to end the story, by relating the cure of the insane girl; and there can have been no difficulty in their introduction, even on my supposition of this scene being the work of the other author. If the two wrote at the same time, the poet who wrote the rest of the scene may have inserted

(Enter Palamon and his knights, pinioned; jailor, executioner, and guard.) Act V. scene vi.
(Weber; sc. iv.
Littledale)
Shakspeare's.

Palamon. There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love of the people; yea, in the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child; some com|fort (? Shakspeare and
one daughter.)
We have by so considering. We expire,—
And not without men's pity;—to live still,
Have their good wishes. We prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile (Cf. p. 54-5.)
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers. We come towards the gods
Young and unwarped, not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with | them,— [page 55]
For we are more clear spir|its! |
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering for|tune,
Who at her certain'st reels.
3 *Knight.* Come, who begins?
Palamon. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.
Adieu, and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. (Lies on the block.)

If we were in a situation to give due effect to the supernatural part of the story, the miserable end of Palamon would affect us with a mingled sense of pity and indignation. He has been promised success by the divinity whom he adored, and yet he lies vanquished with the uplifted axe glittering above his head. Both the drama and Chaucer's poem assume the existence of such feelings on our part, and hasten to remove the cause of them. A way is devised for reconciling the contending oracles; and the catastrophe which effects that end, is, in the old poet, anxiously prepared by celestial agency.¹ Arcite has got the victory in the field, as his

Chaucer's
celestial agency
to work out the
plot.

them on the suggestion of the other; or if the drama afterwards came into the hands of that other, (which there seems some reason to believe,) he could easily insert them for himself. In any view these lines are no argument against my theory.

¹ The description which we have read of Mars's attributes reminds one strongly and directly of the fine speech in the poem, where old Saturn, the god of time, enumerates his own powers of destruction. It is far from unlikely that the one passage suggested the other. The rich can afford to borrow.

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber : sc. iv.
Littledale).

warlike divinity had promised him ; and an evil spirit is raised for the purpose of bringing about his death, that the votary of the Queen of Love may be allowed to enjoy the gentler meed which his protectress had pledged herself to bestow. These supernal intrigues are, in the play, no more than hinted at in the way of metaphor.

[page 56]
Description of
Arcite's mishap is
bad, but
Shakspeare's.

A cry is heard for delay of the execution ; Perithous rushes in, ascends the scaffold, and, raising Palamon from the block, announces the approaching death of Arcite, with nearly the same circumstances as in the poem. While he rode townwards from the lists, on a black steed which had been the gift of Emily, he had been thrown with violence, and now lies on the brink of dissolution. The speech which describes Arcite's misadventure has been much noticed by the critics, and by some lavishly praised. With deference, I think it decidedly bad, but undeniably the work of Shakspeare. The whole manner of it is that of some of his long and over-laboured descriptions. It is full of illustration, infelicitous but not weak ; in involvement of sentence and hardness of phrase no passage in the play comes so close to him ; and there are traceable in one or two instances, not only his words, but the trains of thought in which he indulges elsewhere, especially the description of the horse, which closely resembles some spirited passages in the *Venus* and *Adonis*. It is needless to quote any part of this speech.

Over-laboured,
involved, hard,
yet Shakspeare's,
with his words
and thoughts.

End of the *Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

The after-part of this scene, which ends the play, contains some forcible and lofty reflection, and the language is exceedingly vigorous and weighty. In *Chaucer*, the feelings of the dying Arcite are expressed at much length, and very touchingly ; in the play, they are dispatched shortly, and the attention continued on Palamon, who had been its previous object :—

(*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a chair.*)

Palamon. Oh, miserable end of our alliance !
The gods are mighty !—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words. I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arcite. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand :

Farewell ! I've told my last hour. I was false,
But never treacherous : Forgive me, cousin !
One kiss from fair Emilia !—'Tis done :
Take her.—I die !

Act V. scene vi.
(Weber ; sc. iv.
Littledale).

Palamon. Thy brave soul seek Elysium !

Theseus. *His part is played ; and, though it were too short,*
He did it well. Your day is lengthened, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose | you :
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love ; our master Mars
Hath vouched his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention : So the deities
Have shewed due justice.—Bear this hence.

Shakspeare.

Palamon. Oh, cousin !
That we should things desire, which do cost | us
The loss of our desire ! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love !

[page 57]

Theseus. Palamon !
Your kinsman hath confessed, the right o' the lady
Did lie in you : for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaimed your fancy. He restord | her
As your stolen jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven ! The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off :
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends.—A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite ; in whose end,
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon ; for whom, an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite ; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry.—Oh, you heavenly charm|ers !
What things you make of us ! For what we lack,
We laugh ; for what we have, are sorry still ;
Are children in some kind.—Let us be thank|ful
For that which is, and with you leave disputes
That are above our question.—Let us go off,
And bear us like the time !

Shakspeare.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

You have now before you an outline of the subject of this highly
poetical drama, with specimens which may convey some notion of
the manner in which the plan is executed. But detached extracts

Two authors
wrote *The Two
Noble Kinsmen*.

Fletcher was one.

[1 page 58]

The other was
Shakspeare.

Fletcher easily
distinguisht from
Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's
Histories:
their fault.

Marlowe.

cannot furnish materials for a just decision as to the part which Shakspeare may have taken even in writing the scenes from which the quotations are given. If I addressed myself to one previously unacquainted with this drama, I should be compelled to request an attentive study of it from beginning to end. Such a perusal would convince the most sceptical mind that two authors were concerned in the work; it would be perceived that certain scenes are distinguished by certain prominent characters, while others present different and dissimilar features. If we are to assume that Fletcher wrote parts of the play, we must admit that many parts of it were written by another person, and we have only to inquire who that other was. Without recurring to any external presumptions whatever, I think there is enough in most or all of the parts which are evidently not Fletcher's, to appropriate them to the great poet whose name, in this instance, tradition has associated with his. Even in the passages which have been here selected, you cannot but have traced Shakspeare's hand frequently and unequivocally. The introductory views which I slightly suggested to your recollection, may have furnished some rules of judgment, and cleared away some obstacles from the path; and where I have failed in bringing out distinctly the real points of difference, your own acute judgment and delicate taste must have enabled you to draw instinctively those inferences which I have attempted to reach by systematic deduction.

In truth, a question of this sort is infinitely more easy of decision where Fletcher is the author against whose claims Shakspeare's are to be balanced, than it could be if the poet's supposed assistant were any other ancient English dramatist. If a drama were presented to us, where, as in some of Shakspeare's received works, he had taken up the ruder sketch of an older poet, and exerted his skill in altering and enlarging it, it would be very difficult indeed to discriminate between the original and his additions. He has often, especially in his earlier works, and in his histories more particularly, much of that exaggeration of ideas, and that strained and labouring force of expression, which marked the Hercules-like infancy of the English Drama. The stateliness with which Marlowe paces the

tragic stage, and the magnificence of the train of solemn shews which attend him like the captives in a Roman procession of triumph, bear no distant likeness to the shape which Shakspeare's genius assumes in its most lofty moods. And with those also who followed the latter, or trode side by side with him, he has many points of resemblance or identity. Jonson has his seriousness of views, his singleness of purpose, his weight of style, and his "fulness and frequency of sentence ;" Massinger has his comprehension of thought, giving birth to an involved and parenthetical mode of construction ; and Middleton, if he possesses few of his other qualities, has much of his precision and straightforward earnestness of expression.¹ In examining isolated passages with the view of ascertaining whether they were written by Shakspeare or by any of those other ²poets, we should frequently have no ground of decision but the insecure and narrow one of comparative excellence. When Fletcher is Shakspeare's only competitor, we are very seldom driven to adopt so doubtful a footing ; we are not compelled to reason from difference in *degree*, because we are sensible of a striking dissimilarity in *kind*. We observe ease and elegance of expression opposed to energy and quaintness ; brevity is met by dilation, and the obscurity which results from hurry of conception has to be compared with the vagueness proceeding from indistinctness of ideas ; lowness, narrowness, and poverty of thought, are contrasted with elevation, richness, and comprehension : on the one hand is an intellect barely active enough to seek the true elements of the poetical, and on the other a mind which, seeing those finer relations at a glance, darts off in the wantonness of its luxuriant strength to discover qualities with which poetry is but ill fitted to deal ; in the one poet we behold that comparative feebleness of fancy which willingly stoops to the correction of taste, and in the other, that warmth, splendour, and quickness of imagination, which flows on like the burning rivers from a volcano, quenching all paler lights in its spreading radiance, and destroying every barrier which would impede or direct its devouring course. You will remark that certain passages or scenes in this play are attributed to Shakspeare, not because they are superior to Fletcher's

Marlowe's magnificence like Shakspeare sometimes.

Jonson.

Massinger.

Middleton.

[* page 59]

Fletcher and Shakspeare contrasted.

They differ in *kind*.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

Fletcher.

Shakspeare.

¹ Beaumont's style is unluckily not characterized.—F.

Shakspeare's
work unlike
Fletcher's.

Test between
Shakspeare and
Fletcher.

[¹ page 60]

Shakspeare's
external qualities
in the *Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

Are they imita-
tions?

Imitation of
Shakspeare
difficult.

Why it is so.

Given, his outside
dress,

ask whether his
spirit is inside it.

tone or manner, but because they are unlike it. It may be true that most of these possess higher excellence than Fletcher could have easily reached; but this is merely an extrinsic circumstance, and it is not upon it that the judgment is founded. These passages are recognized as Shakspeare's, not from possessing in a higher degree those qualities in which Fletcher's merit lies, but from exhibiting other qualities in which he is partially or wholly wanting, and which even singly, and still more when combined, constitute a style and manner opposite to his.

Indeed, since Fletcher is acknowledged to stand immeasurably lower than Shakspeare, the excellence of some passages might perhaps in itself be no unfair reason for refusing to the inferior poet the credit of their execution. But an analysis of the means by which the excellence is produced places us beyond ¹ the necessity of resorting, in the first instance at least, to this general ground of decision, which must, however, be taken into view, when we have been able to assume a position which entitles us to take advantage of it. In many parts of this play we find those external qualities which form Shakspeare's distinguishing characteristics, not separately and singly present, but combined most fully and most intimately; and it is consequently indisputable that we have, either Shakspeare's own writing, or a faithful and successful imitation of it. It is not easy to perceive with perfect clearness why it is that imitation of Shakspeare is peculiarly difficult; but every one is convinced that it is far more so than in the case of any other poet whatever. The range and opposition of his qualities, the rarity and loftiness of the most remarkable of these, and still more, the coincident operation of his most dissimilar powers, make it next to impossible, even in short and isolated passages, to produce an imitation which shall be mistaken for his original composition: but there is not even a possibility of success in an attempt to carry on such an imitation of him throughout many entire scenes. Where the external qualities of a work resemble his, the question of his authorship can be determined in no other way than by inquiring whether the essential elements, and the spirit which animates the whole, are his also; and that inquiry is not one for logical argument; it can be answered

only by reflection on the effect which the work produces on our own minds. The dullest eye can discriminate the free motions of the living frame from the convulsed writhings which art may excite in the senseless corpse; the nightly traveller easily distinguishes between the red and earthy twinkling of the distant cottage-lamp, and the cold white gleam of the star which rises beyond it;—and with equal quickness and equal certainty the poetical sense can decide whether the living and ethereal principle of poetry is present, or only its corporeal clothing, its dead and inert resemblance. The emotion which poetry necessarily awakens in minds qualified as the subjects of its working, is the only evidence of its presence, and the measure and index of its strength. If we can read with coldness and indifference the drama which we are now examining, we must pronounce it to 'be no more than a skilful imitation of Shakspeare; [1 page 61] but we must acknowledge it as an original if the heart burns and the fancy expands under its influence,—if we feel that the poetical and dramatic spirit breathes through all,—and if the mind bows down involuntarily before the powers of whose presence it is secretly but convincingly sensible. I cannot have a doubt that the parts of this work which I have pointed out as Shakspeare's will the more firmly endure this trial, the more closely and seriously they are revolved and studied.

The poetic sense alone can judge.

By the emotion it creates, must Shakspeare's work be judgd.

And his part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* witnesses for itself.

The portions of the drama which, on such principles as these, have been set down as Shakspeare's, compose a large part of its bulk, and embrace most of the material circumstances of the story. They are,—the First Act wholly,—one scene out of six in the Third,—and the whole of the Fifth Act, (a very long one,) except one unimportant scene. These parts are not of equal excellence; but the grounds on which a decision as to their authorship rests, seem to be almost equally strong with regard to each.

Shakspeare's share of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Act I.

Act III. sc. 1.

Act V. except scene iv.

We have as yet been considering these scenes as so many separate pieces of poetry; and they are valuable even in that light, not less from their intrinsic merit than as being the work of our greatest poet. If it be true merely that Shakspeare has here executed some portions of a plan which another had previously fixed on and sketched, the drama demands our zealous study, and is entitled to a place among

Shakspeare's works. An examination of separate details cannot enable us to form any more specific opinion as to the part which he may have taken in its composition.

Is the design of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*
Shakspeare's?

[' page 62]

Yes, it is.

But there is a further inquiry on which we are bound to enter, whatever its result may be,—whether it shall allow us to attribute to Shakspeare a wider influence over the work, or compel us to limit his claim to the subsidiary authorship, which only we have yet been able to establish for him. We must now endeavour to trace the design of the work to its origin ; we must look on the parts in their relation to the whole, and investigate the qualities and character of that whole which the parts compose. Such an analysis is essential to an appreciation of the real merit of the drama, and suggests views of far greater interest than any which offer themselves in the examination of isolated passages. And it is likewise necessary as a part of the inquiry which is our object, not merely because it may tend to strengthen or modify the decisions which we have already formed, but because it will allow us to determine other important questions which we have had no opportunity of treating. It will justify us, if I mistake not, in pronouncing with some confidence, that this drama owes to Shakspeare much more than the composition of a few scenes,—that he was the poet who chose the story, and arranged the leading particulars of the method in which it is handled.

The tragic-comic
underplot not
Shakspeare's.

Before we enter the extensive and interesting field of inquiry thus opened to us, it may be well that I explain the reasons which seem distinctly to exclude from Shakspeare's part of the work one considerable portion of it,—the whole of the tragi-comic under-plot. I have as yet assigned no ground of rejection, but inferiority in the execution ; but there are other reasons, which, when combined with that, remove all uncertainty. Slightly as this subordinate story has been described, enough has been said to point out remarkable imitations of Shakspeare, both in incident and character. The insane maiden is a copy of Ophelia, with features from 'Lear' ; the comments of the physician on her sickness of the mind, are borrowed

in conception from 'Macbeth'; the character of the fantastic school-master is a repetition of the pedagogue in 'Love's Labour Lost'; and the exhibition of the clowns which he directs, resemble scenes both in that play and in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' All these circumstances together, or even one of them by itself, are enough to destroy the notion of Shakspeare's authorship. The likeness which is found elsewhere to Shakspeare's style, (and which is far closer in those other parts of the play than it is here,) is an argument, as I have shewn, in favour of his authorship; the likeness here in character and incident is even a stronger one against it. In neither of these latter particulars does Shakspeare imitate himself as he does in style. In some of his earlier plays indeed we may trace the rude outlines of characters, chiefly comic, which he was afterwards able to develope with 'greater distinctness and more striking features; but though the likeness, in those cases, were nearer and more frequent than it is, the transition from the rude block to the finished sculpture is the allowable and natural progress of genius. The bare reproduction of a figure or a scene already drawn with clearness and success, stands in a very different situation; and, even if it should be nearly equal to the original in actual merit, it creates a strong presumption of its being no more than the artifice of an imitator. Where the inferiority of the execution is palpable, the doubt is raised into certainty. In the case before us, it is impossible to receive the idea of Shakspeare sitting down in cold blood to imitate the Ophelia, and to transfer all the tenderness of her situation to a new drama of a far lower tone, in which also it should occupy only a subordinate station. He could not have been guilty of this; he neither needed it, nor would have done it of free will; and, therefore, I could not have believed it to be his, though the execution had been far better than it is. But the inferiority is decided; the imitation produces neither vigour of style nor depth of feeling; in short, Shakspeare, if he had made the attempt, could not have failed so utterly. The comic parts are only subservient to the serious portion of this story; and if Shakspeare did not write the leading part, he was still less likely to have written the accessory; but, besides, the imitation is equally unsuccessful; and the original

Fletcher's borrowings in the underplot, from Shakspeare.

Shakspeare doesn't imitate himself in character as he does in style.

[* page 63]

He doesn't reproduce a figure badly.

Shakspeare could not have turned his Ophelia into the Jailer's daughter of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

This Daughter is an utter failure.

The Schoolmaster is not Shakspeare's.

Fletcher's designed imitation of Shakspeare.

[¹ page 64]

The underplot not Shakspeare's.

Shakspeare's choice of subjects for his Plays.

He differs from his chief contemporaries and successors.

He belongs to the old school.

Shakspeare took old stories ;

new poets new ones.

of the schoolmaster is said to have been a personal portrait, which was very unlikely to have been repeated by the first painter after the freshness of the jest was gone. I have been the more anxious to place in its true light the question as to this part of the drama, because, on its seeming likeness to Shakspeare, Steevens founds an ingenious hypothesis, by which he endeavours to account for the origin of the tradition as to Shakspeare's concern in the play. That this is a designed imitation of Shakspeare is abundantly clear ; and it is not difficult to see why it is an unsuccessful one. Fletcher possesses much humour, but it is of a cast very unlike Shakspeare's, and very unfit to harmonise with it, or to qualify him for the imitation which he has here attempted. Why he made the attempt, we shall be able to discover only when the freaks of caprice, and of poetical caprice, ¹ the wildest of all, shall be fully analyzed and fully accounted for. All that I have to prove is, that this portion of the work is not, and could not have been, Shakspeare's.

I have said that I consider as his, both the selection of the plot, and much of its arrangement. As to the Choice of the Subject, my position is, that in this particular, Shakspeare stands in unequivocal opposition to Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and those others, contemporary with him, or a little his juniors, with whom his name is generally associated. I can easily shew that this opposition to the newer school in the choice of stories exists in Shakspeare individually ; and this would be enough for my purpose ; but I will go a little farther than I am called on, because I conceive him to share that opposition with some other poets, and because views open to us from this circumstance, which are of some value for the right understanding of his characteristics. I say then, that in the choice of subjects particularly, as well as in other features, Shakspeare belongs to a school older than that of Fletcher, and radically different from it. The principle of the contrariety in the choice of subjects between the older and newer schools, is this : the older poets usually prefer stories with which their audience must have been previously familiar ; the newer poets avoid such known subjects, and attempt to create an adventitious interest for their pieces, by appeal-

ing to the passion of curiosity, and feeding it with novelty of incident. The early writers may have adopted their rule of choice from a distrust in their own skill : but they are more likely to have been influenced by reflecting on the inexperience of their audience in theatrical exhibitions. By insisting on this quality in their plots, they hampered themselves much in the choice of them ; and the subjects which offered themselves to the older among them, were mainly confined to two classes, history and the chivalrous tales, being the only two cycles of story with which, about the time of Shakspeare's birth, any general familiarity could be presumed. That such were the favourite themes of the infant English drama is abundantly clear, even from the lists of old lost dramas which have been preserved to us. By the time when Shakspeare stepped into ¹the arena, the zeal for translation had increased the stock of popular knowledge by the addition of the classical fables and the foreign modern novels ; and his immediate precursors, some of whom were men of much learning, had especially availed themselves of the former class of plots. If, passing over Shakspeare, we glance at the plots of Fletcher, Jonson, or others of the same period, we find, among a great diversity of means, a search for novelty universally set on foot. Jonson is fond of inventing his plots ; Beaumont and Fletcher usually borrow theirs ; but neither by the former nor the latter were stories chosen which were familiar to the people, nor in any instance perhaps do they condescend to use plots which had been previously written on. Where Beaumont and Fletcher do avail themselves of common tales, they artfully combine them with others, and receive assistance from complexity of adventure in keeping their uniform purpose in view. The historical drama was regarded by the new school as a rude and obsolete form ; and there are scarcely half a dozen instances in which any writer of that age, but Shakspeare, adopted it later than 1600. Historical subjects indeed wanted the coveted charm, as did also the Romantic and the Classical Tales, both of which shared in the neglect with which the Chronicles were treated. The Foreign Novels, and stories partly borrowed from them, or wholly invented, were almost the sole subjects of the newer drama, which has always the air of addressing

Early Plays
founded on

History and
Tales of Chivalry.

[¹ page 65]

Classical fables
and foreign
novels.

Plots of
Shakspeare's
successors.

Beaumont
Fletcher's.

Historical Drama
grew obsolete.

Plots were got
from foreign
novels and in-
vention.

itself to hearers possessing greater dramatic experience and more extended information than those who were in the view of the older writers.

Shakspeare belongs to the older class of dramatists.

Compare his Histories, narrative chorus, long rymed passages, [1 page 66]

jesters, and choice of known stories.

He's of the school of Lodge and Greene.

Of new novel stories,

Shakspeare chose the most widely known.

Shakspeare, in point of time, stood between these two classes : does he decidedly belong to either, or shew a leaning, and to which ? He unequivocally belongs to the older class ; or rather, the opposition to the newer writers assumes in him a far more decided shape than in any of his immediate forerunners ; for in them are found numerous exceptions to the rule, in him scarcely one. He returns, in fact, to more than one of the principles of the old school, which had begun in his time to fall into disuse. The external form of some of his plays, particularly his histories, is quite in the old taste. The narrative chorus is the most observable remnant of antiquity ; and the long rhymed pas'sages frequent in his earlier works, are abundant in the older writers : Peele uses them through whole scenes, and Marlowe likewise to excess. His continual introduction of those conventional characters, his favourite jesters, is another point of resemblance to the ruder stage. And his choice of subjects, when combined with the peculiarities of economy just noticed, as well as others, clearly appropriates him to the school of Lodge, Greene, and those elder writers who have left few works and fewer names. His Historical Plays are the perfection of the old school, the only valuable specimens of that class which it has produced, and the latest instance in which its example was followed ; and he has had recourse to the Classical story for such subjects as approached most nearly to the nature of his English Chronicles. And you must take especial note, that, even in the class of subjects in which he seems to coincide with the new school,—I mean his Plots borrowed from Foreign Novels,—he assumes no more of conformity than its appearance, while the principle of contrariety is still retained. The new writers preferred untranslated novels, and, where they chose translated ones, disguised them till the features of the original were lost : Shakspeare not only uses translated tales—(this indeed from necessity)—and closely adheres to their minutest circumstances, but in almost every instance he has made choice of those among them which can be proved to have been most widely known and esteemed

at the time. Most of his plots founded on fanciful subjects, whether derived from novels or other sources, can be shewn to have been previously familiar to the people. The story of 'Measure for Measure' had been previously told; that of 'As you Like It', he might have had from either of two popular collections of tales; the fable of 'Much Ado about Nothing' seems to have been widely spread, and those of 'All's Well that Ends Well', and 'The Winter's Tale'; 'Romeo and Juliet' appears in at least one collection of English novels, and in a poem which enjoyed much popularity. These are sufficient as examples; but a still more remarkable circumstance is this. In repeated instances, about twelve in all, Shakspeare has chosen subjects on which plays had been previously written; nay more, on the subjects which he has so re-written, he has produced some of his best dramas, and one his very masterpiece. 'Julius Cæsar' belongs to this list; 'Lear' does so likewise; and 'HAMLET.' Is not that a singular fact? I can use it at present only as a most valuable proof that the view which I take is an accurate one. But Shakspeare has also, oftener than once, applied to the chivalrous class of subjects, which was exclusively peculiar to the older school. Its tales indeed bore a strong likeness to his own most esteemed subjects of study; for, amidst all their extravagancies and inconsistencies, the Gothic romances and poems, the older of them at all events, professed in form to be chronicles of fact, and in principle to assume historical truth as their groundwork. 'Pericles' is founded on one of the most popular romances of the middle ages, which had been also versified by Gower, the second father of the English poetical school. The characters in 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' are classical, but the costume is strictly Gothic, and shews that it was through the medium of romance that he drew the knowledge of them; and the 'Troilus and Cressida' presents another classical and chivalrous subject, which Chaucer had handled at great length, also invested with the richness of the romantic garb and decoration.

Fletcher and Shakspeare being thus opposed to each other in their choice of subjects, what qualities are there in the Plot of The Two Noble Kinsmen, which may appropriate the choice of it to either? In the first place, it is a chivalrous subject,—a classical

6 Plays of Shakspeare founded on well-known stories.

12 on subjects of former Plays.

[page 67]

3 on Classical subjects turned into romances.

Shakspeare chose the story of the Two Noble Kinsmen.

Fletcher would
neither have
chosen Chaucer's
classical story for
his plot,

nor an old story,

(² page 68)

nor one on which
two 16th-century
plays had been
written.

Fletcher didn't
choose the
subject of *The
Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

Shakspeare's
study of chival-
rous poetry.

story which had already been told in the Gothic style. The nature of the story then could have been no recommendation of it to Fletcher. He has not a single other subject of the sort; he has even written one play in ridicule of chivalrous observances; and the sarcasm of that humorous piece¹, both in the general design and the particular references, is aimed solely at the prose romances of knight-errantry, a diseased and posthumous off-shoot from the parent-root, whose legitimate and ancient offspring, the metrical chronicles and tales, he seems neither to have known nor cared for. Secondly, this story must have been unacceptable to Fletcher, because it was a familiar one in England. This fact is perhaps sufficiently proved by its being the subject of that animated and admirable poem of Chaucer, which Dryden has pronounced little inferior to the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; but it is still more distinctly shewn by a third fact, which completely clenches the argument against Fletcher's choice of it as a subject. No fewer than two plays had been written on this story before the end of the sixteenth century; the earlier of the two, the *Palamon and Arcite* of Edwards, acted in 1566, and printed in 1585, and another play called by the same name, brought on the stage in 1594.³

It is thus, I think, proved almost to demonstration, that the person who chose this subject was not Fletcher; and what has been already said, even without the specific evidence of individual passages, creates a strong probability that the choice was made by Shakspeare rather than by any other dramatic poet of his time. If the question be merely one between the two writers,—if, assuming it to be proved that Shakspeare wrote parts of the play, we have only to ask which of the two it was that chose the subject,—we can surely be at no loss to decide. But the presumption in Shakspeare's favour may be elevated almost into absolute certainty, while, at the same time, some important qualities of his will be illustrated,—if we inquire what was the real extent to which he attached himself to the study of the chivalrous poetry, from which this subject is taken, and

¹ The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

³ Weber's *Beaumont and Fletcher*. Henslowe MSS. published by Malone:—Boswell's *Shakspeare*, vol. iii. p. 303. [See Appx. I. to my *Harrison Forewords*.]

the influence which that study was likely to have had, and did actually exercise on his writings.

If, being told that a dramatic poet was born in England in the latter half of the sixteenth century, whose studies, for all effectual benefit which they could have afforded him, were limited to his own tongue, we were asked to say what course his acquisitions were likely to have taken, our reply would be ready and unhesitating. English literature was of narrow extent before the time in question, and, according to the invariable progress of mental culture, had been evolved first in those finer branches which issue primarily from the imagination and affections, and appeal for their effect to the principles in which they have their source. Poetry had reached a vigorous youth, history was in its infancy, philosophy had not come into being. Had the field of study been wider, it was to poetry in an especial manner that a poet had to betake himself for an experience and skill in his art, and in the language which was to be its instrument. And it was almost solely to the narrative poets that Shakspeare had to appeal for aid and guidance; for preceding writers in the dramatic walk could teach him little. They could serve as beacons only, and not examples, and he had to search in other mines for the materials to rear his palace of thought. But the English poetical writers who preceded him are all more or less impressed with the seal of the Gothic school, and the most noted among them belong to it essentially. Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower, to more than one of whom Shakspeare is materially indebted, were the heads of a sect whose subjects and form of composition were varied only as the various forms and subjects of the foreign romantic writers. The rhymed romance, the metrical vision, the sustained allegorical narrative or dialogue, were but differing results of the same principle, and forms too of its original development; for Britain was the mother and nurse of much of the finest chivalrous poetry, as well as the scene where some of its most fascinating tales are laid. It is true that English poetry before the time of Elizabeth presents but few distinguished names; but there is a world of unappropriated treasures of the chivalrous class of poetry, which are still the delight of those who possess the key to their secret cham-

Shakspeare certainly to have

[page 69]

first studi'd, and been influenced by, our old narrative poets,

who were of the Gothic school.

Britain the mother of much fine chivalrous poetry.

63 SHAKSPEARE BELONGS TO THE GOTHIC OR ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

Spenser belongs
to the Gothic
school.

Shakspeare too.

(page 70)

[N.B. The Gower
choruses in
Pericles are not
Shakspeare's.—F.]

Shakspeare's
mistakes and

anomalies, those
of his Gothic
school.

Chaucer and
Spenser had the
like.

bers, and were the archetypes of the earlier poets of that prolific age. It is important to recollect, that among the poets who adorn that epoch, the narrative preceded the dramatic. Spenser belongs, in every view, to the romantic or Gothic school; the heroic *Mort d'Arthur* was the rule of his poetical faith; and it was that school, headed by him, which Shakspeare, on commencing his course and choosing his path, found in possession of all the popularity of the day. Every thing proves that he allowed himself to be guided by the prevailing taste. His early poems belong in design to Spenser's school, and their style is often imitative of his. In his dramas he has many points of resemblance to the older chivalrous poets, besides his occasional adoption of their subjects. His respect for Gower is shewn by the repeated introduction of his shade as the speaker in his choruses; and particular allusions and images, borrowed from Gothic usages and chivalrous facts, occur at the first blush to the recollection of every one. But there is a more widely spread influence than all this. Many of his most faulty peculiarities are directly drawn from this source, and his innumerable misrepresentations or mistakes are not so truly the fruit of his own ignorance, as the necessary qualities of the class of poets to which he belonged, shared with him by some of the greatest poetical names which modern Europe can cite. In this situation are indeed almost all the irregularities and anomalies which have furnished the unbelievers in the divinity of his genius with objects of contemptuous abuse;—his creation of geographies wholly fictitious,—his anachronisms in facts and customs,—his misstatements of historical detail,—his dukes and kings in republics,—his harbours in the heart of continents, and his journeys over land to remote islands,—his heathenism in Christian lands and times, and his bishops, and priests, and masses, *in partibus infidelium*. We may censure him for these irregularities if we will; but it is incumbent on us to recollect that Chaucer and Spenser must bear the same sentence: and if the faults are considered so weighty as to shut out from our notice the works in which they are found, the early literature, not of our own country only, but of the whole of continental Europe, must be thrown aside as one mass of unworthy fable.

In truth, Shakspeare, in throwing himself on a style of thought and a track of study which exposed him to such errors, did no more than retire towards those principles which not only were the sources of poetry in his own country, but are the fountains from which, in every nation, her first draughts of inspiration are drunk. Poetry in its earlier stages is universally neither more nor less than a falsifying of history. The decoration of the Real is an exertion of the fancy which marks an age elder than the creation of the purely Ideal; it is an effort more successful than the attempt which follows it, and the wholly fictitious has always the appearance of being resorted to from necessity rather than choice. Cathay is an older and fitter seat of romance than Utopia; and the historical paladins and soldans are characters more poetical than the creatures of pure imagination who displaced them. But this walk of poetry is one in which she never can permanently linger; her citadel indeed is real existence partially comprehended, but she is unable to defend the fortress after knowledge has begun to sap its outworks; she needs ignorance for her ally while she occupies the domain of history, and when that companion deserts her, she unwillingly retreats on the Possible and Invented, where she has no enemy to contest her possession of the ground.—While however she does continue in her older haunt, she must sometimes wander out of her imperfectly defined path, and her errors will depend, both in kind and in amount, on the amount and kind of her knowledge. That the qualities of poetical literature, in every nation, are dependent on the number and species of those experiences from which in each particular case the art receives its materials, is indeed too evident to need illustration; but some curious inferences are deducible from an application of this truth to the contrast which is found between the poetical literature of modern Europe, and that older school which has been called the classical. The inherent excellencies of the ancient Greek poetry may yet remain to be accounted for from other causes; but this one principle was adequate to produce the most distinguishing qualities of the pagan literature, while it is distinctly the very same principle, acting in different circumstances, which has given birth to the opposite character of the modern school of invention. During the period

Poetry is first a falsifying of History,

[page 71]

and has Ignorance as her ally.

(With Knowledge comes the retreat to Invention.)

Her errors depend on the kind of her small knowledge.

And hence come distinctive qualities of the Greek and Modern School.

Kind of

knowledge of
the world.

the new
learning.

In a general
history with a
reference to
the new
learning.

Page 71

Early modern
poets invented a
new system of
literature.

but knowing
classical daily.

grated in their
own works
excesses
from classical
literature.

and in history.
fictions and mis-
takes.

which witnessed the gradual rise of that anomalous fabric of poetry. from whose prostrate fragments the perfected literature of Christian Europe has been erected. Knowledge I am uttering no paradox, was in that extent I embraced many different ages and many distant regions but it was also universally imperfect: much was known in part, but nothing wholly. Hence proceeded the specific difference of that widely-spread form of poetical invention, namely, the superabundance and incongruity of attributes with which it invested historical truth and it is not very difficult to discover why many of those attributes have never thoroughly amalgamated with the principal mass. The various sources from which the materials of the romantic poetry were drawn, present themselves at once to every mind. By the peculiar state of their knowledge, and the rude activity of spirit which was its consequence, the early poets of modern Europe were prepared to invent a species of literature which should be strictly national in its subjects, and in its essential parts wholly original. That new branch was exposed, however, to modifications of various kinds. One temptation to introduce foreign elements, by which its authors were assailed, was singularly strong, and can scarcely in any other instance have operated on a literature arising in circumstances otherwise so favourable to originality, as those in which they were placed. That temptation was offered by the imperfect acquaintance with the classical authors which formed one part of their scattered and ill-reconciled knowledge. They were influenced by this cause, as they could not have failed to be; and the representations of feelings, habits, and thought, which they borrowed from this source, being in their nature dissimilar to the constituent parts of the system to which they were adjoined, never could have harmonised with these, and, under any circumstances, must have always continued to be excrescences. Other elements of the new system were naturally neither evil in themselves, nor inconsistent with the principles with which it was attempted to combine them, but have assumed the aspect of deformity and incongruity solely from incidental and extraneous causes. The fictions and mistakes which the ignorance of those fathers of our modern poetical learning superinduced on history ancient and modern, and on every

thing which related to the then existing state either of the material world or of human society, were allowable ornaments, so long as knowledge afterwards acquired did not stamp on them the brand of falsehood; but the moment that the falsity was exposed, and the charm of possible existence broken, those adjuncts lost their empire over the imagination, and with it their appearance of fitness as materials for mental activity. In supernatural invention, the early romantic poets¹ were still more unfortunate; for when they endeavoured to colour with imaginary hues the awful outlines of the true faith, they attempted a conjunction of holiness with impurity, an identification of the spirit with the flesh, a marriage between the living and the dead; the purer essence revolted from the union, and the human mind could acquiesce in imagining it only while it remained bound in the darkness and fetters of religious corruption. Turn now to the Grecian poetry, and mark how closely the same principles have operated on it, although the difference of the circumstances has made the result different. The first Grecian inventors were, it is true, protected in a great measure from the influence of any foreign literature, simply by the ignorant rudeness of those ages of the world during which their task was performed; and even here I have no doubt that an influence not very dissimilar did actually operate; for there seems to be good reason for supposing that, if we had before us the wild songs of such bards as the Thracian Orpheus, or the old Musæus, we should find them strongly marked by that orientalism towards which the later Greek poetry which remains to us betrays so continual a tendency. In other respects, the spirit in which the Greeks formed their poetical system was identical with our own. Their elder poets falsified historical facts, invented or disguised historical characters, and framed erroneous representations of the past in time and the distant in place, no otherwise than did the romantic fabulists; and the classical inventors continued to have sufficient faith placed in their fictions, merely because knowledge advanced too slowly to allow detection of their falsity so long as the literature of the nation continued to exist for it as a present possession. With their religious belief, again, every attractive invention harmonised, and every splendid addition was readily incorporated

Supernaturalism
of the Romantic
Poets

[¹ page 73]

only believable
by superstition.

Characteristics of
early Greek
poetry.

Its tendency to
orientalism;

its falsification of
History.

its treatment of
Religion.

72 REASONS WHY THE PLOT OF THE TWO K. IS SHAKESPEARE'S.

as a consistent part ; where all was false, a falsity the more was unperceived or uncensured, and where sublimity and beauty were almost the only objects sought, they were gladly accepted from whatever quarter or in whatever shape they came.

So far as these considerations seem to elucidate the principles on which Shakspeare proceeded, they do so by exhibiting him as withdrawing from his own times as to his subjects and the external form of his works, though not as to their animating spirit,—as placing himself delightedly amidst the rude greatness of older poetry and past ages, and viewing life and nature from their covert, as if he had sat within a solitary and ruined aboriginal temple, and looked out upon the valley and the mountains from among those broken and massive columns, whose aspect gave majesty and solemnity to the landscape which was beheld through their moss-grown vistas. So

[page 74.]

Shakspeare, for his stories and form, left his own time, and delighted in the past.

Thence his faults.

Summary of reasons why Shakspeare chose the plot of *Two Kings*.

He went back to the school of

Chaucer

and Spenser ;

which Milton, after, sought.

far as these views have any force as a defence of faults detected in the great poet, that defence is founded on the consideration that the errors were unavoidable consequences of the system which produced so much that was admirable, and that they were shared with him by those whom he followed in his selection of subjects and form of writing. So far as all that has been said on this head has a close application to the main subject of our inquiry, its sum is briefly this. An argument arises in favour of Shakspeare's choice of the plot of this drama, from its general qualities, as a familiar and favourite story, and one of a class which had been frequently used by the older dramatists ; that argument receives additional strength from the fact of this individual subject having been previously treated in a dramatic form ; and it is rendered almost impregnable when we consider the subject particularly as a chivalrous story, and as belonging and leading us back to that native school to which Shakspeare, though in certain respects infected by the exotic taste of the age, yet in essentials belonged,—the wilderness in which Chaucer had opened up the well-head of poetry, where Gower and Lydgate had drunk freely, and Sackville had more sparingly dipped his brow,—the paradise through which Spenser had joyfully wandered with the heavenly Una,—the patriarchal forest into which afterwards Milton loved to retire from his lamp-lighted chamber, to

sleep at the foot of some huge over-hanging oak, and dream of mailed knights riding by his resting-place, or fairy choirs dancing on the green hillocks around,—the enchanted rose-garden where Shakspeare himself gathered those garlands of beauty, which he has described as adding glory even to his thoughts of love.

Shakspeare's love
of old poenis.

¹When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see description of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old ryme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights;
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see this antique pen would have expresst
Even such a beauty as you master now. *Sonnet 106.*

[² page 75]

In the Arrangement of the Plot also there are circumstances which point emphatically to Shakspeare's agency. One strong argument is furnished by a very prominent quality of the plot as it is managed,—its simplicity. This quality is like him, as being in this case the result of a close adherence to the original story; but it is also like him in itself, since the arrangement of all his works indicates the operation of a principle tending to produce it, namely, a reliance for dramatic effect on the execution of the parts rather than on the mechanical perfection or complication of the whole. His contemporaries, in their own several ways, bestowed extreme care on their plots. With Beaumont and Fletcher, hurry, surprise, and rapid and romantic revolution of incident are the main object, rather than tragic strength or even stage effect: their plays would furnish materials for extended novels, and are often borrowed from such without concentration or omission. Shakspeare's comparative poverty of plot is not approached by them even in their serious plays, and the lively stir of their comic adventures is the farthest from it imaginable. Jonson's plots are constructed most elaborately and admirably: one or two of them are without equal for skill of conduct and pertinency and connection of parts. This cautious and industrious poet never confided in his own capability of making up for feebleness of plan by the force of individual passages; and his distrust was well judged, for the abstract coldness of his mind be-

Shakspeare seen
in the simplicity
of the plot.

He relied on the
execution of the
parts, not the
complication of
the whole.

Beaumont and
Fletcher's plots
depend more on
surprise and
incident.

B. Jonson's plots
admirably con-
structed.

Ford's gloomy
plots softened by
tenderness

[¹ page 76]

and regret.

Massinger's stage
effect by situa-
tions,

and tragic design.

His coldness of
expression.

Shakspeare's
great aim
to bring out
character and
feeling.

Shakspeare's
plays with no
plot :

The Tempest.

trays itself in every page of his dialogue, and his scenes need all their beauty of outline to conceal the frigidity of their filling up. Ford and Massinger agree much in their choice of plots, both preferring incidents of a powerfully tragic nature : but their modes of management are widely different. Ford, on the gloom of whose stories glimpses 'of pathos fall like moonlight, delights, when he comes to work up the details of his tragic plan, in softening it down into the most dissolving tenderness ; at his bidding tears flow in situations where we listen rather to hear Agony shriek, or look to behold Terror freezing into stone ; his emotion is not the rising vehemence of present passion, but the anguish, subsiding into regret, which lingers when suffering is past, and suggests ideas of eventual resignation and repose ;—his verse is like the voice of a child weeping itself to sleep. Massinger crowds adventure upon adventure, and his situations are wound up to the height of unmixed horror ; for stage effect and tragic intensity, some of them, as for example the last scene in 'The Unnatural Combat', and the celebrated one in 'The Duke of Milan', are unequalled in the modern drama, and worthy of the sternness of the antique ; but it is in the design alone that the tragic spirit works ; the colouring of the details is cold as monumental marble ; the pomp of lofty eloquence apes the simplicity of grief, or silence is left to interpret alike for sorrow or despair. To the carefulness in outlining the plan and devising situations, thus shewn in different ways, Shakspeare's manner is perfectly alien. He never exhausts himself in framing his plots, but reserves his strength for the great aim which he had before him, the evolution of human character and passion, a result which he relied on his own power to produce from any plot however naked. He does not want variety of adventure in many of his plays ; but he has it only where his novel or chronicle gave it to him : he does not reject it when it is offered, but does not make the smallest exertion to search for it. Some of his plays, especially his comedies, have actually no plot, and those, too, the very dramas in which his genius has gained some of its most mighty victories. 'The Tempest' is an instance : what is there in it ? A ship's company are driven by wreck upon an island ; they find an old man there who had been injured by certain of them,

and a reconciliation takes place. The only action of 'As You Like It' is pedestrian ; if the characters had been placed in the forest in the first scene, the drama would have been then as ripe for its catastrophe as it is in the last. 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' relates a midnight stroll in a wood ; and the unreal nature of the incidents is playfully indicated in its name. It is from no stronger materials than those three frail threads of narrative that our poet has spun unrivalled tissues of novel thought and divine fancy. And, as in his lighter works he is careless of variety of adventure, so in his tragic plays he does not seek to heap horrors or griefs one upon another in devising the arrangement of his plots. In this latter class of his works, the skill and force with which the interest is woven out of the details of story and elements of character, make it difficult for us to see how far it is that we are indebted to these for the power which the scene exerts over us. But with a little reflection we are able to discover, that there is scarcely one drama of his, in which, from the same materials, situations could not have been formed, which should have possessed in their mere outline a tenfold amount of interest and tragic effect to those which Shakspeare has presented to us. 'Hamlet' offers, especially in the two last acts, some remarkable proofs of his indifference to the means which he held in his hands for increasing the tragic interest of his situations, and of the boldness with which he threw himself on his own resources for the creation of the most intense effect out of the slenderest outline. But no example can shew more strikingly his independence of tragic situation, and his power of concocting dramatic power out of the most meagre elements of story, than the third act of the Othello. It contains no more than the development and triumph of the devilish design which was afterwards to issue in murder and remorse ; and other writers would have treated it in no other style than as necessary to prepare the way for the harrowing conclusion. In the Moor's dialogues with Iago, the act of vengeance, ever and anon sternly contemplated, and darkening all with its horror, is yet but one ingredient in the misery of the tale. These scenes are a tragedy in themselves, the story of the most hideous revolution in a noble nature ; and their catastrophe of wretchedness is complete when

As You Like It.

*Midsummer
Night's Dream*
has no plot.
[¹ page 77]

In the plots of
Shakspeare's
Tragedies, details
and character are
the main things.

He could have
made more strik-
ing effect out
of *Hamlet*,
Acts IV. & V. 4.

Othello, Act III.

74 THE SIMPLICITY OF THE RELATIONS AT THE END OF *MAZ*.

the tumult of former aims and resolved and desolate conviction.— when the Minor leaves Desdemona from him and rushes out in uncontrollable agony—leaving him the conclusion of *Love*, and leaving the same lesson from the economy of that most searching scene. The horrors which have gathered so thickly throughout the last act, are carefully removed in the background, and free room is left for the sorrowful group in which every eye is turned. The situation is simple in the extreme, but how tragically moving are the internal convulsions for the representation of which the poet has worthily insinuated his time. *Love* comes with frantic cries, bearing the body of his dead daughter in his arms: he alternates between agonising sobs and wishing relief of her death, and piteously experiments on the lifeless corpse: he bends over her with the image of his old man's infirmity, and calls to mind the soft lowness of her voice, till he dimes he can hear its murmurs. Then succeeds the frenzied import of despairing insanity, during which he receives the most cruel tidings with apathy, or replies to them with wild incoherence, and the heart flows forth at the close with its last burst of love, only to break in the vehemence of its emotion,—commencing with the tenderness of regret, swelling into choking grief, and at last, when the eye catches the tokens of mortality in the dead, snapping the chords of life in a paroxysm of agonised horror.

Oh, that will come no more;
Never, never, never, never, never!
—Pray you, make this better: Thank you, Sir.—
Do you see this?—*Look at her—look—HER LIPS:*
Look there: Look there!

The application here of the differences thus pointed out is easy enough. Fletcher either would not have chosen so bare a story, or he would have treated it in another guise. The incidents which constitute the story are neither many nor highly wrought: they are only the capture of the two knights,—their becoming enamoured of the lady,—the combat which was to decide their title to her,—and the death of Arvir after it. And no complexity of minor adventures is inserted to disturb the simplicity so presented. In all this there is nothing which Fletcher could have found sufficient to maintain

that continuity and stretch of interest which he always thought necessary. He would have invented accessory circumstances, he would have produced new characters, or thrust the less important person¹ages who now fill the stage, further into the foreground, and more constantly into action: the one simple and inartificial story which we have, possessing none of his mercurial activity of motion, and scarcely exciting a feeling of curiosity, would have been transformed into a complication of intrigues, amidst which the figures who occupy the centre of the piece as it stands, would have been only individuals sharing their importance with others, and scarcely allowed room enough to make their features at all distinguishable.

He'd have added
to 'em.
[¹ page 79]

In the management of particular scenes of this play, likewise, certain circumstances are observable, which, separately, seem to go a certain length in establishing Shakspeare's claim to the arrangement, and have considerable force when taken together. The second scene of the first act would appear to have been sketched by him rather than Fletcher, from its containing no activity of incident, and serving no obvious purpose but the development of the character and situation of the two princes; a mode of preparation not at all practised by Fletcher. Neither does any consequence flow from the beautiful scene immediately following; a circumstance which points out Shakspeare as having arranged the scene, and would strengthen the evidence of his having written the dialogue, if that required any corroboration. The bareness and undiversified iteration of situation in the first three scenes of the last act form one presumption against the devising of those scenes by Fletcher. The economy of the fifth scene of that act, in which Emilia, left alone on the stage, listens to the noise of the combat, is also, to me, strongly indicative of Shakspeare. The contrivance is unusual, but extremely well imagined. I do not recollect an instance in Fletcher bearing the smallest likeness to it, or founded on any principles at all analogous to that which is here called into operation. In Shakspeare, I think we may, in more than one drama, discover something which might have given the germ of it. He has not only in his historical plays again and again regretted the insufficiency of the means possessed by his stage, or any other, for the representation of such

Shakspeare's
handling seen in
certain scenes of
*The Two Noble
Kinsmen*.

Act I. scene ii.
design'd by
Shakspeare.

Act I. scene iii.
also. And

Act V. scenes i. ii.
iii. [† Emilia with
the pictures.]

Act V. scene v.
also design'd by
Shakspeare.

Shakspeare's
expedients for
avoiding spec-
tacles; in
[1 page 80]

1 *Henry IV.*,

Richard II.,

Emilia in *Two
N. K.* I. v.,
like Lady Mac-
beth in II. ii. of
Macbeth.

spectacles; but in several of those plays he has devised expedients for avoiding them. In 'Henry V.' we have the battle of Azincour; but the only encounter of the opposite parties is that of Pistol and the luckless Signor Dew. In 'the first part of Henry IV.' he has shewn an unwillingness to risk the effect even of a single combat; for in the last scene of that play, where prince Henry engages Hotspur, the spectator's attention is distracted from the fight between them, by the entrance of Douglas, and his attack on the prudent Falstaff. In 'Richard II.' the lists are exhibited for the duel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk, which is inartificially broken off at the very last instant by the mandate of the king. But a more deeply marked likeness to the spirit in which the scene in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is arranged, meets us in Lady Macbeth watching and listening while her husband perpetrates the murder, like a bad angel which delays its flight only till it be assured that the whispered temptation has done its work. And in this combat scene, even the ancient and artless expedient used, of relating important events by messengers brought in for that sole end, and having no part in the action, may be noticed as belonging to an older form of the drama than Fletcher's, and as being very frequently practised by Shakspeare himself.

The motives of
the play of
The Two N. K.

Dramatic art
defin'd.

In *The Two
N. K.* the moving
passions are Love
and Jealousy.

This conception
is Shakspeare's.

In quitting our cursory examination of the qualities which distinguish the mechanical arrangement of the play, we may advert to the mode in which those influences are conceived which give motion to the incidents of the story, and regulate its progress. The dramatic art is a representation of human character in action; and action in human life is prompted by passion, which the other powers of the mind serve only to guide, to modify, or to quell. In the conception of the passions which are chiefly operative in this drama, there seems to be much that is characteristic of a greater poet than Fletcher. In the first place, the passions which primarily originate the action of the piece are simple; they are Love and Jealousy; the purest and most disinterested form of the one, and the noblest and most generous which could be chosen for the other. The conception is Shakspeare's in its loftiness and magnanimity; and it is his

also as being a direct appeal to common sympathies, modified but slightly by partial or fugitive views of nature. But it also resembles him in the singleness and coherence of design with 'which the idea is seized and followed out. It cannot be necessary that I should specifically exemplify the closeness with which those ruling passions are brought to bear on the leading circumstances of the story from first to last. And it is almost equally superfluous to remind you, how far any such adherence to that unity of impulse, operates as evidence in a question between the two poets whom we have here to compare. Fletcher, in common with other poets of all ranks inferior to the highest, is unable to preserve any one form of passion or of character skilfully in the foreground: he may seem occasionally to have proposed to himself the prosecution of such an end, but he either degenerates into the exhibition of a few over-wrought dramatic contrasts, or loses his way altogether amidst the complicated adventures with which he incumbers his stories. This inability to keep sight of an uniform design, is in truth one striking argument of inferiority; and the clearness with which Shakspeare conceives a definite purpose, and the fixedness with which he pursues it, go very far to unravel the great secret of his power. I have already pointed out to you, perhaps without necessity, wherein it is that his strength of passion consists; that it is not in the incidents of his fable, but in his mode of treating the incidents; that he will not rely on mere vigour or skill of outline in his stage-grouping, for that influence which he is conscious of being always able to acquire more worthily, by the beauty and emotion which he breathes into the organic formation of the living statuary of the scene; that he refuses to sacrifice to the meretricious attraction of strained situations or entangled incidents, the internal and self-supporting strength of his historical pictures of the heart, or the unflinching accuracy of his demonstrations of the intellectual anatomy. In a similar way you will look for his unity of purpose, not in the mechanical economy of his plots, but in the elementary conception of his characters, and in his development of the principles of passion under whose suggestions those characters act. He chooses as the subject of his delineation some mightily and truly conceived impersonation of human attributes, in-

The keeping close to the leading motives, is Shakspeare's doing.

[1 page 81]

Fletcher's inability to work a character out, to keep one passion always in the front.

Shakspeare's definite purpose, and keeping to it.

His relying on the emotion he puts into his characters.

Shakspeare's unity of purpose, seen in his conception, and his carrying this out.

Shakspeare's
conception of
character, and
means and
method of de-
veloping it.

[' page 82]

Desdemona's
murder compar'd
with Annabella's
(by Ford).

Ford's above
Shakspeare's in
pathos.

Why? Because
of Shakspeare's
self-restraint.

The mind of
Othello is the
centre of
Shakspeare's
play,

and the pathos of
Desdemona's
death must be
kept down.

consistent it may be in itself, but faithful to its prototype as being inconsistent according to the rules which guide inconsistency in our enigmatical mental constitution ; for the exhibition of the character so imagined he devises some chain of events by which its internal springs of action may be brought into play ; and he traces the motion and results of those spiritual impulses with an undeviating steadiness of design, which turns aside neither to raise curiosity nor to gratify a craving for any other mean excitement. Some singular instances of Shakspeare's fine judgment in clinging to one great design, are furnished by the ' Othello.' The death of Desdemona has been compared with the murder of Annabella, a scene (evidently drawn from it) in a drama of Ford's on a story which makes the flesh creep. Some have pronounced Ford's scene superior in pathos to Shakspeare's : I think it is decidedly so. The tender mournfulness of the language and few images is exquisite, and the sweet sad monotonous melody of the versification is indescribably affecting. Is it from weakness that Shakspeare has not given to the death of his gentle lady an equally strong impress of pathos ? No. He was not indeed susceptible of the feminine abandonment of Ford ; but he was equal to a manly tone of feeling, fitted to excite a truer sympathy. He has refused to stretch the chords of feeling to the utmost in favour of Desdemona ; and his refusal has a design and meaning in it. There is anguish in the scene, and the most utter yielding to overpowering sorrow ; but it is the Moor who feels those emotions, and it is the exhibition of his mind which is the leading end of this scene, as of the rest of the drama. The suffering lady is but an inferior actor in the scene ; her situation is brought out with perfect skill and genuine tenderness, so far as it is consistent with the first object and illustrative of it ; but its expression is arrested at the point where its further developement would have marred the effect of the scene as a whole, and broken in on its pervading spirit. Ford had no such aim in view ; and the very scene of his which is so beautiful in itself, loses almost all its force when regarded as a part of the play in which it is inserted.

These principles of Shakspeare's could be traced as influencing the drama of the ' Two Noble Kinsmen,' even if there were nothing

farther to shew their effect than what has been already 'noticed. [¹ page 83]

But their power is displayed still more admirably in a second quality in the mode of conception, less open to notice, but breathing actively through all. There is skill in the mental machinery which gives motion to the story ; but there is even greater art in the application of a hidden influence, which controls the action of the moving power, and equalizes its effects. That secret principle is Friendship, the operation of which is shewn most distinctly in the Kinsmen, guiding every part of their behaviour except where their mutual claim to Emilia's love comes into operation, never extinct even there, though its effect be sometimes suspended, and awakening on the approach of Arcite's death, with a warmth which is natural as well as touching. But this feeling has a farther working : Love of Friends is in truth the leading idea of the piece : the whole drama is one sacrifice on the altar of one of the holiest influences which affect the mind of man. Palamon and Arcite are the first who bow down before the shrine, but Theseus and Perithous follow, and Emilia and her sister do homage likewise. This singular harmony of parts was an idea perfectly beyond Fletcher's reach ; and the execution of it was equally unfit for his attempting. The discrimination, the delicate relief, with which the different shades of the affection are elaborated, is inimitable. The love of the Princesses does not issue in action ; it is a placid feeling, which gladly contemplates its own likeness in others, or turns back with memory to the vanished hours of childhood : with Theseus and his friend, the passion is exhibited dimly, as longing for exertion, but not gifted with opportunity ; and in the Kinsmen, it bursts out into full activity, quelling all but the one omnipotent passion, and tempering and purifying even it. With this exception, you will not look for much of Shakspeare's skill in delineating character. The features of the two Princes are aptly enough distinguished ; but neither in them, nor in any of the others, is there an approach to his higher efforts. You will recollect that in his acknowledged works those finer and deeper prying into character have place only in few instances ; and that the greater number of his dramas depend for their effect chiefly on other causes, some of which are energetic in this very play.

Shakspeare's art in subduing all *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to one Friendship.

Love of Friends the leading idea of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

The harmony of its parts, an idea beyond Fletcher.

Not much of Shakspeare's characterization in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

[¹ page 84]

Whose is the
ruling temper of
*The Two Noble
Kinamen*?

Seek in it the
mind of its
author.

The duty of our
reverence for
Shakspeare, the
Star of Poets,
being intelli-
gent.

We'll treat 1. the
true functions of
Poetry, 2. its
true province.

[² page 85]

¹ While you successively inspected particular passages in this play, your attention was necessarily called both to the character of its imaginative portions, and to the tone of reflection which is so frequently assumed in it. The drama having been now put entirely before you, I shall wish you to ponder its ruling temper as a whole, and to determine whether that temper is Fletcher's, or belongs to a more thoughtful, inquisitive, and solemn mind. When you institute such a reconsideration, I shall be desirous that you contemplate the internal spirit of the work from a loftier and more commanding station than that which you formerly occupied; and I shall crave you to view its elements of thought and feeling less as the qualities of a literary work, than as the signs and results of the mental constitution of its author. I cannot regard as altogether foreign to our leading purpose any inquiry which may hold out the promise of illustrating the characteristics of Shakspeare even slightly, and of teaching us to mingle a more active discernment in the reverence with which we look up to the Star of Poets from the common level of our unendowed humanity. You will therefore have the patience to accompany me in the suggestion of some queries as to the character of his mode of thinking, and the way in which his reflective spirit and his poetical qualities of mind are combined and influence each other. We may be able to perceive the more distinctly the real character both of his intellect and his poetical faculty, if you will consent that our investigation shall set out from a point which you may be inclined to consider somewhat more remote than is altogether necessary. It is to be desired that we should have clearly in our view, first, the true functions of the poetical faculty, and, secondly, the province in poetical invention which legitimately belongs to the imagination, properly so called. Sound conclusions on both these points are indispensable to sound criticism on individual specimens of the poetical art; and when we attempt to reason on particular cases, without having those conclusions placed prominently in view at the outset, the vagueness of ordinary language makes us constantly liable to lose sight of their true grounds and distinctions. The laying down of such principles at the institution of an inquiry into the poetical character of a great ² poet, is therefore in no degree less useful, than the inculcating of familiar truths is in the instructions

of religious and moral teachers ; the end in each of the cases being, not the establishing of new principles, but the placing of known and admitted ones in an aspect which shall render them influential ; and the necessity in each, arising from the danger which exists lest the principles, acknowledged in the abstract, should in practice be wholly disregarded.

We can in no way discover the real character and objects of the Poetical Art so easily as by contrasting it with the Arts of Design ; and the materials for such a comparison are afforded by the Laocoon of Lessing. The principles established in that admirable essay will scarcely be now disputed, and may be fairly enough summed up in the following manner.¹—A study of the Grecian works of art convinces us, that “among the ancients Beauty was the presiding law of those arts which are occupied with Form ;” that, to that supreme object, the Greek artists sacrificed every collateral end which might be inconsistent with it ; and that, in particular, they expressed the external signs of mental commotion and bodily suffering, to no farther extent than that which allowed Beauty to be completely preserved. Now, that this subordination of Expression to Beauty is a fundamental principle of art, and not a mere accidental quality of Grecian art individually, is proved by considering the peculiar constitution and mechanical necessities of art. Its representations are confined to a single instant of time ; and that one circumstance imposes on it two limitations, which necessarily produce the characteristic quality of the Grecian works. First, “the expression must never be selected from what may be called the *acme* or transcendent point of the action ;” and that because, the power of the arts of design being confined to the arresting of a single point in the developement of an action, it is indispensable that they should select a point which is in the highest degree significant, and most fully excites the imagination ; a condition ² which is fulfilled only by those points in an action in which the action moves onward, and the passion which prompts it increases ; and which is not fulfilled in any degree by the highest

Contrast of the Arts of Poetry and Design, in Lessing's *Laocoon*.

The Greeks subordinated Expression to Beauty.

And all Design must do the same, because

1. the expression must be caught before the highest passion is attained ;

[² page 86]

¹ It would be unfair not to state, that I quote and refer to the translation of the *Laocoon* published by Mr. De Quincey, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November 1826 ; and that I am not otherwise acquainted with that or any other work of Lessing.

8.4 CONTRAST OF THE LIMITS OF THE FINE ARTS AND POETRY.

2. because the expression must not be that of a momentary feeling.

But Poetry is not bound by the limits of the Fine Arts.

It can seize passion at its height.

Beauty is but one of its many resources.

[¹ page 87]

Design must represent Form of permanent feelings.

stage of the passion and the completion of the action. Secondly, a limitation is imposed as to the choice of the proper point in the onward progress of the action : for art invests with a motionless and unchanging permanence the point of action which it selects ; and consequently any appearance which essentially possesses the character of suddenness and evanescence is unfit to be its subject, since the mind cannot readily conceive such transitory appearances as stiffened into that monumental stability.—Since it is by the limitation of the Fine Arts to the representation of a single instant of time that the two limitations in point of expression are imposed, and since Poetry is not subject to that mechanical limitation, but can describe successively every stage of an action, and every phasis of a passion, it follows that this latter art is not fettered by the limitation in expression, which is consequent on the physical limitation of the other ; and hence the exhibition of passion in its height is as allowable in poetry as it is inadmissible in the arts of design. And since the whole range and the whole strength of human thought, action, and passion, are thus left open to the poet as subjects of his representation, it follows likewise, that Beauty “can never be more than one amongst many resources, (and those the slightest,) by which he has it in his power to engage our interest for his characters.”

It will be remarked, that the purport of Lessing's reasoning, so far as he has in express terms carried it, is no more than to demonstrate the important truth, that the Fine Arts are confined by certain limits to which Poetry is not subject. His elucidation of the principles of poetry is purely incidental and negative. His reasoning seems however necessarily to infer certain further consequences, the examination of which has a tendency to cast additional light on the true end and character of the poetical art : and it is for this reason rather than from any difficulty lying in the way of those implied results, that I wish now to direct your notice to their nature, and the grounds on which ¹ their soundness rests. Lessing's second canon does not assume the arts of design as pursuing any further end than their original and obvious one, the Representation of Form : it simply directs that only those appearances of form shall be represented which admit of being conceived as permanent. And as the feelings

which art desires to awaken are pleasurable, and as forms, considered merely *as* forms, give pleasure only when they are beautiful, art would thus be regarded as proposing for its object nothing beyond a Representation of the Beautiful, and Verisimilitude in that representation. The first rule of limitation however implies a great deal more : it looks to forms, not as such, but as tokens significant of certain qualities not inherent in their own nature : for the quality which it requires to be possessed by works of art, is a capability of exciting the imagination to frame for itself representations of human action and passion ; and in this view, those feelings which the qualities of form considered as such are calculated to arouse, are no more than an accidental part of the impression which the representation makes. It appears, therefore, that art *may* pursue two different ends,—the excitement of the feeling which Beauty inspires, and the excitement of the feeling which has its root in human Sympathy ; and the question at once occurs,—Is each of these purposes of art equally a part of its original and proper province ? Or, since it is sufficiently clear that the effects which the last-mentioned canon contemplates as produced by the fine arts, are effects which are also produced by poetry, (whether its sole effects or not, it is immaterial to this question to settle,) the question may be put in another form :—Is it to be believed, that the arts of design, which have admittedly for one purpose the reproduction of the Beautiful in form, have also as an equally proper and original purpose the framing of representations of form calculated to affect the mind with feelings different from the feeling of the Beautiful,—these feelings being identically the same with those which are at least the most obvious effects of poetry ? Reasons crowd in upon the mind, evincing that the question must be answered by an unqualified negative. The production of poetical effects cannot have been an *original* purpose of the fine arts, which certainly were brought into existence ' by the love of Beauty ; and the production of those effects is plainly also an exertion in which the fine arts overstep their limits, and wander into the region which belongs of right to the poetical art, and to it alone. That Expression in painting and sculpture is an extraneous and borrowed quality, is made almost undeniably evident by this

The object of Art, a true representation of the Beautiful.

May it also try to excite feelings inconsistent with the Beautiful,

as Poetry does ?

No.

[' page 88]

Expression in Painting and Sculpture is a borrowed quality

That Fine Art is
admired most
when it has most
expression, only
shows that

Poetry stirs men
more than pure
Art does.

Fine Art *may*
borrow from its
loftier sister,
Poetry,

but Classic Art
very rarely does,
and rightly.

[¹ page 89]

Expression
belongs to Poetry.
It excites.

one consideration, that it requires, as we have seen, to be always kept subdued, and allowed to enter only partially into the composition of the work. And, again, it is no argument against that position, to say that the strongest and most general interest and admiration are excited by those works of art in which expression is permitted to go the utmost length which the physical limits of the art permit. For the universality of this preference only proves, that the feelings of our common humanity influence more minds than does the pure love of the beautiful; and the greater strength of the feeling produced by expression, only evinces that poetry, which works its effect by means of that quality, is a more powerful engine than the sister-art for stirring up the depths of our nature. And it may be quite true that those works of art which confine themselves to the attempt to move the calmer feeling due to Beauty, are the truest to their own nature and proper aim, although an endeavour to unite with that the attainment of higher purposes may be admissible, and in some instances highly successful. I apprehend that although an art should propose as its main end the production of one particular effect, it does not follow that its effects should be confined to the production of that alone, if its physical conditions permit the partial pursuit of others. More especially, if an art should admit of uniting, to a certain extent, with its own peculiar and legitimate end, the prosecution of another loftier than the first, surely we might expect to find such an art occasionally taking advantage of the license; and yet its doing so would not compel us to say, that both these are its proper and original purposes. And the fact is, that the attempt is seldom made; for very few works of classical art exist in which the union of the two principles is tried, the end sought being usually the representation of beauty, and that alone. In no way, however, can the radical difference and opposition between the two qualities be evinced so satisfactorily as by a comparison ¹ of the effects which they severally produce on the mind. Expression, the poetical element, gives rise to a peculiar activity of the soul, a certain species of reflective emotion, which, it is true, is easily distinguishable from underived passion, and does not necessarily produce like it a tendency to action, but which yet essentially partakes of the character

of mental commotion, and is opposed to the idea of mental inactivity. The feeling which Beauty awakens is of a character entirely opposite. The contemplation of the Beautiful begets an inclination to repose, a stillness and luxurious absorption of every mental faculty : thought is dormant, and even sensation is scarcely followed by the perception which is its usual consequence. It is with this softness and relaxation of mind that we are inspired when we look on such works as the Venus de Medici, in which beauty is sole and supreme, and expression is permitted to be no farther present than as it is necessary as an indication of the internal influence of soul, that so those sympathies may be awakened, without whose partial action even beauty itself possesses no power. If we turn to those few works of ancient art, in which the opposite element is admitted, we are conscious that the soul is differently acted upon, and we may be able by reflection to disentangle the ravelled threads of feeling, and distinguish the mental changes which flow upon and through each other like the successive waves on the sea-beach. In contemplating the Apollo, for instance, a feeling akin to the poetical, or rather identical with it, is awakened by the divine majesty of the statue ; and upon the quiet and self-brooding luxury with which the heart is filled by the perfect beauty of the youthful outlines, there steals a more fervent emotion which makes us proud to look on the proud figure, which makes us stand more erect while we gaze, and imitate involuntarily that godlike attitude and expression of calm and beautiful disdain. Or look to the wonderful Laocoon, in which the abstract feeling of beauty is even more deeply merged in the human feeling of the pathetic,—that extraordinary groupe, in which continued meditation arouses more and more actively the emotion of sympathy, while we view the dark and swimming shadows of the eyes, the absorbed and motionless agony of the mouth, and the tense torture of the iron muscles of ¹ the body. It is impossible to conceive that an art can propose to itself, as originally and properly its own, two ends so difficult of reconciliation and so different in the qualities by which they are brought about. Finally, the Plastic Arts offer form directly to the sense of sight, whereas it is very doubtful whether poetry can convey, even indirectly, any visual image.

Poetry stirs men.

Beauty soothes them.

Look at the Venus de Medici.

When ancient art stirs you, as in the

Apollo and

Laocoon,

it is by their having left their own ground, and taken that of Poetry, Expression.

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Lastly, Fine Art appeals to sight.

Poetry never does.

If Fine Art
rightly includes
Expression,
then it has
Beauty too ;

while Poetry,
which can't
express Beauty
directly, has to
give up part of its
province, Ex-
pression, to Art,
which can't use
it fully.

Poetry rather
lends its help to
its narrower ally,
Art.

The aims of
Poetry :

1. not to repre-
sent Beauty to
the eye,

but only to the
mind.

[1 page 91]

Consequently, the result of admitting Expression as a primary and legitimate end of the arts of form, would be to ascribe to them an innate and underived capability of presenting directly to the senses both beauty and the wide circle of human action and feeling ; while the genius of Poetry, by her nature shut out from direct representation of the beautiful, whose shadows she can evoke only through the agency of associated ideas, would have even her own kingdom of thought and passion, her power as the great interpreter of mind, shared with her by a rival, whom the decision would acknowledge indeed as possessing a right to the divided empire, but who is disqualified by the nature of her instruments from exercising that sovereignty to the full. And, on the other hand, by the acknowledgment that the arts of form are not properly a representation of human action or human passion, and that when they aim at becoming so, they attempt a task which is above and beyond their sphere, and in which their success can never be more than partial, Poetry is exhibited in an august and noble aspect, as stooping to lend a share in her broad and lofty dominion to another art of narrower scope, which is so enabled to gain over the mind an influence of transcending its own unassisted capacities.

If you shall be able to think this excursive disquisition justifiable, it will be because it insensibly leads us to perceive what truly is the legitimate and sole end of the Poetical Art, and because it thus clears the way for one or two elementary propositions regarding the functions of the Poetical Faculty. First, we perceive that poetry does not aim at the representation of visual beauty. I do not say that beauty may not form the subject of poetry : my meaning is, that the poet can depict it poetically in no way except by indicating its effects on the mind. When poetry mistakingly attempts to represent beauty by its external form, its failure to affect the mind is signal and complete, and must be ¹so, even supposing it to be possible that the picture should be so full and accurate that the painter might sketch from it. The reason of this is perhaps discoverable. Such a description cannot affect the mind with the poetical sentiment, because it does not represent to the imagination those qualities by which it is that the poetical effect is

produced ; and if it were to move the mind at all, it must be with those feelings which beauty excites when it is seen corporeally present. It fails to operate even this effect, and why ? Beauty of form affects the mind through the intervention of sense ; and the perception of the sensible qualities of form is followed instantaneously and necessarily by the pleasurable emotion. This mental process is involuntary, and the nature of the sentiment excited implies inactivity and absorption of the mind. When however the imagination is called on to combine into a connected whole the scattered features which words successively present, an effort of the will is necessary : and the failure in the pleasurable effect appears to be adequately accounted for (independently of any imperfection in the result of the combination) by the inconsistency of this degree of mental activity with the inert frame of mind which is requisite for the actual contemplation and enjoyment of the beautiful. When, again, the poet represents beauty in the method chalked out for him by the nature of his art, it is quite impossible that he can convey any distinct visual image ; for he represents the poetical qualities by indicating them as the causes which produce some particular temper or frame of mind : and as every mind has its distinctive differences of association, a truly poetical picture is not realised by any two minds with precisely similar features. And the mood of mind to which this representation gives birth, is radically opposite to the other ; it is active, sympathetic, and even reflective : we seem, as it were, to share the feeling with others, to derive an added delight from witnessing the manner in which they are affected, or even to have the original passive sentiment of pleasure entirely swallowed up in that energetic emotion.¹ Secondly,

Contrast of the effects of Beauty and Expression, of Fine Art and Poetry, on the mind.

Beauty gives pleasure, rest, absorption.

Poetry stirs the Imagination, the Will,

disturbs the passiveness that Beauty produces.

It can't produce an image by sight,

but only by association.

Its effect is opposite to that of Beauty of Form.

¹ The theory which, denying to the Beautiful any capacity of giving pleasure through its innate qualities, ascribes its effects exclusively to the associated ideas which the contemplation of it calls up, proceeds wholly on the assumption, that the sentiment awakened by Beauty when it is beheld bodily present, is the same with that which flows from a poetical description of it. If it be true (as I must believe it is) that the feelings in the two cases are essentially different, the hypothesis falls to the ground. Its maintainers seem in truth to have drawn their conclusions altogether from reflection on the effects produced by Beauty when it is represented in poetry, where association is undoubtedly the source of the enjoyment ; and an attention to the working of the fine arts would have taught other inferences.

[¹ page 92]

2. Poetry's true subject is Mind, and not external nature,

except as tinged with thought and feeling.

3. Poetry is analytical; it perceives, discriminates.

Its combinations depend on its first analysis.

4. Poetry depends on the power and accuracy of its perception of the poetical qualities in its materials.

[² page 93]

Of Imagination or Imagery.

the true subject of poetry is ¹ Mind. Its most strictly original purpose is that of imaging mind *directly*, by the representation of humanity as acting, thinking, or suffering; it presents images of external nature only because the weakness of the mind compels it; and it is careful to represent sensible images solely as they are acted on by mind. When it makes the description of external nature its professed end, it in truth does not represent the sensible objects themselves, but only exhibits certain modes of thought and feeling, and characterises the sensible forms no farther than as the causes which produce them. Thirdly, The most characteristic function of the poetical faculty is *analytical*; it is essentially a *perception*, a power of discovery, analysis, and discrimination. An object having been presented to it by the imagination, it discovers, and separates from the mass of its qualities, those of them which are calculated to affect the mind with that emotion which is the instrumental end of poetry. Coincidentally with the perception and discovery of the qualities, it perceives and experiences the peculiar effect which each particular quality produces; and, lastly, it sets forth and represents those resulting moods of mind, indicating at the same time what those qualities of the object are through which they are excited. Its task of combination is no more than consequent on this process, and supposes each step of it to have been previously gone through. Fourthly, It follows, (and this is the result which makes the inquiry important,) that the poetical faculty is measured by the strength and accuracy with which it perceives the poetical qualities of those objects which the imagination suggests as its materials, and not by the number of the ideas so presented. A forgetfulness of this truth has occasioned more misapprehension and ² false criticism than any other error whatever; and we are continually in danger of the mistake, from the extension of meaning which use has attached to the word imagination, that term being commonly employed to designate the poetical faculty. This extended application is perhaps unavoidable; but it is on that account the more necessary to guard against the misconception always likely to arise from the original signification of the word, which we can never discard entirely from the mind in using it in a secondary sense.—You do not need to be reminded how

completely the history of the poetical art evinces, that these positions, whether expressly acquiesced in or not, have been invariably acted on in the judgments which the world has pronounced in particular cases. The inadequacy of a representation of forms by their external attributes to constitute poetical pictures, could be instanced from every bad poem which has ever been written ; and the great truth, that the external world is exhibited poetically only by being represented as the exciting cause of mental changes, has been illustrated in no age so singularly as in our own. The writings of Wordsworth in particular have stretched the principle to the utmost extent which it can possibly sustain ; demanding a belief that all external objects are poetical, because all can interest the human mind ; establishing the reasonableness of the assumption by the boldest confidence in the strength and delicacy with which the poetical perception can trace the qualities which awaken that interest, and the progress of the feeling itself ; and applying the poetical faculty to the transforming of every object of sense into an energetic, and as it were sentient, existence. And attention is especially due to the decision which has always recognized, as the rule of poetical excellence, the operation of some power independent of mere wealth of imagination, ranking this latter quality as one of the lowest merits of poetry. We are apt to forget that those minds whose conceptions have been the most strongly and truly poetical, are by no means those whose poetical ideas have been the most abundant ; that an overflow of poetical images has been coincident with an intense perception of their most efficient poetical relations only in a few rare instances ; and that it is precisely where the highest elements of the poetical are most active that ¹ the imagination is usually found to offer the fewest images as the materials on which the poetical faculty should work. It is enough to name Dante, or, a still more singular instance, Alfieri. In both cases the poetical influence rests on the intensity of the one simple aspect of grandeur or passion in which a character is presented, and in both that simplicity is unrelieved and undecorated by any fulness of imagery.²

Describing forms by their outsides, is not Poetry.

They must be shown as exciting changes of Mind.

Wordsworth declares that all outward objects can do this,

and become sentient existences.

Mere wealth of imagery is of little worth.

The greatest poets use the fewest images,

[¹ page 94.

witness Dante,

Alfieri.

Their intensity is their secret.

² Alfieri appears to have himself perceived accurately wherein it is that his power lies, when he says, with his usual self-reliance : " Se la parola ' invenzione '

Application of
these principles
to the Drama.

The Passions are
the chief subjects
of Poetry.

They work more
alone in the
Drama than else-
where.

In Epic and
other poetry
relying only on
words, the effort
to turn them into
a picture hinders
their prompt
action.
[page 95]

Didactic poetry
is not true poetry,
but sermons in
verse.

Invention is
making a new
thing out of a
thing already
made.

These fundamental principles of the poetical art possess a closer application to Dramatic Poetry than to any other species. All poetry being directly or indirectly a representation of human character ; and human character admitting of appreciation only by an exhibition of its results in action ; and action being prompted by the passionate impulses of the mind, which its reflective faculties only modify or stay ; it follows that the Passions are the leading subjects of Poetry, which consequently must be examined in the first instance with a view to its strength and accuracy as a representation of the working and results of that department of the mind. The nature of the dramatic art allows this rule to be applied to it with the greatest strictness. The drama is the species which presents the essential qualities of poetry less mingled with foreign adjuncts than they are in any other species ; and there seems to be a cause, (independent of its mechanical necessities,) enabling it to dispense with those decorations which abound in other kinds of poetry. The acted drama presents its picture of life directly to the senses, and permits the imagination, without any previous exertion, to proceed at once to its proper task of forming its own combinations from the sensible forms thus offered to it ; and even when the drama is read, the office of the imagination in representing to itself the action and the characters of the piece, is an easy one, and performed without the necessity of great activity of mind. On the other hand, in the epic, or any other species of poetry which represents action by 'words, and not by an imitation of the action itself, the imagination has at first to form, from the successively presented features of the poetical description, a picture which shall be the exciting cause of the poetical impression : this supposes considerable energy of thought, and the necessity of relief from that exertion seems to have suggested the introduction of images of external nature and the like, on which the fancy may rest and disport itself. Those classes of poetry which are either partially or wholly didactic, cannot receive a strict appli-

in tragedia si restringe al trattare soltanto soggetti non prima trattati, nessuno autore ha inventato meno di me." "Se poi la parola 'invenzione' si estende fino al *far cosa nuova di cosa già fatta*, io son costretto a credere che nessuno autore abbia inventato piu di me."

cation of the principles of the pure art ; because they are not properly poetry, but attempts to make poetical forms serve purposes which are not poetical.

Our journey has at length conducted us to Shakspeare, of many of whose peculiar qualities we have been gaining scattered glimpses in our progress. We remark him adopting that species of poetry which, necessarily confined by its forms, is yet the noblest offspring of the poetical faculty, and the truest to the purposes of the poetical art, because it is the most faithful and impressive image of the mind and state of man. We find him seated like an eastern sovereign amidst those who have adopted this highest form of poetry ; and we cannot be contented that, in reverentially acknowledging his worthiness to fill the throne, we should render him only a hasty and undiscerning homage. A discrimination of the particular qualities by which his sway is mainly supported, is rendered the more necessary by that extraordinary union of qualities, which has made him what he is, the unapproached and the unapproachable.—We are accustomed to lavish commendations on his vast Imagination. Before we can perceive what rank this quality of his deserves to hold in an estimate of his character, we must understand precisely what the quality is which we mean to praise. If the term used denotes merely the abundance of his illustrative conceptions, it expresses what is a singular quality, especially as co-existent with so many other endowments, but useful only as furnishing materials for the use of the poetical power. If the word is meant to call attention to the strength and delicacy with which his mind grasps and embodies the poetical relations of those overflowing conceptions, (still considered simply as illustrative or decorative,) ¹ the quality indicated is a rare and valuable gift, and is especially to be noted in an attempt to trace a likeness to his manner. Still however it is but a secondary ground of desert ; it is even imperfectly suited for developement in dramatic dialogue, and it frequently tempts him to quit the genuine spirit and temper of his scene. If, again, in speaking of the great poet's imagination, we have regard to the poetical character of many of his leading conceptions, to the ideal grandeur or terror of some of his preternatural characters, or even to the romantic loveliness which he

Shakspeare again.

He takes to Drama, because it's the noblest and truest form of Poetry, the likeliest the mind of man.

And there he sits enthroned.

But why?

What does his *Imagination* mean?

his wealth of imagery?

of fancy, of conception?

[¹ page 96]

No.

Does Shakspeare's imagination mean the grandeur or loveliness he has given some of his characters?

has thrown, like the golden curtains of the morning, over the youth and love of woman,—we point out a quality which is admirable in itself, and almost divine in its union with others so opposite, a quality to which we are glad to turn for repose from the more severe portions of his works,—but still an excellence which is not the most marked feature of his character, and which he could want without losing the essential portion of his identity. We could conceive, (although the idea is sacrilege to the genius and the altar of poetry,) we could conceive that 'The Tempest' had remained unwritten, that Miranda had not made inexperience beautiful by the spell of innocence and youth, that the hideous slave Caliban had never scowled and cursed, nor Ariel alighted on the world like a shooting-star,—we could dismiss alike from our memories the moon-light forest in which the Fairy Court revel, and the lurid and spectre-peopled ghastliness of the cave of Hecate,—we could in fancy remove from the gallery of the poet's art the picture which exhibits the two self-destroyed lovers lying side by side in the tomb of the Capulets,—and we could discard from our minds, and hold as never having been invented by the poet, all which we find in his works possessing a character similar to these scenes and figures ;—and yet we should leave behind that which would support Shakspeare as having pursued the highest ends of his art, and as having attained those ends more fully than any other who ever followed them : Richard would still be his ; Macbeth would think and tremble, and Lear weep and be mad ; and Hamlet would still pore over the riddle of life, and find in death the solution of its mystery. If it is to such characters as these last that we refer when we speak of the poet's power of imagination, and if we wish to designate by the word the force with which he throws himself into the conception of those characters, then we apprehend truly what the sphere is in which his greatness lies, although we either describe the whole of a most complicated mental process by naming a single step of it, or load the name of that one mental act with a weight of meaning which it is unfit to bear.

No.

We could give up

Miranda,

Ariel,

Juliet, Romeo,

and yet leave the true, the highest Shakspeare behind, in Richard, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet.

These show his Imagination, the force with which he throws himself into their characters. (' page 97)

Shakspeare's supremacy lies in his characterization.

It is here, in his mode of dealing with human character, that Shakspeare's supremacy confessedly lies ; and the conclusions which

we have reached as to the great purpose of poetry, allow us easily to perceive how excellence in this department justifies the universal decision, which places at the summit of poetical art the poet who is pre-eminently distinguished by it. What is there in Shakspeare's view of human character which entitles him to this high praise? His truth of painting is usually specified as the source of his strength; in what sense is he true to nature? Is that faithfulness to nature consistent with any exercise of the imagination in the representation of character? And how? And again, how does his reflective temper of mind harmonize with or arise out of the view of human life which he takes?

Why is his the best?

How is he true to Nature and imagination?

Poetry, as we have seen, and dramatic poetry more strictly than any other species, must be judged primarily as a representation of passion and feeling; and when it is defective as such, it has failed in its proper end. Its prosecution of that end, however, is subject to two important limitations. First, if it is to be in any sense a *true* representation of human action, it must represent human nature not partially, but entirely; it must exhibit not only the moving influences which produce action, but also the counteracting forces which in real life always control it. It must be a mirror of the intellectual part of the human mind, as well as of the passionate. Secondly, if, possessing the first requisite, truth, it is to be also an *impressive* representation, (that is, such a representation as shall effect the ends of poetical art,) it must set up an ideal and elevated standard to regulate its choice of the class of intellectual endowment which is to form the foundation of the characters which it portrays. We discover the cause of Jonson's inferiority in his failure in obedience to the latter of these rules, though he scrupulously complied with ¹ the first: we discover the prevailing defect of all the other dramatic writers of that period, to consist in their neglect even of the first and subsidiary rule, which involved a complete disregard to the other.—These latter have, as well as Shakspeare, been proposed as models, from their close imitation of nature. The merit of truth to nature belongs to them only in a very confined sense. They seize one oblique and partial aspect of human character, and represent it as giving a true and direct view of the whole; they are the poets of the passions, and no more; they

Poetry (or Drama) represent passions.

But 1. it must show human nature entirely, both its moving and hindering forces; man's mind as well as his passions; 2. it must do this impressively, must have a high standard of character.

Ben Jonson failed in (2), the other Elizabethans in (1).
[¹ page 98]

Shakspeare's contemporaries don't imitate Nature, they distort it, give Passion, and no Reason.

96 SHAKESPEARE'S CONTEMPORARIES WANT RESTRAINT AND REPOSE.

have failed to shadow forth that control which the calmer principles of our nature always exert over the active propensities. Their excellence consequently is to be looked for only in scenes which properly admit the force of unchecked passion, or of passions conflicting with each other; and in those scenes where the more thoughtful spirit ought to work, we must be prepared to meet either exaggeration of feeling or feebleness of thought, either the operation of an evil principle, or, at best, a defect of the good one. Even in their passionate scenes, the vigour of the drawing is the merit oftener than the faithfulness of the portrait; they delight to figure the human mind as in a state of delirium, with the restraining forces taken off, and the passions and the imagination boiling, as if the brain were maddened by opiates or fever. Fierce and exciting visions come across the soul in such a paroxysm; and in the intensity of its stimulated perceptions, it gazes down into the abysses of nature, with a profound though transitory quickness of penetration. It is a high merit to have exhibited those partial views of nature, or even this exaggerated phasis of the mind; and the praise is shared by no dramatic school whatever; (for the qualities of the ancient are different;) but it must not be assumed that the drama fulfils its highest purposes, by representations so partial, so distorted, or so disproportioned. As these poets of impulse bestowed no part of their attention on the intellect in any view, they produced their peculiar effect, such as it was, without any attempt at that higher task of selection and elevation in intellectual character for which the universality of views which they wanted must always serve as the foundation. They had accordingly little scope for the due introduction of reflection in their works; and their turn of mind inclined them little to 'search for it when it did not naturally present itself.—Jonson resembled Shakspeare in wideness of aim: he is most unlike him in the method which he adopted in the pursuit of his end. The two stood alone in their age and class, as alone aiming at truth to nature in any sense; both wished to read each of the opposite sides of the scroll of human character: but the one read correctly the difficult writing in which intellectual character is traced, while the other misapprehended and misinterpreted its meaning, and even allowed the

They like to show the mind in delirium.

They are poets of impulse.

[1 page 99]
Ben Jonson as broad in aim as Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson tried at truth to nature,

eagerness with which he perused this perplexing page, to withdraw his attention from the more easy meaning of the other. The fault of his characters as intellectual beings, is that they are individuals and no more ; faithful or grotesque portraits of reality, they are not touched with that purple light which affords insight into universal relations and hidden causes. His failure is shewn by its effect : his characters are not so conceived as to lead the mind to the comprehension of anything beyond their own individual peculiarities, or to elevate it into that region of active and conceptive contemplation into which it is raised by the finest class of poetry : he exhibited reality as reality, and not in its relation to possibility ; he even diverges into the investigation of causes, instead of seeing them at a glance, and indicating them by effects ; he anatomised human life, and hung up its dry bones along the walls of his study.

but drew individuals only, portraits of reality, but no types,

not poetic creations.

In the close obedience which Shakspeare rendered to each of these two canons, borne in upon his mind by the instantaneous suggestions of his happy genius, we may discover the origin of his tremendous power. To commence at the point where his adherence to the first and subsidiary rule is most slightly manifested, it is to be noticed, that his works are marked throughout by a predominance of the qualities of the understanding over the fancy and the passions. This is not true of the fundamental conception of the work, nor of the relations by which his characters are united into the dramatic groupings ; in these particulars the poetical faculty is allowed to work freely : but it is after the initial steps have been taken under her guidance, that the rule is committed to the sterner power of intellect. The stir of fancy often breaks through the restraints which hold it in check ; the warmth of feeling effervesces very unfrequently. The poet's personages are all more or less marked by an air of quiet sense, which is extremely unusual in poetry, and incompatible with the unnecessary or frequent display of feeling ; and accordingly, his less important scenes, whether they be gay or serious, occupied in the business of the drama, or devoted to an exchange of witty sallies, possess, where they aim at nothing higher, at least a degree of intellectual shrewdness, which very often savours of worldly coldness. Viewed merely as increasing the effect of his passionate scenes, this prevail-

Shakspeare's power lay in

subordinating Fancy and Passion to Intellect.

[' page too]

All his characters have quiet good sense.

Shakspeare's shrewdness in his minor scenes.

His soberness
gives force to his
passion.

Shakspeare's
sober rationality.

But he didn't
reproduce the
bare reality.

Poetry aims at

general truth,

brings out the
relation of one
mind to universal
nature ;

it idealizes and
ennobles
realities.

A Painting
pictured a soldier
in the midst of
foes, yet showed
him alone.
[¹ page 102]

Shakspeare is true
to nature in
Poetry's way.

ing sobriety of tone gives him an incalculable advantage : passion in his works bursts out when it is let loose, like the spring of a mastiff unchained. It is of this quality, his sober rationality, that we are apt to think when we acknowledge his truth of representation ; and the excellence is indispensable to truth in any sense, because the want of it gives birth to imperfection and distortion of views ; but I apprehend that it is to his aiming at a higher purpose that we have to look for the genuine source of his power. While we mark the gradual rise of the intellectual element of poetical character upwards from its lowest stage, we are in truth approximating to a rule which issues in something beyond a bare and unselected reproduction of reality. Poetry aims at representing the whole of man's nature ; and yet a picture of human character, embracing all its features, but neither skilfully selecting its aspect nor majestically combining its component parts, would not effect the ends of poetry : for that art contemplates not individual but general truth, not that which is really produced, but that which may be conceived without doing violence to acknowledged principles ; instead of presenting a bare portraiture of mental changes, it exhibits them in an aspect which teaches their relation to the system of universal nature ; it is seemingly conversant with facts, but it imperceptibly hints at causes ; it aims at exciting the imagination to frame pictures for itself, and for that reason, if for no other, it must be permitted to idealize and ennoble the individual realities from which its materials are collected. The mode in which poetry affects the mind is illustrated by the description which we read of a certain ancient painting. That piece represented a young soldier surrounded by several enemies and desperately defending himself ; but his own figure alone was 'admitted into the field of view, and the motions and place of his unseen enemies were indicated solely by the life, energy, and significance of the attitude in which he was drawn. Shakspeare's attachment to truth of representation never tempted him to forget the true purpose of his art. While he is true to nature by attempting the treatment of his whole subject, he is true to it in the manner and with the restrictions which the nature of poetry requires ; he is true to principles which admit of being conceived as producing effects, not to effects individually

observed as resulting ; the creatures of his conception possess no qualities which unfit them for exciting the mind as poetical character should excite it ; they are not repulsive by the unexampled and unatoned-for congregation of evil qualities, not mean by the absence of lofty thought, not devoid of poetical significance by confining the imagination to the qualities by which they are individually marked. You will particularly remark, that, while he had to bring out the features of his characters by subjecting them to tragic and calamitous events, he was careful not to figure them as unsusceptible of the influence of those external evils. The lofty view which he took of human nature did indeed admit the idea of a resistance to calamity, and a triumph over it, based on internal and conscious grandeur ; but this is an aspect in which he does not present the human mind ; the stoical Brutus is the only character in which he has attempted such a conception, which he has there developed but partially. But while he was contented, even in his noblest characters, to represent passion in all its strength and directed towards its usual objects, he had open to him sources of tragic strength unknown to those poets who describe passion only. Where passion alone is represented, no spectacle is so agitating as the conflict of contending passions ; and the narrowness of such views of nature permits that tragic opposition to be no further exhibited. Shakspeare had before him a wider field of contrast—the conflict between the passions and the reason—a struggle between powers inspired with deadly animosity, and each, as he conceived them, possessed of gigantic strength. He has worthily represented that terrible encounter, engaging every principle and faculty of the soul, and shaking the whole kingdom of man's being with internal convulsions. It is in such representations that his power is mainly felt ; and his pictures are at the same time truest to nature and most faithful to the ends of tragic art, by the subjugation of the intellectual principle which is the catastrophe of the strife. The reason is assaulted by calamity from without, and borne down by an host of rebellious feelings attacking it internally. It is to the delineation of such characters as afford scope for this exhibition of mental commotion that Shakspeare has especially attached himself : the thoughtful and reflective in

His characters

are not monsters of evil,

nor are they above the influence of evil.

Brutus is his one stoical character.

Shakspeare dealt not with the conflict of Passions only, but with the strife between the Passions and the Reason,

convulsing the whole being of man.

[1 page 102] In this is his greatest power shown—as in *Othello* and *Lear*.

Characters showing this mental strife, are specially dear to Shakspeare.

character is at once his favourite resort, and the field of his triumph.

He chose the intellectual and reflective in character.

He's a Gnostic Poet.

The solemnity of meditation is thro' all his soul.

He makes his people hint the principles beneath the shews.

Jaques, in *As You Like It*, is like a Greek chorus, which

(¹ page 103)

gave the key-note to the audience.

The highest art made Shakspeare insert his reflective passages in his plays.

The poet's selection of the intellectual and reflective in character, as the subject of his art, is thus indicated as his guiding principle, to whose operation all other principles and rules are but subservient. The reflective element however is in excess with Shakspeare, and its undue prevalence is not destitute of harmony with the principle which produces its legitimately moderated effects. He is a Gnostic Poet; and he is so, because he is emphatically the poet of man. He pauses, he reflects, he aphorizes; because, looking on life and death as he looked on them, viewing the nature of man from so lofty a station, and with a power of vision so far-reaching, so acute, and so delicate, it was impossible but the deepest solemnity of meditation should diffuse itself through all the chambers of his soul. His enunciations of general truth are often serious and elevated even in his gayer works; and where the scene denied him an opportunity of introducing these in strict accordance with the business of the drama, he makes his personages, as it were, step out of the groupe, to meditate on the meanings of the scene, to hold a delicately implied communication with the spectator, and to hint the general maxims and principles which lurk beneath the tragic and passionate shews. He has gone beyond this: he has brought on the stage characters whose sole task is meditation, whose sole purpose in the drama is the suggesting of high and serious reflection. Jaques is the perfection of such a character; and the office which he discharges bears more than a fanciful likeness in conception to the task of the ancient chorus. That forgotten appendage of the Grecian drama originated indeed from incidental causes; but, being continued as a part of the dramatic plan, ¹it had a momentous duty assigned to it: it suggested, it interpreted, it sympathised, it gave the key-note to the reflections of the audience. A profound sense of the highest purposes and responsibilities of the art prompted this employment of the choral songs; and no way dissimilar was the impression which dictated to Shakspeare the introduction of the philosophically cynical lover of nature in that one play, and the breaks of reflection so frequent with him in many others.—It is

worthy of remark, that this spirit of penetrating thought, ranging from every-day wisdom to philosophical abstraction, never becomes morose or discontented.¹ Man is a selfish being, but not a malignant one ; yet the acts resulting from the two dispositions are often very similar, and it is the error of the misanthrope to mistake the one for the other. Shakspeare's well-balanced mind was in no danger of this mistake ; his keen-sightedness often makes him sarcastic, but the sarcasm forced on a mind which contrasts the poorness of reality with the splendours of imagination, is of a different temper from that which is bred from lowness of thought and fretful envy. Shakspeare has devoted one admirable drama to the exhibition of the misanthropic spirit, as produced by wrongs in a noble heart ; but the sternness which is the master-note of that work is softened by the most beautiful intervals of redeeming tenderness and good feeling. The only work of his evidently written in ill humour with mankind, is the *Troilus*, which, both in idea and execution, is the most bitter of satires.

Shakspeare never made the misanthrope's mistake.

His sarcasm did not spring from envy.

Timon's

sternness is softened by tenderness.

Troilus is Shakspeare's only bitter play.

The application of the distinctive qualities of Shakspeare's tone of thought to the spirit of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen', is a task for your own judgment and discrimination, and would not be aided by suggestions of mine. I have stated the result to which I have been led by such an application ; and I am confident that you will be able to reach the same conclusion by a path which may be shorter than any which I could clear for you. In connection however with this inquiry, I would direct your attention to one other truth possessing a clear application here. Shakspeare's thoughtfulness goes the length of becoming a Moral distinction and excellence. That such a difference does exist between Shakspeare and Fletcher, is denied by no one ; and the moral tone of this play, in those parts which I have ventured to call Shakspeare's, is distinctly a higher one than Fletcher's. It is uniform and pure, though the moral inquisition is less severe than Shakspeare's often is. If Massinger or Jonson had been the poet alleged to have written part or the whole of the work, it would have been difficult to draw any inference from this circumstance by itself ; but when the question is only between Shakspeare and Fletcher, even an abstinence

Shakspeare's thoughtfulness a Moral distinction.

His part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is of higher tone, and purer, than Fletcher's. [¹ page 104]

Massinger and Ben Jonson too more moral than Fletcher.

from gross violation or utter concealment of moral truth is an important element in the decision ; and the positively high strain here maintained is a very strong argument in favour of the purer writer.

Are Johnson, &c.
right in condemn-
ing Shakspeare's
morality.

He admits
licentiousness

and coarse
speech.
But who can be
tainted by
Othello's words ?

Shakspeare's con-
temporaries
make their
heroes loose
livers.

He doesn't,

except in two
plays.
[² page 105]

I am tempted, however, to carry you somewhat further on this head, because I must confess that I cannot see the grounds on which Johnson and others have rested their sweeping condemnation of Shakspeare's morality. There is, it must be admitted, much to blame, but there is also something worthy of praise ; and praise on this score is what Shakspeare has scarcely ever received. He has been charged with licentiousness, and justly ; but even in this particular there are some circumstances of palliation, besides the equivocal plea of universal example, and the doubt which exists whether most of his grosser dialogues are not interpolations. Mere coarseness of language may offend the taste, and yet be so used as to give no foundation for any heavier charge. There surely never was a mind which could receive one evil suggestion from the language wrung from the agonized Othello. Even where this excuse does not hold, Shakspeare preserves one most important distinction quite unknown to his contemporaries. By them, looseness of dialogue is introduced indifferently anywhere in the play, licentiousness of incident is admitted in any part of the plot, and debauchery of life is attributed without scruple to those persons in whom interest is chiefly meant to be excited. It may be safely stated that Shakspeare almost invariably follows a rule exactly opposite. His inferior characters may be sometimes gross and sensual ; his principal personages scarcely ever are so : these he refuses to degrade needlessly, by attributing to them that carelessness of moral restraint of which Fletcher's men of pleasure are so usually guilty. There are only two plays¹ in which he ²has violated this rule, exclusively of some unguarded expressions elsewhere.

But the language which has been held on this question would lead us to believe that his guilt extends further,—that he is totally insensible to any moral distinctions, and blind to moral aims and

¹ ? *All's Well*, *Bertram* ; *Othello*, *Cassio* ; *Meas. for Meas.* *Claudio* ; *Ant. & Cleop.* *Antony* ; *Timon*, *Alcibiades*.—F.

influences. Of most dramatic writers of his time this charge is too true. Their characters act because they will, not because they ought,—for happiness, and not from duty:—the lowness of their aim may be disguised, but it is inherent, and cannot be eradicated. We might read every work of Fletcher's without discovering (if we were ignorant of the fact before) that there exists for man any principle of action loftier in its origin than his earthly nature, or more extended in its object than the life which that nature enjoys. But nothing of this is true as to Shakspeare. That his morality is of the loftiest sort cannot be asserted. He does not, like Milton, look out on life at intervals from the windows of his sequestered hermitage, only to turn away from the sight and indulge in the most fervent aspirations after immortal purity, and the deepest adoration of uncreated power; nor does he grovel in the dust with that ascetic humiliation and religious sense of guilt which overcame the strong spirit of Michel Angelo. But he shares much of the solemnity of moral feeling which possesses all great minds, though in him its influence was restrained by external causes. He moves in the hurried pageant of the world, and sometimes wants leisure to moralize the spectacle; and even when he does pause to meditate, the world often hangs about his heart, and he thinks of life as men in action are apt to think of it. But moral truth, seldom lost sight of, is never misrepresented: evil is always described as being evil: the great moral rule, though often stated as inoperative, is always acknowledged as binding. Read carefully any of his more lofty tragedies, and ponder the general truths there so lavishly scattered; and you will find that an immense proportion of those apophthegms have a moral bearing, often a most solemn and impressive one. Even in his lighter plays there is much of the same spirit: in all he is often thoughtful, and he is never long thoughtful without becoming morally didactic. This is much in any poet, and especially in a drama'tist, who exhibits humanity directly as active, and is under continual temptations to forget what action tempts men to forget in real life. His neglect of duly distributing punishment and reward is no moral fault, so long as moral truth is kept sight of in characterizing actions, while that neglect is borrowed closely from reality. And the same thing is true

Most of Shakspeare's contemporaries made pleasure the law of their heroes' lives.

Shakspeare's morality not of the loftiest, not like Milton's and

Michel Angelo's.

He was in the world, and often of it,

but evil, to him, was evil, moral law was always shown supreme. Note the general moral truth in his Tragedies.

Even in Comedy his reflections are moral.

[* page 106]

Shakspeare right in letting evil prevail, so long as he shows it evil.

Dramatic poetry
is truest when it
shows man most
the slave of evil.

Shakspeare bared
man's soul,

and probed it to
its depth.

This is why we
hold to him.

He durst not
paint good tri-
umphant over
evil, because he
knew in life it
was not so.

Macbeth,

Othello,

Hamlet, sink
under their
temptations.

And so do we.
[¹ page 7]
Man's history is
written in blood
and tears.

Shakspeare's view
of life the fittest
to give us to the
truth.

of his craving wish for describing human guilt, and darkening even his fairest characters with the shadows of weakness and sin. The poetry which depicts man in action is then unfortunately truest when it represents him as most deeply enslaved by the evil powers which surround him. Different poets have proceeded to different lengths in the degree of influence which they have assigned to the evil principle: most have feared to draw wholly aside the veil which imagination always struggles to keep before the nakedness of man's breast; and Shakspeare, by tearing away the curtain with a harsher hand, has but enabled himself to add a tremendously impressive element of truth to the likeness which his portrait otherwise bears to the original. His view of our state and nature is often painful; but it is its reality that makes it so; and he would have wanted one of his strongest holds on our hearts if he had probed them less profoundly; it is by his unflinching scrutiny of mortal infirmity that he has forged the very strongest chain which binds us to his footstool. He reverences human nature where it deserves respect: he knows man's divinity of mind, and harbours and expresses the loftiest of those hopes which haunt the heart like recollections: he represents worthily and well the struggle between good and evil, but he feared to represent the better principle as victorious: he had looked on life till observation became prophetic, and he could not fable that as existing which he sorrowfully saw could never be. The milk of human kindness in the bosom of Macbeth is turned to venom by the breath of an embodied fiend; the tempered nobility and gentleness of the Moor are made the craters through which his evil passions blaze out like central fires; and in the wonderful Hamlet, hate to the guilty pollutes the abhorrence of the crime,—irresolution waits on consciousness,—and the misery of doubt clings to the solemnity of meditation. This is an awful representation of the human soul; but is it ¹ not a true one? The sibylline volume of man's history is open before us, and every page of it is written in blood or tears. And not only are such views of human fate the truest, but they are those which are most fitted to arouse the mind to serious, to lofty, even to religious contemplation,—to guide it to the fountains of moral truth,—to lead it to meditations on the dark

foundations of our being,—to direct its gaze forward on that great journey of the soul, in which mortal life is but a single step.

Oftener than once in this inquiry, I have acted towards you like one who, undertaking to guide a traveller through a beautiful valley, should frequently lead him out of the beaten road to climb precipitous eminences, promising that the delay in the accomplishment of the journey should be compensated by the pleasure of extensive prospects over the surrounding region. Conduct like this would be excusable in a guide, if the person escorted had leisure for the divergence, and it would be incumbent on him if the acquisition of a knowledge of the country were one of the purposes of the journey ; but in either case the labour of the ascents would be recompensed to the traveller, only if the landscapes presented were interesting and distinctly seen. For similar reasons, my endeavour to propose wider views than the subject necessarily suggested, has, I conceive, been fully justifiable ; but it is for you to decide whether the attempt has been so far successful as to repay your exertions in attending my excursive steps. The first of our lengthened digressions has allowed us to combine the known facts as to the kind and amount of Shakspeare's studies, and to draw from them certain conclusions, which I cannot think altogether valueless, as to some distinctions between him and his dramatic coevals, and as to the source of some peculiarities of his which have been visited with heavy censure. In the second instance in which we have branched off from the main argument, we have been led to reflect on the most characteristic qualities of the poet's mode of thought. If there be any truth or distinctness in the hints which have been imperfectly and hastily thrown out on this head, your own mind will classify, modify, or extend them ; and, never forgetting what is ¹the fundamental principle of the great poet's strength, you will regard that essential quality with the more lively admiration, when you discriminate the operations of the power from the working of those other principles which minister to it, and when you remark the number, the variety, the opposition of the mental faculties, which are all thus enlisted under the banners of the one intense and

Analogy of this inquiry.

Aims of this treatise ;

1. from Shakspeare's studies, to distinguish between him and his coevals.

2. to trace the most characteristic qualities of his thought.

[¹ page 108]

Shakspeare's variety of faculty.

He, the stern
inquisitor into
man's heart,

the anxious
searcher into
truth, is yet the
happiest creator
of beauty: the
'maker' of Ric.
III. and Iago as
well as Juliet
and Titania; of
Macbeth as well
as Hamlet.

His faculties
early expanded
consistently,
and worked thro'
all his life
actively.
Homer ebbd,

Milton sank
poetry in
polemics.

[¹ page 109]

Shakspeare alone
flowd full tide
on.

almost philosophical Perception of Dramatic Truth. That stern inquisition into the human heart, which the finest sense of dramatic perfection elevates into the ideal, and the richest fancy touches with poetical repose, will awaken in your mind a softened solemnity of feeling, like that under whose sway we have both wandered in the mountainous forests which skirt our native river; the continuous and gloomy canopy of the gigantic pines hanging over-head like a dungeon roof, while the green sward which was the pavement of the woodland temple, and the lines of natural columns which bounded its retiring avenues, were flooded with the glad illumination of the descending sunset. We reflect with wonder that the most anxious of all poetical inquirers into truth, is also the most powerful painter of unearthly horrors, and the most felicitous creator of romantic or imaginary beauty; that the poet of Richard and Iago is also the poet of Juliet, of Ariel, and of Titania; that the fearfully real self-torture, the judicially inflicted remorse, of Macbeth, is set in contrast with the wildest figures which superstitious imagination ever conceived; that on the same canvas on which Hamlet stands as a personification of the Reason of man shaken by the assaults of evil within him and without, the gates of the grave are visibly opened, and the dead ascend to utter strange secrets in the ear of night. But even this union is less extraordinary than the regular and unparalleled consistency with which the poet's faculties early expanded themselves, and the full activity with which through life all continued to work. Even the dramatic soul of Homer ebbd like the sea, sinking in old age into the substitution of wild and minutely told adventure for the historical portraiture of mental grandeur and passionate strength. The youth of Milton brooded over the love and loveliness of external nature; it was not till his maturity of years that he soared into the empyrean or descended sheer into the secrets of the abyss; and 'advancing age brought weakness with it, and quenched in the morass of polemical disputation the torch which had flamed with sacred light. Shakspeare alone was the same from youth to age; in youth no imperfection, in age no mortality or decay; he performed in his early years every department of the task which he had to perform, and he laboured in it with un-

exhausted and uncrippled energies till the bowl was broken at the fountain ; experience visited him early, fancy lingered with him to the last ; the rapid developement of his powers was an indication of the internal strength of his genius ; their steady continuance was a type and prognostic of the perpetual endurance of his sway. The cold and fiendish Gloster was an early conception ; the eager Shylock and the superhuman Hamlet were imagined simultaneously not long afterwards ; the tenderness of Lear was the fruit of the poet's ripest age ; and one of the closing years of his life gave birth to the savage wildness and the youthful and aerial beauty of 'The Tempest.'

Experience came soon to him ;
Fancy abode with him to the end.

Gloster (Ric. III.) was early, Shylock and Hamlet of middle time, Lear in ripe age,

The Tempest, near his death.

Our last words are claimed by the proper subject of our inquiry. Have I convinced you that in the composition of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen', Shakspeare had the extensive participation which I have ascribed to him ? It is very probable that my reasoning is in many parts defective ; but I place so much confidence in the goodness of the cause itself, that I would unhesitatingly leave the question, without a word of argument, to be determined by any one, possessing a familiar acquaintance with both the poets whose claims are to be balanced, and an ordinarily acute discernment of their distinguishing qualities. I am firmly persuaded that the subject needs only to have attention directed to it ; and my investigation of it cannot have been a failure in every particular. The circumstances attending the first publication of the drama do not, in the most unfavourable view which can with any fairness be taken of them, exclude us from deciding the question of Shakspeare's authorship by an examination of the work itself : and it is unnecessary that the effect of the external evidence should be estimated one step higher. Do the internal proofs allot all to Fletcher, or assign any share to Shakspeare ? The Story is ill-suited for the dramatic purposes of the one poet, and belongs to a class of subjects at variance with his style of thought, and not elsewhere chosen by him or any author of the school to which he belonged ; both the individual and the class accord with the whole temper and all the purposes of the other poet, and the class is one from which he has repeatedly selected themes. It

Are you convinced that Shakspeare wrote much of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ?

I'm sure the question needs only attention.

The external evidence doesn't include the internal.

Does that give all the play to Fletcher ?

[¹ page 110]

The Story is alien to Fletcher

108 SUMMARY OF THE ARGUMENTS FOR SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP.

Fletcher can't have chosen the subject of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; nor was its plan his.

Its Scenical Arrangement is like Shakspeare's.

Its Execution is, in great part, so like his,

that many passages must be set down to him.

Look at all the circumstances together,

and see whether the many probabilities do not make a certainty.

[' page 111]

is next to impossible that Fletcher can have selected the subject ; it is not unlikely that Shakspeare may have suggested it ; and if the execution of the plan shall be thought to evince that he was in any degree connected with the work, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that it was by him that the subject was chosen. The proof here, (which I think has not been noticed by any one before me,) seems to me to be stronger than in any other branch of the argument. The Scenical Arrangement of the drama offers points of resemblance to Shakspeare, which, at the very least, have considerable strength when they are taken together, and are corroborative of other circumstances. The Execution of that large proportion of the drama which has been marked off as his, presents circumstances of likeness to him, so numerous that they cannot possibly have been accidental, and so strikingly characteristic that we cannot conceive them to be the product of imitation. Even if it should be doubted whether Shakspeare chose the subject, or arranged any part of the plot, it seems to me that his claim to the authorship of these individual parts needs only examination to be universally admitted ; not that I consider the proof here as stronger than that which establishes his choice of the plot, but because it is of a nature to be more easily and intuitively comprehended.

In forming your opinion, you will be careful to view the circumstances, not singly, but together, and to give each point of resemblance the support of the others. It may be that every consideration suggested may not affect your mind with equal strength of conviction ; but numerous probabilities all tending the same way are sufficient to generate positive certainty : and it argues no imperfection in a result that it is brought out only by combined efforts. In those climates of the New World which you have visited, a spacious and lofty chamber receives a diffusive shower of light through a single narrow aperture, while in our cloudy region we can gather sufficient light for our apart'ments only by opening large and numerous windows : the end is not gained in the latter case without greater exertion than that which is required in the former, but it is attained equally in both ; for the aspect of our habitations is not less cheerful than that of yours.

On the absolute merit of the work, I do not wish to anticipate your judgment. So far as Shakspeare's share in it is concerned, it can be regarded as no more than a sketch, which would be seen to great disadvantage beside finished drawings of the same master. Imperfect as it is, however, it would, if it were admitted among Shakspeare's acknowledged works, outshine many, and do discredit to none. It would be no unfair trial to compare it with those works of his in which he abstains from his more profound investigations into human nature, permitting the poetical world actively to mingle with the dramatic, and the radiant spirit of hope to embrace the sterner genius of knowledge. We may call up before us the luxurious fancies of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream', or even the sylvan landscapes of the Forest of Ardenne, and the pastoral groupes which people it; and we shall gladly acknowledge a similar though harsher style of colouring, and a strength of contour indicating the same origin. But perhaps there is none of his works with which it could be so fairly compared as 'Henry VIII'. In the tone of sentiment and imagination, as well as in other particulars, I perceive many circumstances of likeness, which it will gratify you to trace for yourself. The resemblance is more than a fanciful one, and the neglected play does not materially suffer by the comparison.

This drama will never receive the praise which it merits, till it shall have been admitted among Shakspeare's undoubted works; and, I repeat, it is entitled to insertion if any one of the conclusions to which I have attempted to lead you be sound,—if it be true that he wrote all, or most, or a few, of those portions of it, which more competent judges than I have already confidently ascribed to him. Farewell.

W. S.

Edinburgh, March 1833.

[In his article on 'Recent Shaksperian Literature' in No. 144 of the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1840, page 468, Prof. Spalding states that on Shakspeare's taking part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, his "opinion is not now so decided as it once was."—F.]

Shakspeare's part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, is but a sketch; yet it is better than some of his finish works.

Compare it with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*;

the colouring and outline are from the same hand. But best, set it beside *Henry VIII.*

It's more like that, and nearly as good.

The Two Noble Kinsmen ought to be in every 'Shakspeare's Works.'

]

A FEW INSTANCES OF SHAKSPERE'S PECULIARITIES
AS NOTED BY SPALDING.

Repetition, p. 12. 1. Prologue to *Henry V.* :

‘And at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.’

Compare *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. scene iv. :

‘Where thou slew’st, Hirtus and Pausa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow.’

2. *Macbeth*, Act V. scene vii. :

‘They have tied me to a stake : I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course’ ;

and *Lear*, Act III. scene vii. :

‘I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.’

Conciseness verging on obscurity, p. 13. *Macbeth*, Act I. scene iii. :

‘Present fears are less than horrible imaginings :
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.’

Act I. scene vii. :

‘If it were done when ’tis done,’ etc.

Act V. scene vii. :

‘Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands :
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love.’

Coriolanus, Act IV. scene vii. :

‘Whether ’twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgement,

To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace,
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controlled the war ; but one of these
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,—made him feared,
So hated, and so banished.'

Metaphors crowded with ideas, p. 17. *Julius Cæsar*, Act II.
scene i. l. 81-4.

'Seek none, conspiracy.
Hide it thy visage in smiles and affability ;
For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough to hide thee from *prevention*.'

Macbeth, Act V. scene vii. :

'Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge,
Each drop of us. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.'
(rather strained figures).

Hamlet, Act I. scene iv. :

'So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some *vicious mole* of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By the *o'ergrowth* of some *complexion*,
Oft breaking down the *pales* and *forts* of Reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er *leavens*
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying, I say, the *stamp* of one defect,
Being *nature's livery*, or *fortune's star*,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,—
Shall in the general censure take *corruption*
From that particular fault.'

Conceits and Wordplay, p. 22. *Richard II*, Act II. scene i. :
'Old Gaunt indeed and gaunt in being old,' etc.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. scene iii. :

'They have pitched a toil, I am toiling in a pitch !'

Personification, p. 25. *Two Gentlemen*, Act I. scene i.:

‘So eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.’

Richard II, Act III. scene ii.:

‘Foul *Rebellion*’s arms.’

Midsummer Night’s Dream :

‘The debt that *bankrupt Sleep* doth Sorrow owe.’

Henry V, Act II. scene ii.:

‘*Treason* and *Murder* ever kept together.’

Macbeth, Act I. scene iii.:

‘If *Chance* will have me king,
Why *Chance* may crown me.’

Act II. scene i.:

‘*Witchcraft* celebrates
Pale Hecate’s offerings, and withered *Murder*,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf.’

Troilus and Cressida, Act III. scene iii.:

‘*Welcome* ever smiles,
And *Farewell* goes out sighing.’

p. v. *Marigolds*. Dr Prior, writing from his place, Halse, near Taunton, 11 Oct., 1876, says, “I asked in a family here whether they had ever heard of marigolds being strown on the beds of dying persons, and they referred me to a book by Lady C. Davies, *Recollections of Society*, 1873. At p. 129:

“‘Is Little Trianon ominous to crowned women?’

“‘Passing through the garden,’ said the King, ‘I perceived some *soucis* (marigolds, emblems of sorrow and care) growing near a tuft of lilies. This coincidence struck me, and I murmured:

“Dans les jardins de Trianon
Je cueillais des roses nouvelles.
Mais, hélas! les fleurs les plus belles
Avaient péri sous les glaçons.
J’eus beau chercher les dons de Flore,
Les hivers les avaient détruits;
Je ne trouvai que des *soucis*
Qu’humectaient les pleurs de l’Aurore.”’

“I am inclined to hold my first opinion that *cradle* and *death-bed* refer to the use of the flowers, and not to anything in their growth or appearance.”

p. 1. *My dear L.*—Altho' Prof. Spalding says that L. was an early and later friend of his, of great gifts and taste, and that he had visited the New World (p. 108), yet Mrs Spalding and Dr Burton have never been able to identify L., and they believe him to be a creation of the author's.—F.

p. 4. *Shakspeare had fallen much into neglect by 1634.* "After the death of Shakspeare, the plays of Fletcher appear for several years to have been more admired, or at least to have been more frequently acted, than those of our poet." Malone, *Hist. Account of the English Stage*, Variorum Shakspeare of 1821, vol. ii. p. 224. And see the lists following, by which he proves his statement.—F.

From the Paper with which Mr J. Herbert Stack opened the discussion at our Reading of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, he has allowed me to make the following extracts :—

"To judge the question clearly, let us note how far the author or authors of the *Two N. K.* followed what was the basis of their drama—Chaucer's *Knights Tale*. We have there the same opening incident—the petitions of the Queens, then the capture of the Two, then their sight of Emily from the prison window, the release of Arcite, his entry into Emilia's service, the escape of Palamon, the fight in the wood, the decree of Theseus, the prayers to Diana, Venus, and Mars, the combat, the victory in arms to Arcite, his death, and Palamon's eventual victory in love. But Chaucer is far superior to the dramatists. He has no Gaoler's Daughter to distract our thoughts. The language of his Palamon is more blunt, more soldier-like, more characteristic. His Emilia, instead of being equally in love with two men at the same time, prefers maidenhood to marriage, loves neither, but pities both. At the end of the *play* we have something coarse and hurried: Emilia, during the Tournament, is ready to jump into anybody's arms, so that he comes victorious; then she accepts Arcite; and on his sudden death, she dries her tears with more than the supposed celerity of a modern fashionable widow; and, before she is the widow of Arcite, consents to become the wife of Palamon. Contrast this with Chaucer, where the poem dedicates some beautiful lines to the funeral of Arcite and the grief of all, and only makes Emilia yield after years to the silent pleading of the woful Palamon and the urgency of her brother. Contrast the dying speeches in the two works. In the play, Arcite transfers Emilia almost as if he were making a will: "*Item, I leave my bride to Palamon.*" In Chaucer, he says to Emilia that he knows of no man

'So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
And if that you shal ever be a wyf
Forget not Palamon that gentil man.'

Now here we have a play founded on a poem, the original delicate and noble, where the other is coarse and trivial; and we ask, 'Was this Shakspeare's way of treating his originals?' In his earlier years he based his *Romeo and Juliet* on Brooke's poem of the same name—a fine work, and little disfigured by the coarseness of the time. Yet he pruned it of all really offensive matter, and has given us a perfect love-story, as ardent as it is pure. His skill in omission is remarkably shown in one respect. In Brooke's poem, Juliet, reflecting when alone on Romeo's sudden love, remembers that he is an enemy to her house, and suspects that he

may intend dishonourable love as a base means of wreaking vengeance on hereditary foes. It seems to me that a thought so cunning is out of character with Juliet—certainly would have been felt as a stain on Shakspeare's Juliet. That Shakspeare deliberately omitted this, is known by one slight reference. Juliet says to Romeo,

‘If thy intent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage.’

That is all—no cunning caution, no base doubt.

Now if in this original, and in this play, we trace the very manner of Shakspeare's working—taking up gold mixed with dross, and purifying it in the furnace of his genius—are we to suppose that later in life, with taste more fastidious, even if his imagination were less strong, he carried out a converse process; that he took Chaucer's gold, and mixed it with alloy? That, I greatly doubt. Also, would he imitate himself so closely as he is imitated in certain scenes of the *Two N. K.*?

Another point. Love between persons of very different rank has been held by many dramatists to be a fine subject for the stage. Shakspeare never introduces it. *Ophelia* loves a Prince, and *Violet* a duke, and *Rosalind* a Squire's son; but gentlehood unites all. *Helena* in *All's Well* is a gentlewoman. With anything like levelling aspirations Shakspeare had clearly no sympathy. In no undoubted play of his have we, so far as I remember, any attempt to make the love of the lowly born for the high a subject of sympathy: there is no Beggar maid to any of his King Cophetuas. *Goneril* and *Regan* stoop to *Edmund* through baseness; *Malvolio's* love for *Olivia* is made ridiculous. The Gaoler's Daughter of the *Two N. K.* stands alone: like the waiting-maid in the *Critic*, she goes mad in white linen, and as painfully recalls *Ophelia*, as our cousins the monkeys remind us of men.

In some other respects the poem is far superior to the play. Chaucer introduces the supernatural powers with excellent effect and tact—so as to soften the rigour of the Duke's decrees. In the Temple, *Palamon*, the more warlike in manners of the two, is the more reckless and ardent in his love: of a simpler nature, *Venus* entirely subdues and, at the same time, effectually befriends him. He prays to her not for Victory: for that he cares not: it matters not how events are brought about ‘so that I have my lady in mine arms.’ *Arcite*, the softer and more refined knight, prays simply for Victory. If it be true that love changes the nature of men, here we have the transformation. The prayer of each is granted, though they seem opposed—thus *Arcite* experiences what many of those who consulted old oracles found, ‘the word of promise kept to the ear, broken to the hope.’ Then in the poem *Theseus* freely forgives the two knights, but decides on the Tournament as a means of seeing who shall have *Emilia*. In the play he decides that one is to live and marry, the other to die. The absurdity of this needless cruelty is evident: it was possibly introduced to satisfy the coarse tastes of the audiences who liked the sight of an executioner and a block.

In fact I would say the play is not mainly Shakspeare's because of its un-Shakspearean depth. Who can sympathize with the cold, coarse balancing of *Emilia* between the two men—eager to have one, ready to take either; betrothed in haste to one, married in haste to another—so far flying in the face of the pure

beauty of the original, where Emilia never loses maidenly reserve. Then the final marriage of the Gaoler's Daughter is as destructive of our sympathy as if Ophelia had been saved from drowning by the grave-digger, and married to Horatio at the end of the piece. The pedantry of Gerrold is poor, the fun of the rustics forced and feeble, the sternness of Theseus brutal and untouched by final gentleness as in Chaucer.

Another argument against Shakspeare's responsibility for the whole play is the manner in which the minor characters are introduced and the underplot managed. A secondary plot is a characteristic of the Elizabethan drama, borrowed from that of Spain. But Shakspeare is peculiar in the skill with which he interweaves the two plots and brings together the principal and the inferior personages. In *Hamlet* the soldiers on the watch, the grave-diggers, the players, the two walking gentlemen, even Osric, all help on the action of the drama and come into relation with the hero himself. In *King Lear*, Edmund and Gloster and Edgar, though engaged in a subsidiary drama of their own, get mixed up with the fortunes of the King and his daughters. In *Othello*, the foolish Venetian Roderigo and Bianca the courtesan have some hand in the progress of the play. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the Nurse and the Friar are agents of the main plot, and the ball scene pushes on the action. In *Skylock*, Lancelot Gobbo is servant to the Jew, and helps Jessica to escape. I need not multiply instances, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Dogberry*, &c. As far as my own recollection serves, I do not believe that in any play undoubtedly Shakspeare's we have a single instance of an underplot like that of the Gaoler's Daughter. It might be altogether omitted without affecting the story. Theseus, Emilia, Hippolyta, Arcite, Palamon, never exchange a word with the group of Gaoler's Daughter, Wooer, Brother, two Friends and Doctor; and Palamon's only remembrance of her services is that at his supposed moment of execution he generously leaves her the money he had no further need of to help her to get married to a remarkably tame young man who assumes the name of his rival in order to bring his sweetheart to her senses. If this underplot is due to Shakspeare, why is there none like it in all his works? If these exceedingly thin and very detached minor characters are his, where in his undoubted plays are others like them—thus hanging loosely on to the main machinery of a play? Nor must we forget that if this underplot is Shakspeare's, it is his when he was an experienced dramatist—so that after being a skilful constructor and connector of plot and underplot in his youth, 'his right hand forgot its cunning' in his middle age.

Two other arguments. In the Prologue of the play, written and recited when it was acted, there are two passages expressing great fears as to the result,—one that Chaucer might rise to condemn the dramatist for spoiling his story,—another that the play might be damned, and destroy the fortunes of the Theatre¹. Is this the way in which a play partly written by Shakspeare—then near the close of his successful stage career—would be spoken of on its production?

Another argument is, if Shakspeare, using Chaucer's poem as a model, spoiled it in dramatising it², then as a poet he was inferior to Chaucer—which is absurd.

¹ Does not this as much imply that Fletcher knew he had spoiled what Shakspeare would have done well?—H. L.

² But this is confessedly the case with Chaucer's *Troilus*.—F. [Not quite. In

Following high authorities, anybody may adopt any opinion on this play and find backers—the extremes being the German Tieck, who entirely rejects the idea of Shakspeare's authorship, and Mr Hickson, who throws on him the responsibility for the whole framework of a play and the groundwork of every character. I should incline to the middle opinion¹, that Shakspeare selected the subject, began the play, wrote many passages; had no underplot, and generally left it in a skeleton state; that Fletcher took it up, patched it here and there, and added an underplot;—that Fletcher, not Shakspeare, is answerable for all the departures from Chaucer, for all the underplot, and for the revised play as it stands. There is nothing improbable in this. After Shakspeare retired to Stratford, Fletcher may have found the play amongst the MSS. of the Theatre, and then produced it after due changes made—not giving the author's name. At that time it was the custom that a play remained the property of the company of actors who produced it. That the Blackfriars Company did *not* regard the play as Shakspeare's is pretty plain—for in the edition of 1623, published by Heminge and Condell of that company, Shakspeare's own fellow-players, the play is not included. Nor does the part authorship account for the omission, as plays with less of Shakspeare's undoubted authorship are there included. But the omission is intelligible if the play had been so Fletcherised that it was, when acted, generally regarded as Fletcher's. Fletcher was alive in 1623 to claim all as his property; but in 1634 he was dead. Then the publisher, knowing or hearing that Shakspeare had a share, printed *his* name, after *Fletcher's*, as part dramatist. Thus I return to the older verdict of Coleridge and Lamb, that Shakspeare wrote passages of this play, perhaps also the outlines, but that Fletcher filled up, added an underplot, and finally revised.

Troilus the travestie is intentional: in the *Two N. K.* Chaucer is solemnly Clobbered.—J. H. S.]

¹ Also my view—though I hesitate to express a firm opinion on the matter—*PERHAPS* Shakspeare worked on the 1594 play as a basis?—H. L.

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IN SHAKSPERE
WHICH HAVE BEEN SET TO MUSIC.

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AND F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE WORDS IN OLD SPELLING, FROM THE QUARTOS
AND FIRST FOLIO,

EDITED BY
F. J. FURNIVALL AND W. G. STONE.



PUBLISHT FOR
The New Shakspeare Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, 1884.

A 2036⁹~~4~~

Series VIII. 3. *Miscellanies.*

CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

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SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSICKE.

20. As it fell upon a day	99
17(c). Cleare wels spring not. Part 3.	97
19. Come live with me, and be my love	98
17(b). In black mourn I. Part 2.	97
15. It was a lordings daughter	96
17(a). My flockes feed not. Part 1.	97

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE :

160. 'Tis double death, to drowne in ken of shore	101
57. Without the bed her other faire hand was (Sh. alterd)	101

¹ Compare Byron's Poem on attaining his 36th year.—T. Tyler.

FOREWORDS.

AFTER the first 'Musical Evening' of the New Shakspeare Society, in May, 1883, several Members express the wish that the Words of the Songs had been put into their hands, for their memories had sometimes failed them.

As the Musical Evening will, no doubt, be repeated every May while the Society lasts, the Committee thought that all Shakspeare's Songs and Lines which have been set to Music, had better be printed, with a List of the Composers who have set them, and the Voices which are to sing them, so that the 'Book of the Words' might be a permanent one, and suit all the changing yearly Programs.

Accordingly, our Conductor, Mr. James Greenhill, compiled,—from Alfred Roffe's *Handbook of Shakspeare Music*, 1878, and other sources,—a draft List of the Songs and Composers, and I added the Words, from the revises of the *Old-Spelling Shakspeare* edited by Mr. Stone and myself, and from the Quartos and First Folio.¹ The draft 'List' has been checked by the Rev. W. A. Harrison and me with, and enlarged from, the Shakspeare entries in the British Museum Catalog of 'Authors whose words have been set to Music,' many volumes of music, Chappell's Catalogs, &c.,² and has been revised by Mr. Wm. Chappell and others.³ Mr. Edward

¹ Some context, or a short statement, has been given, in most cases, to show how and why each Song was brought in.

² In some instances we have been unable to ascertain the exact date when a piece was composed or published; and the date given in the List must be taken as only approximately correct. But in very many more we have discovered the precise year—and had it been thought necessary could have added the month and day—when a piece was first given to the world. Genest's 'Account of the English Stage' (10 vols., 1832), and Sir G. Grove's excellent 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians' have been of great service to us in this respect.

³ Mr. Fry, of Novello and Co., has been good enough to look over our proofs.

Flügel of Leipzig has been so kind as to send a list of the German settings. I have also compiled a 'Contents' of such Collections of Shakspeare Music as I have been able to get hold of. Tho' still incomplete, the 'List' is no wise so ridiculously imperfect as the entries of Shakspeare Music in the British Museum. Whether the Museum has only the Shakspeare Music catalogd, or its Catalog is desperately behindhand, the result is equally lamentable, and does little credit to the Museum Authorities.

Readers will note how the Musicians have naturally found more material for their art in Shakspeare's Comedies, than in his Histories, Tragedies, and Poems; how, of these Comedies, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (15), the *Tempest* (13), *Twelfth Night* (9), and *As you like it* (7), have had most pieces from them set; and how the following Songs have proved the most attractive ones:¹

- | | | |
|---|-----|---------------|
| 1. Take, oh take those Lips away (<i>M. for M.</i>) | ... | set 30 times. |
| 2. Fletcher's 'Orpheus with his Lute' (<i>Henry VIII.</i>) | " | 21 " |
| 3. It was a Lover and his Lass (<i>As you like it</i>) | " | 18 " |
| 4. Who is Sylvia? (<i>Two Gentlemen</i>) | " | 18 " |
| 5. O Mistris mine (<i>Twelfth Night</i>) | " | 16 " |
| 6. Marlowe's 'Come live with me' (<i>Pass. Pilgr.</i>),
including 'To shallow Riwers' (<i>Merry Wives</i>) | " | 16 " |
| 7. Sigh no more, Ladies (<i>Much Ado</i>) | " | 15 " |

Of the Poems, the spurious ones in the *Passionate Pilgrim* have drawn to them more composers than Shakspeare's own non-dramatic work. Marlowe's 'Come live with me' has been set 16 times, to the 6 times of Shakspeare's 18th Sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a Summer's Day?"

F. J. F.

9 April, 1884.

¹ After writing the above, and correcting the proofs up to the *Merchant*, I turnd to Roffe's book in the British Museum on April 10—Mr. Greenhill has had my copy for the last 18 months—and I was rather shockt to find that Roffe had given the extracts too, so that our book looks like a piracy of his. But my part was done independently; and Mr. Greenhill's compilation from Roffe was a necessity. Every cataloguer must use his foregoers' work, and add to it, so far as he can. Such merit and usefulness as are in the present book must therefore be set down as flowing from Roffe's example, though we have really workt hard to add to his material. Our additions of settings to his list are stard (*). But these stars do not represent the fresh dates and details which we have inserted in Roffe's entries, or our corrections of his mistakes.

THE following is a 'Contents' of the chief Collections of Shakspeare Music. Of Dr. Kemp's 'Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare' and many other books, no fit details are given. These books are not in the British Museum.—F. J. F.

1660. JOHN WILSON. "Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads. First composed for one single voice, and since set for three voices." Contains 69 songs, and among them :

- (2. From the faire Lavinian shore).
- 4. Full fathome five (*Tempest*). R. Johnson¹ [writer of the air].
- 5. Where the bee sucks (*Tempest*). R. Johnson [writer of the air].
- (6. When love with unconfined wings.)
- 33. Lawne as white as driven snow (*Winter's Tale*). (See the late Dr. E. F. Rimbault's *Who was Jack Wilson?* 1846, p. 12-14.)

1742. Dr. Thomas Augustine ARNE. The Songs in *As you like it* . . . To which are added The Songs in *Twelfth Night*

	PAGE
3. Under the Greenwood Tree. (<i>As you like it</i> .) Tenor Solo	3
4. When Daisies pied. (<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> .)	6
5. Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind. (<i>As you like it</i> .) Tenor Solo	8
7. Come away, come away, Death. (<i>Twelfth Night</i> .) Tenor Solo	16
8. Tell me where is Fancy bred. (<i>Merch. of Venice</i> .) Solo ...	19

1742. Dr. T. A. ARNE. The Songs and Duets in the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*² . . .

- 11. The Owl, Written by Shakespear in (*Love's labour lost*), it is a description of Winter, as the Cuckoo Song is of the Spring.
- When Isicles hang on the wall 15

¹ Robert Johnson was a celebrated performer on the lute, and young Wilson (born, 1594) may have been his pupil. He wrote the music for Middleton's *Witch*, as well as Shakspeare's *Tempest*. Rimbault, p. 9-10. Tho' John Wilson could not have composed the original music to 'Take, oh take, those lips away!' (*Meas. for Meas.*) he may have been the 'Boy' who sang it (p. 25 below). Later in his life, he did set it.—Rimbault, p. 3-5.

² The *Merchant of Venice* Song named in the continuation of the Title is the spurious 'To keep my gentle Jessy'.

17 . . DR. T. A. ARNE. The Second Volume of Lyric
Harmony . .

5. Ariel's Song in the <i>Tempest</i> . 'Where the Bee sucks.' ¹	Solo	PAGE 185
14. On Cloe Sleeping, taken from Shakespear.		
One of her Hands, one rosy Cheek lay under. (<i>Rape of Lucrece</i> , st. 56, 'Her lillie hand, her rosie Cheeke lies vnder.') Solo		197

1745. J. F. LAMPE. *Pyramus and Thisbe*; A Mock-
Opera. The Words taken from Shakespeare, as it is
Perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.
Set to Musick by Mr. I. F. Lampe.

3. And thou, O Wall (. . . eyne. <i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 173-5).	Solo, T.	8
4. O wicked Wall (. . . me. <i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 178-9)	"	12
6. Not Cephalus to Procris was so true (<i>M. N. Dr.</i>), V. i. 196-7.		
Duetto, S. T.		17
11. Approach, ye Furies fell (<i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 275-8).	Solo, T....	29
12. Now am I dead (<i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 292-7)	"	32
13. These Lilly Lips (<i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 319—330)	33

1745. THOMAS CHILCOT. Twelve English Songs, with
their Symphonies. The Words by Shakespeare and
other Celebrated Poets. Set to Musick by Thomas
Chilcot, Organist of Bath. London. John Johnson.

1. Pardon, Goddess of the Night. (<i>Much Ado</i>)	1
2. Come, thou Monarch of the Vine. (<i>Ant. and Cleop.</i>)	4
3. Hark, hark! the Lark. (<i>Cymbeline</i>)	7
4. On a day, alack the day! (<i>Love's Lab.'s Lost</i>)	10
5. Take, oh take, those lips away. (<i>Meas. for Measure</i>)	12
(6. Place beneath a Spreading Vine. (Anacreon.)	15)
(7. Come live with me, and be my Love. (<i>Pass. P.</i> , by 'Kit. Marlow.')	19)
(8. Friends of Play and Mirth and Wine. (Anacreon.)	22)
(9. Fill, kind Females, fill the Bowl. (Anacreon.)	26)
10. Wedding is great Juno's Crown. (<i>As you like it</i>)	31
11. Orpheus with his Lute. (<i>Henry VIII</i> , by Fletcher.)	34
(12. The Choir awake! (Euripides.)	39

¹ The 'Song from Shakespear's *Cymbeline*, on p. 187, is the spurious 'To
fair Fidele's grassy Tomb.'

1755. JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH. *The Fairies*. An Opera.
The words taken from Shakespear, and Set to Music by
Mr. Smith.

	PAGE
5. O Hermia fair ! O happy, happy fair. (<i>M. N. Dr.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Miss Poitier	16
6. Before the time I did Lysander see. (<i>M. N. Dr.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Sign. Passerini	21
7. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind. (<i>M. N. Dr.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Miss Poitier	24
8. Where the bee sucks, there lurk I. (<i>Tempest.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Master Moore	26
13. You spotted Snakes. (<i>M. N. Dream.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Miss Young	41
18. Now until the break of Day. (<i>M. N. Dream.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Master Reinhold	59
20. Flower of this purple Dye. (<i>M. N. Dream.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Master Reinhold	66
21. Do not call it sin in me. (<i>L. L. Lost</i> , IV. iii. 113—118.) Solo, T. Sung by Sig. Guadagni	67
24. Sigh no more, Ladies ! (<i>Tw. Night.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Master Reinhold	74
25. Up and down ; I will lead them up and down. (<i>M. N. Dream.</i>) Solo, S. Sung by Master Moore	77
26. Orpheus with his lute. (<i>Henry VIII.</i> ; by Fletcher.) Solo, S. Sung by Miss Young ; with accompaniment for Hautboy, 2 Violins, and Viola	78

1756. JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH. *The Tempest*. An Opera.
The Words taken from Shakespear, &c. Set to Music
by Mr. Smith.

8. Come unto the yellow Sands. Solo, S. Sung by Miss Young	28
9. Full fathom five thy Father lies. Solo, S. Sung by Miss Young	31
24. No more dams I'll make for fish. Solo, T. Sung by Mr. Chamness	72
28. Before you can say 'Come and go.' (With 4 spurious lines added.) Solo, S. Sung by Miss Young	85
30. Now does my project gather to a head. Solo (B ?) Sung by Mr. Beard ¹	93

¹ Theodore Aylward's 'Six Songs in Harlequin's Invasion, Cymbeline,
and Midsummer Night's Dream, &c.,' 1770, contains only one genuine song
'Hark, the Lark,' sung by Mr. Vincent.

1807. J. HUTCHINSON. A Collection. (Not in Brit. Mus.)

1812. *Musica Antiqua*, 2 vols, ed. J. Stafford Smith.

Willow Song in *Othello*, by Pelham Humphrey, Composer to the King,
1673. Solo, S. ii. 171.

Fare-well deere love, (quoted in *Twelfth Night*), by Robert Jones, 1601.
Song, in 4 Parts. ii. 204.¹

1814 (?). DR. J. KEMP. Musical Illustrations of Shakspere.
(Not in Brit. Mus.)

Lady, by yonder blessed Moon. (*Romeo and Juliet*) Duet, S.T. ab.
1799.

A Lover's eyes will gaze an Eagle blind. (*L. L. Lost*.) Solo, T. ab.
1799. Cello accompaniment.

Hamlet's Letter. Doubt thou the Stars are fire. (*Hamlet*.) Solo, T.
1814. Cello and P. F. accompaniment.

Willow Song. A poor soul sat sighing. (*Othello*.) Solo, S. 1807.

1816. WM. LINLEY. Shakspeare's Dramatic Songs. 2 vols.

INDEX TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

<i>The Tempest.</i>				PAGE
Song.	Come unto these yellow sands ... }	Purcell	2
Chorus.	Hark! hark! the watch dogs, &c. }			
Song.	Full fathom five }	Purcell	4
Chorus.	Sea Nymphs, &c. }			
Song.	While you here do snoring lie. ...	Thos. Linley, Junr.		7
Song.	No more dams ...	John Smith	...	9
Song.	Ere you can say ...	Thos. Linley, Junr.		12
Duet.	Honour, riches ...	W. Linley	...	18
Song.	Where the bee sucks ...	Dr. Arne...	...	22
<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona.</i>				
Song.	Who is Silvia? ...	W. Linley	...	24
<i>Twelfth Night.</i>				
Song.	O Mistress mine ...	W. Linley	...	27
Song.	Come away, Death ...	W. Linley	...	30
Song.	When that I was ...	Fielding	...	34

<i>Measure for Measure.</i>				
Song.	Take, oh! take those lips... ..	W. Linley	...	36

¹ In Henry Smith's 'Six Canzonets for the Voice . . . the Words selected from Shakespeare,' &c., 1816, Congreve's two lines, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, To soften rocks and bend the knotted Oak" (*Mourning Bride*, I. i. 1-2) are assigned to Shakspere.

FOREWORDS. LINLEY'S 'SH.'S DRAMATIC SONGS. xv

<i>Much Ado about Nothing.</i>				
Song.	Sigh no more	...	W. Linley	PAGE 39
Duet and Chorus.	Pardon, Goddess	...	W. Linley	43
<i>Midsummer Night's Dream.</i>				
Madrigal.	Ye spotted Snakes	...	[R.] J. S. Stevens	47
Song.	Now the hungry Lion roars	...	W. Linley	56
Trio and Chorus.	Hand in hand	...	Dr. Cooke	59
<i>Love's Labour's Lost.</i>				
Song.	When daisies pied	...	Dr. Arne...	69
<i>Merchant of Venice.</i>				
Duet and Chorus.	Tell me where is fancy, &c.	...	W. Linley	72

INDEX TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

<i>As you like it.</i>				
Song.	Under the Greenwood Tree	...	Dr. Arne...	2
Chorus.	Who doth ambition shun	...	W. Linley	5
Song.	Blow, blow, thou winter wind	...	Dr. Arne & W. Linley	8
Glee.	What shall he have that kill'd the Deere.	I. S. Smith	...	12
Duet.	It was a lover and his las;	...	W. Linley	17
Song.	Wedding is great Juno's crown	...	W. Linley	20
<i>All's Well that ends Well.</i>				
Song.	Was this fair face	...	W. Linley	22
<i>Winter's Tale.</i>				
Song.	When daffodils begin to peer	...	Dr. Boyce	24
Song.	Lawn as white as driv'n snow	...	W. Linley	27
Song.	Will you buy any tape	...	Dr. Boyce	29
Trio.	Get you hence, for I must go	...	Dr. Boyce	30
<i>King Henry 4th. 2nd part.</i>				
Song.	Do nothing but eat	...	W. Linley	34
<i>King Henry 8th.</i>				
Song.	Orpheus with his lute	...	W. Linley	37
Song.	Sad and Solemn music	...	W. Linley	41
<i>Anthony and Cleopatra.</i>				
Song and Chorus.	Come, thou Monarch of the Vine.	...	W. Linley	42
<i>King Lear.</i>				
Song.	Fools had ne'er less grace	...	W. Linley	47

<i>Hamlet.</i>				PAGE
Song.	How should I	Old Melody	50
Song.	Good morrow, 'tis	Ditto	51
Song.	They bore him bore-faced	...	W. Linley	51
Song.	And will he not come again	...	Old Melody	52

<i>Cymbeline.</i>			
Glee.	Hark, the Lark at Heaven's gate sings.	Dr. Cooke	53
Dirge.	Fear no more the heat of the sun.	Dr. Nares & W. Linley	58

<i>Othello.</i>			
Round.	And let me the canakin clink.	W. Linley	65
Song.	The poor Soul sat sighing	... W. Linley	66

[*Appendix:*] The Music in *Macbeth* as it is now performed on the Stage. Newly arranged in three parts, and a Piano Forte accompaniment by Mr. Samuel Wesley, p. 69—89. (As the words are not Shakspeare's, the names of the Songs, &c. are not given here.¹)

1819. HENRY R. BISHOP. The Overture, Songs, Two Duets, and Glee in Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*.

2.	It was a Lover and his Lass (<i>As you like it</i>).	Solo, S.	12
3.	Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good (<i>Pass. Pilgr.</i> 13).		
	Solo	15
4.	Blow, blow, thou wintry Wind (<i>As you like it</i>).	Melody by Dr. Arne and R. J. S. Stevens; and arranged as a Glee for 4 Voices, A.T.T.B.	19
5.	The poor Soul sat sighing (<i>Othello</i>).	Solo, S.	26
6.	Under the Greenwood Tree (<i>As you like it</i>).	Melody by Dr. Arne; arranged as a Glee for 4 Voices, A.T.T.B. ('May be sung without accompaniment.')	29
7.	Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold (<i>Lear</i>).	Duet for 2 male voices	39
8.	Come live with me (<i>Pass. Pilgrim</i> , 19; by Marlowe).	Solo, S.	44
9.	Sweet Rose, fair flower (<i>Pass. Pilgrim</i> , 10).	Solo, C.	48
10.	What shall he have, that kill'd the Deer? (<i>As you like it</i>).		
	Hunting Glee for 4 male voices	51

¹ The spurious song "O bid your faithful Ariel fly" is included in Linley's Collection. It was composed by Thos. Linley, Junr., 1777. The words are attributed to Dr. Laurence ('Shakspeare Vocal Magazine'). The *Tempest* was brought out at Drury Lane in 1777, the year after Garrick retired. Garrick transferred his share of the theatre to Sheridan. Sheridan's wife was the sister of Thos. Linley, who thus became composer of the music for the theatre. Is it not likely that Sheridan may have written these words?—W. A. H.

	PAGE
11. Take, oh take, those Lips away ! (<i>Meas. for Meas.</i>). Solo, S.	56
12. As it fell upon a day (<i>Pass. Pilgrim</i> , 20; lines 1—18). Duet, S.C.	67
13. Come, thou Monarch of the Vine (<i>Anth. and Cleop.</i>). Glee, A.T.B.	73
14. Oh ! how this Spring of Love (<i>Two Gent. of Ver.</i>). Solo, C.	82
15. Lo ! here the gentle Lark (<i>Venus and Adonis</i> , st. 143). Solo, S.	88

1820. HENRY R. BISHOP. The Songs, Duetts and Gleees,
in Shakspeare's Play of *Twelfth Night* performed at the
Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

1. Full many a glorious morning have I seen, . . . snatch'd him from me now. (<i>Sonnet 33.</i>) Solo, Mez. S.	1
2. Who is Sylvia (<i>Two Gentlemen of Ver.</i>). Glee for 5 Voices, (1 female, 4 male) ; selected from Ravenscroft and Morley (1595, chorus), adapted by H. R. Bishop, 1820	5
3. Orpheus with his lute. (<i>Henry VIII.</i> , by Fletcher.) Duet, S.C. ¹	14
5. A cup of wine thats brisk and fine (2 <i>Henry IV.</i>) Glee with Chorus, A.T.T.Bassi	32
(Spurious lines follow 'leman mine'. Then 'Be mery' begins on p. 39, and 'Tis merry in hall,' on p. 41.)	
6. Take all my loves (<i>Sonnet 40.</i>) S. Solo... ..	45
7. Cesario . . . I love thee so (<i>Tw. Night</i>). Duet, S. C.	48
8. O by Rivers (<i>M. N. Dream</i>), with a spurious continuation. Serenade for 5 Voices. S.S.A.T.B.	55
9. O how much more doth beauty, beauteous seem . . . doth in it live (<i>Sonnet 54</i>)	65
10. Crabbed Age, and Youth (<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> , by Kit Marlowe). Soprano Solo	68
11. Bid me discourse (<i>Venus and Adonis</i>). S. Solo	72
12. When that I was a little tiny Boy (<i>Tw. Night</i>). Tenor Solo...	78

1821. HENRY R. BISHOP. The Overture, Songs, Duetts,
Gleees and Chorusses, in Shakspeare's Play of the *Two
Gentlemen of Verona*, as performed at the Theatre Royal,
Covent Garden.

2. When I have seen the hungry Ocean gain. (<i>Sonnet 64</i> , lines 5—12.) Solo, A.	7
3. Say tho' you strive to steal yourself away. (<i>Sonnet 92</i> , alterd.) Duet, S.A.	11

¹ No. 4 is 'Come o'er the brook, Bessè, to me' (*Lear*), with a spurious continuation, set as a Glee for 4 Voices, S., A. or S. 2, T. B., p. 22. The burden, p. 26 and 31, is from Dr. Calcott.

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4. Oh never say that I was false of heart. (Sonnet 109, lines 1—4 and 13—14.) Solo, S.	19
5. Good night! Good rest! (<i>Pass. Pilgrim</i> , 14.) Glee S.A.T.B.	25
6. When in disgrace with Fortune. (<i>Sonnet</i> 29, lines 1—4, 9—12 : curse, l. 4, altered to <i>moan</i> ; <i>sings hymns</i> , l. 12, altered to <i>to sing</i> .) Solo, S.	34
7. To see his face, the Lion walks along. (<i>Ven. and Adon.</i> st. 183.) Round for 4 male Voices	41
8. Who is Sylvia? (<i>Two Gent. of Verona</i> .) Glee, S.A.T.T.B.	51
9. That time of year. (<i>Sonnet</i> 73, lines 1—8.) Cavatina, S. ...	59
10. Now the hungry Lions Roar. (<i>M. N. Dr.</i> , V. i. 358—369.) Chorus, A.T.T.B.	62
11. On a day, alack the day! (<i>L. L. Lost</i> , and <i>Pass. Pilg.</i>) Duet, S.C.	68
12. Should he upbraid. (<i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , II. i. 167—173, altered. See the lines below, p. 53.) Solo, S.	75
13. "How like a Winter." (<i>Sonnet</i> 97, lines 1—4, followed by a Chorus of 4 lines patcht up from <i>As you like it</i> (see p. 8 above), and then a Duet, S1 taking <i>Sonnet</i> 25, lines 1—4, while S2 takes <i>Sonnet</i> 97, lines 1—4.)	81

1824. HENRY R. BISHOP. The Whole of the Music in *As you like it*, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden [&c.]. The Three Songs composed for the above Play, by Dr. Arne. The poetry Selected entirely from the Plays, Poems, and Sonnets of Shakspeare.

	PAGE
(1. Overture)	
2. Whilst inconstant Fortune smiled ¹ (<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> , end) Duetto, S.C.	10
3. Ah ² me! what eyes hath Love put in my head (<i>Sonnet</i> 148). Solo, M.-S.	15
4. Oh Time! thou shalt not boast that I do change (<i>Sonnet</i> 123). Solo, S.	18
5. E'en as the Sun with purple-colour'd face (<i>Ven. & Ad.</i> st. 1). Glee, A.T.T.B.	25
6. Under the Greenwood Tree (<i>As you like it</i>). Dr. Arne, Solo, T.	34
7. Fair was my Love (<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> , 7). Solo, T. ...	38
8. Crabbed Age and Youth (<i>Passionate Pilgrim</i> , 12). Trio, S.C.B.	43

¹ 'Whilst . . find,' l. 29-34, 6 lines; then l. 51-8, 'She (for He) that is . . foe,' 8 lines.

² O.—Shakspeare. The last 2 lines of the Sonnet are not set.

	PAGE
9. Blow, blow, thou wintry Wind (<i>As you like it</i>). Dr. Arne. Solo, T. 51	51
10. Lo! in the Orient when the gracious light (<i>Sonnet 7</i> , lines 1-8). Glee and Chorus 54	54
11. Oh, ¹ thou obdurate (<i>Venus and Adonis</i> , st. 34, 35). Solo, T. 61	61
12. When Daisies pied (<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>). Dr. Arne. Solo, S. 67	67
(13. March and Dance... .. 71)	71
14. Then is there Mirth in Heaven (<i>As you like it</i>). Solo, C. 73	73

1847 (?). Shakspeare Songs, edited by Charles Jefferys.
Jefferys and Nelson.

1. Blow, blow thou winter Wind (*As you like it*). Tenor Solo. Dr. Arne.
2. Under the Greenwood Tree (*As you like it*). Tenor Solo. Dr. Arne.

ab. 1850. J. REEKES. Six Shakspeare Songs. (Not in B. Mus.)

1. O Mistress mine. (*Tw. Night*.) Song.
2. Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? (*Sonnet 18*, lines 1—3, and 9.)
3. Full many a glorious Morning. (*Sonnet 33*.) Solo.
4. Farewell, thou art too dear. (*Sonnet 87*.) Solo.
5. If Love have left you twenty thousand tongues. (*Venus and Ad.* st. 130.) Solo, A. or B.
6. Wilt thou be gone. (*Romeo and Juliet*.²) Solo.

1864. JOHN CAULFIELD. A Collection of the Vocal Music
in Shakespeare's Plays. 2 vols. J. Caulfield.

Vol. I. *The Tempest*.

³ Come unto these yellow sands. Solo. Purcell 1	1
→ Hark, hark! the watch dogs bark. Chorus, S.A.T.B. Purcell ... 3	3
→ Full fathom five. Solo. Purcell 4	4
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell. Chorus, S.A.T.B. Purcell ... 6	6

¹ Art.—Shakspeare.

² J. L. Hatton's 'Overture and Music incidental to Shakspeare's Play of K. Henry VIII.,' 1855, consists of 6 pianoforte pieces; and no. 7, Fletcher's 'Orpheus with his Lute' set as a Duet for Soprano and Contralto.

B. Isaacson's 'Favorite Airs in Shakespeare's K. Henry V.,' 1858, is a set of 12 pianoforte bits of old airs and new music.

Bishop's Music to the *Tempest* is the pianoforte score.

³ Before this, is Garrick's "Thou soft flowing Avon," set by Arne.

Ad.
1857

XX: FOREWORDS. COLLECTIONS OF SHAKSPERE MUSIC.

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No more Dams. Solo. J. Smith	8
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Merchant of Venice.

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¹ Follow, the spurious 'O bid your faithful Ariel fly' (p. 20); Symphony and Grand Chorus descriptive of a Storm and Shipwreck, composed by Thos. Linley, Junr. (p. 27); Grand Chorus, 'Arise ye Spirits of the Storm' (S.A.T.B.), (p. 30); 'Kind Fortune smiles,' Solo, H. Purcell (p. 48); 'Dry those eyes,' Solo, H. Purcell (p. 53); 'Where does the black Fiend,' Solo and Chorus 'In Hell,' H. Purcell (p. 57, 58); 'The owl is abroad,' Solo, J. Smith (p. 62); Grand Masque, 'Great Neptune,' H. Purcell, duet (p. 65).

² Two spurious songs follow: 'Haste Lorenzo' (p. 110), and 'To keep my gentle Jessy,' p. 116.

³ 'The annexed Piece ('Which is the Properest Day to Drink') is at present performed in the place of the Catch before mentioned,' p. 143-7.

FOREWORDS. JOHN CAULFIELD'S COLLECTION. xxi

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When Daisies pied. In <i>Vol. ii.</i> , p. 147.	

Vol. II. [After Locke's music to the spurious *Macbeth*.]

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Othello.

And let me the Cannakin clink	66
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Cymbeline.

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(A spurious Dirge for *Romeo and Juliet*, S.S.T.T., follows, at p. 161; and 'When Daisies pied,' from *L. L. Lost*, is given at p. 147—150.)

1864. *Shakspeare Vocal Album (and Magazine)*¹.

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¹ This is the Album in separate Songs, but with the same paging.

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¹ 'Sweet Anne Page' ('With thee fair summers joys appear') follows, p. 42. Then Wm. Ball's 'Light o' Love,' p. 113.

² 'Thou soft flowing Avon,' Garrick's Ode to Shakspeare, set by Arne, follows, p. 1.

³ 'The Warwickshire lad,' Jubilee Music, 1769. Song and Chorus; Dibdin, is on p. 125.

1865. The Music in Shakspeare's *Tempest*, by Purcell, Arne, Smith and Linley. New Edition, with additions by Dryden, &c. London. C. Lonsdale. [I give only the genuine pieces, as usual.]

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No more Dams I'll make for fish. Solo. J. C. Smith. ...	25
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(Four spurious lines are added, followed by the genuine 'Over park, over pale, Thorough bush, thorough briar; Over hill, over dale, Thorough flood, thorough fire' (<i>M. N. Dream</i>); and then 'Merrily, merrily' comes in again.)	
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1866 (?). Chappell's Musical Magazine. Edited by E. F. Rimbault. No. 47. — Thirteen Standard Songs of Shakspeare. Price 1s.

1. Blow, blow, thou winter wind (*As you like it*). Solo. Dr. Arne.
2. Where the bee sucks (*Tempest*). Solo. Dr. Arne.
3. Under the greenwood tree (*As you like it*). Solo. Dr. Arne.
4. When daisies pied (*L. L. Lost*). Solo. Dr. Arne ...
5. Come unto these yellow sands (*Tempest*). Solo and Chorus.
6. Full fathom five (*Tempest*). Purcell.
7. Oh! bid your faithful Ariel fly. (Words by Dr. Laurence.) T. Linley.)
8. Sigh no more, ladies (*Much Ado*). Solo. R. J. S. Stevens.
9. Bid me discourse (*Ven. and Ad.*). Solo. Sir H. R. Bishop.
10. Who is Sylvia? (*Two. Gent.*). Solo. F. Schubert.
11. Hark! the lark. (*Cymbeline*). Solo. F. Schubert.
12. On a day (for two voices) (*L. L. Lost*). Sir H. R. Bishop.
13. The airs sung by Ophelia (*Hamlet*). Traditional. 'How should I'; 'Lady, he is dead'; 'White his shroud'; 'Good morrow'; 'They bore him bare-faced'; 'For bonny sweet Robin'; 'And will he not come'.

1864. Choral Songs. (S.A.¹T.B.) . . . by G. A. MACFARREN.
Novello and Co. (Thirteen of em : the first by Fletcher ;
the next 6 by Shakspeare.)

- No. 1. "Orpheus with his Lute" (by Fletcher). *Henry VIII.*, p. 1.
" 2. Song of Winter. "When Icicles hang by the Wall." *Love's
Labour's Lost*, p. 5.
" 3. "Come away, come away, Death !" *Twelfth Night*, p. 9.
" 4. Song of Spring. "When Daisies pied." *Love's Labour's Lost*.
(A fresh p. 1—5.)
" 5. "Who is Sylvia ?" *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 20.
" 6. "Fear no more the Heat o' the Sun." *Cymbeline*, p. 24.
" 7. "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind." *As you like it*, p. 30.

1869. Eight Shakspeare Songs, set to Music in Four Parts,
by G. A. MACFARREN. Novello's Part-Song Book.
Second Series. Book XV. Price 1s. 4d.

- No.
124. "Sigh no more, Ladies." *Much Ado*.
125. "You spotted Snakes." *Mids. Night's Dream*.
126. "Take, O take those Lips away." *Meas. for Measure*.
127. "It was a Lover and his Lass." *As you Like it*.
128. "O Mistress mine." *Twelfth Night*.
129. "Under the Greenwood Tree." *As you like it*.
130. "Hark the Lark." *Cymbeline*.
131. "Tell me where is Fancy bred." *Merch. of Venice*.

[In later numbers of this 2nd Series of Novello's Part-Song Book,
are two Part-Songs by Richard Reay :]

146. "As it fell upon a Day." *Pass. Pilgrim* ; by Richard Barnfield.
Treble, A.T.B !
149. "Take, Oh take those Lips away." *Meas. for Measure*. Treble,
A.T.B.

18 . . Sir H. R. Bishop's Glees and Choruses. A Selection,
publisht by Novello.

7. "Who is Sylvia ?" (*Two Gent. of Verona*.) Key of G. S.A.T.B. 2d.
15. "What shall he have ?" (*As you like it*.) Key of E flat.
A.T.T.B. 2d.
18. "Come, thou monarch." (*Antony and Cleopatra*.) Key of D.
A.T.B. 2d.

¹ Or 2nd Soprano. These Songs also appear in Novello's Part-Song Book,
1st Series.

33. "Good night, good rest." (*Pass. Pilgr.*) Key of C. S.A.T.B. 2d.
 58. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind." (*As you like it.*) Key of G.
 S.A.T.B. 2d.

18. . . Novello's Secular Music. Glees, Madrigals, or Part-Songs, for Four Voices (S.A.T.B. unless otherwise expressed). 1½d. each.

124. "Full Fathom five." (*Tempest.*) S. solo and Chorus. Purcell.
 124. "Come unto these yellow sands." (*Tempest.*) Purcell.
 67. "Hark, the Lark." (*Cymbeline.*) Dr. Cooke.
 81. "Sigh no more, Ladies." (*Much Ado.*) S.S.A.T.B. Stevens.
 275. " " " " " " (S.A.T.B.) Macfarren.
 254. "Tell me where is Fancy bred." (*Merchant.*) Mrs. M. Bartholomew.
 49. "The cloud-capt Towers." (*Tempest.*) Stevens.
 246. "Who is Sylvia?" (*Two Gent. of Verona.*) G. A. Macfarren.
 64. "Ye spotted Snakes." (*Mids. N. Dream.*) R. J. S. Stevens.

1878. SIMPSON, Richard (the late: Member of the New Shakspeare Society's Committee). *Sonnets of Shakspeare*, selected¹ from a Complete Setting, and *Miscellaneous Songs*. London. Stanley Lucas, Weber and C.

SONNETS.

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No. 5.	'Those hours that with gentle hand did frame'	...	1
No. 6.	'Then let not Winter's rugged hand deface'	...	6
No. 7.	'Lo, in the Orient'	13
No. 27.	'Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed'	...	19
No. 58.	'That God forbid, that made me first your slave'	...	26
No. 59.	'If there be nothing new, but that which is'	...	31
No. 63.	'Against my love shall be as I am now'	...	37
No. 71.	'No longer mourn for me when I am dead'	...	43
No. 73.	'That time of year thou may'st in me behold'	...	50
No. 81.	'Or shall I live, your epitaph to make'	...	56
No. 96.	'Some say thy fault is youth'	63
No. 110 (a).	'Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there'	...	68
No. 110 (b).	'Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there'	...	74

¹ The selection, from a great number of songs submitted to her, has been kindly made by Mrs. Macfarren, wife of the eminent Professor, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. 'Notice' by Mrs. Simpson. April 1878.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.¹

'When daisies pied' [<i>L. L. Lost</i> : called <i>As you like it</i> , p. 83] ...	83
'Good Night' [<i>Pass. Pilgrim</i>]	91
'Come unto these yellow Sands' [<i>The Tempest</i>]	106
'Tis double death' [Stanza 160 from <i>Lucrece</i>]	108
'When that I was and a little tiny Boy' [<i>Twelfth Night</i>]	111
* * * * *	

Of the following books of Shakspeare Music given in Bohn's *Lowndes* I can find no copy in the British Museum :

1675. Choice Ayres and Dialogues . . and . . Songs sung . .
in the *Tempest*. C. E. HORN. Shakspeare's Seven Ages.
" " Midsummer Night's Dream.
1692. Hy. PURCELL. Some Select Songs in the *Fairy*
Queen, an adaptation of *M. N. Dream*.
- W. BOYCE. Masque in the *Tempest*.
- G. NICKS. Ophelia's Airs in *Hamlet*, arranged by . . .
Vernon's *Witches*; Song in *Two Gent. of Verona*, &c.
- S. Arnold's *Macbeth* is, I suppose, to spurious words, like the editions
of Locke's music to *Macbeth*.

¹ I give only the Shakspeare ones.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Act I. Scene iii. lines 67—75.

"WAS THIS FAIRE FACE THE CAUSE,
QUOTH SHE?"

[The scene is laid in the palace of Count Bertram, at Rousillon. There are present the Countess, Bertram's mother, her steward, and the clown Lavache.]

Steward. May it please you, Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you : of her I am to speake.

Countesse of Rossillion (to the Clowne, LAVATCH). Sirra ! tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her ; *Hellen*, I meane. 66

Clowne. [sings] "*Was this faire face the cause,*" quoth *she*, 67

"*Why the Grecians sack'd Troy ?*"

Fond done, done fond !

Was this King Priams ioy ?" 70

With that she sigh'd as she flood, [bis. 71

And gaue this sentence then :

"*Among nine bad, if one be good,*

Among nine bad, if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten." 75

Countesse. What ! "one good in tenne" ? you corrupt the song, sirra ! 77

Clowne. One good woman in ten, Madam ; which is a purifying ath'fong : would God would serue the world so all the yeere ! wee'd finde no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the Parson. "One in ten," quoth a ! And wee might haue a good woman borne but ore¹ euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well : a man may draw his heart out, ere a plucke one. 84

[For the verse (l. 58—61) which comes before the passage quoted above, see p. 2.]

WM. LINLEY, A.D. 1816. Solo : Tenor or Bass. The 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare,' by Wm. Linley.

¹ ore = over.

All's Well, Act I. Scene iii. lines 58—61.

"FOR I THE BALLAD WILL REPEATE."

Countesse. Wilt thou euer be a foule-mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clowne. A Prophet I, Madam; and I speake the truth the next waie:

For I the Ballad will repeate, 57
Which men full true shall finde; 58
Your marriage comes by deflinie,
Your Cuckow sings by kinde. 61

Countesse. Get you gone, fir! Ile talke with you more anon.

[No setting of this verse is known.]

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Act II. Scene vii. lines 120—125.

SONG.

"COME, THOU MONARCH OF THE VINE."

[The triumvirs, Octavius Cæsar, Mark Antony, and Lepidus, with their followers, have been banqueting with Sextus Pompeius,¹ on board his galley. Before they part, Enobarbus, a friend of Antony, proposes that they should "daunce now the *Egyptian* Backenals, And celebrate our drinke."]

Enobarbus. All take hands!

[To Musicians.] Make battery to our eares with the loud Muficke!

¶² The while Ile place you: then the Boy shall sing;
The holding,³ euery man shall beare as loud,
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musicke Playes*. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus with pinke eyne! 121
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd! 123
Cup vs, till the world go round,
Cup vs, till the world go round! 125

THOS. CHILCOT, about 1750. Solo, Tenor, or Bass by transposition. Chilcot has left out the fifth line. Caulfield's Collection, 1864.

¹ Son of Pompey the Great.

² '¶' marks that the Speaker addresses some fresh person.

³ *holding*, burden.

- Another. Name unknown, 1759. See Roffe, p. 3.
 WM. LINLEY, about 1815. Solo, Boy, with Chorus for Treble (Boy), Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare,' 1816.
 SCHUBERT (d. 1828). Solo, Tenor or Bass. A verse added in German and English. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album (1864);'¹ and 'Shakspeare Vocal Magazine,' 1864, p. 118.
 SIR H. BISHOP, 1837. Chorus for three male voices. Composed for the *Comedy of Errors*. Novello. Arranged for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass (Lonsdale's 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864, p. 226, now publisht by Augener and Co., Newgate St.).
 Ditto, rearranged by Hatton, 1862. Chorus, S.A.T.B. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864, and Ashdown.
 WEISS, 1863. Bass Solo.

As You Like It.

Act II. Scene v. lines 1—8, 34—39.

"UNDER THE GREENE WOOD TREE."

[Sung by Amiens to the melancholy Jaques and his mates with the banisht Duke "in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelesly, as they did in the golden world."—I. ii. 105—109.]

Enter AMYENS, IAQUES, & others.

Song.

Amyens. *Vnder the greene wood tree,*
who loues to lye with mee, 2
And turne his merrie Note
vnto the sweet Birds throte,
Come hither! come hither! come hither.
Heere shall he see
No enemye,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Song.

[*Altogether heere.*

Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i' th Sunne; 35
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets, 37
Come hither! come hither! come hither!
Heere shall he see, &c.

¹ Not the piano-forte solo volume 'The Shakspeare Album, or Warwickshire Garland,' London: Lonsdale and Longmans, 1862; 26, Old Bond St.

- DR. T. A. ARNE, 1740. Solo, Tenor.¹
 MARIA HESTER PARK, about 1790. Three voices.
 STAFFORD SMITH, about 1792. Glee for four voices.
 *EDWARD SMITH BIGGS, about 1800. Three voices.
 WM. LINLEY, *Shakspeare's Dram. Songs*, 1816. (Chorus only to Arne's Song.) Chorus: "Who doth ambition shun?" for S.S.B., or T.T.B., to follow Dr. Arne's Song.
 SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824.² Dr. Arne's melody arranged for four male voices, and in this form introduced into the *Comedy of Errors*.
 *G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. S.A.T.B. Novello's Part-Song Book.
 *H. W. WAREING, 1878. S.A.T.B. Part Song. Novello.

As You Like It, Act II. Scene vii. lines 173—189.

"BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WINDE!"

Duke Senior (to Old ADAM, and his young Master, ORLANDO, at their Meal in the Forrest of Arden). Welcome! fall to! I wil not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.

²¶ Giue vs some Muficke! ¶ and, good Cozen, sing! 172

Song.

Amyens. Blow, blow, thou winter winde!	173
Thou art not so vnkinde	
As mans ingratitude;	175
Thy tooth is not so keene,	
Because thou art not seene,	
Although thy breath be rude.	178
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! vnto the greene holly:	
Most Friendship is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:	180
Then, heigh ho, the holly!	
This Life is most iolly.	182
Freize, freize, thou bitter skie!	183
That dost not bight so nigh	
As benefitts forgot;	185
Though thou the waters warpe,	
Thy sting is not so sharpe	
As freind remembred not.	188
Heigh ho! sing, &c.	

¹ Roffe has, in error, entered as a setting of Shakspeare's words, an old ballad in an Ashmole MS., mentioned by Chappell, *Pop. Mus.*, ii. 539, 541. The words are given by Chappell at p. 541.

² He also arranged Dr. Arne's Melody for Voice and Piano in his 'The whole of the Music in *As you like it*.' 1824. p. 34--7.

³ '¶' marks that the Speaker addresses some fresh person.

- DR. T. A. ARNE, 1740. Tenor, or Bass by transposition (ed. 1854, 1856, &c.).
- JOHN DANBY, about 1785. Three Tenors and one Bass. Arne's Melody harmonized.
- R. J. S. STEVENS, about 1790. Glee, S.A.T.B. Novello.
- WM. LINLEY, 1816. "Heigh ho" Chorus, to follow Arne's Song. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare,' 1816.
- SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824.¹ Four male voices, and S.A.T.B. Introduced in the operatized *Comedy of Errors*. Arne's Melody harmonized, and the burthen from Stevens's Glee. Novello; also S.A.T.B. Novello.
- SAMUEL WEBBE, about 1830. Glee for five voices.
- HON. MRS. DYCE SOMBRE. Contralto or Bass Song, without the burthen 'Heigh ho'.
- *MRS. A. S. BARTHOLOMEW (*first MOUNSEY*), 1857. Part Song, S.A.T.B. 'Six four-part Songs,' No. 3. Novello.
- AGNES ZIMMERMANN, 1863. Song. Novello.
- *G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello. 'Choral Songs,' No. 7.
- R. SCHACHNER, 1865. Part Song. Addison and Lucas.

As You Like It, Act III. Scene ii, lines 81—8.

"FROM THE EAST TO WESTERNE IND.

[Rosalind, drest as a young man, finds stuck on a tree in the Forest of Arden, some verses praising her, written by her lover Orlando. She reads them to the Clown, Touchstone, and the peasant, Corin.]

<i>From the East to westerne Inde,</i>	
<i>no iewel is like Rosalinde.</i>	82
<i>Hir worth, being mounted on the winde,</i>	
<i>through all the world beares Rosalinde.</i>	84
<i>All the pictures fairest linde,</i>	
<i>are but black to Rosalinde.</i>	86
<i>Let no face bee kept in mind,</i>	
<i>but the faire of Rosalinde!</i>	88

*SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1865. Solo, Soprano. Called 'Rosalind.' Metzler & Co. He adds a spurious verse :

Rosalind, of many parts,
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

¹ He also arranged Dr. Arne's Melody for Voice and Piano in his 'The whole of the Music in *As You Like It*.' 1824. p. 51.

As You Like It, Act IV. Scene ii. lines 10—17.

"WHAT SHALL HE HAVE, THAT KIL'D THE
DEARE?"

GLEE OR PART-SONG.

Enter IAQUES and Lords, like Forresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the Deare?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the Duke, like a *Romane Conquerour*! and it would doe well to fet the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory. ¶ Haue you no song, Forrester, for this purpose? 6

A Lord. Yes, Sir.

Jaques. Sing it! 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough. 9

Musicke.

Song.

A Lord. *What shall he haue, that kild the Deare?*

His Leather skin, and hornes to weare! 11

[Then sing him home: the rest shall beare this burthen.

Take thou no scorne to weare the horne!

It was a cress ere thou wast borne: 13

Thy fathers father wore it,

And thy father bore it: 15

The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorne! [Exeunt.

JOHN HILTON, about 1652. Round for four Bass voices. In Charles Knight's 'Shakspeare.'

HENRY CAREY, 1723, or 1730. Solo. In 'Love in a Forest,' known as "The Huntsman's Song."

DR. PHILIP HAYES, about 1780. Three voices.

R. J. S. STEVENS, about 1790. Four male voices.

J. STAFFORD SMITH, about 1792. Glee: One Alto, Two Tenors, One Bass. In Caulfield's Collection.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Two Sopranos and One Bass. An arrangement of J. S. Smith's Glee. Linley.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Four male voices. A.T.T.B., in the operatized *Comedy of Errors*. In 'Shakspeare Vocal Album' (1864), p. 219—for S.C.T.B. Pub. by Chappell.

*E. EDGAR, 1881. 'The horn, the horn.'

As You Like It, Act V. Scene iii. lines 14—31.

"IT WAS A LOVER, AND HIS LASSE."

[To the Clowne, (Touchstone,) and his country-wench, Audrey, whom he is about to marry,]

Enter two Pages.

1. *Page.* Wel met, honest Gentleman!

Clowne. By my troth, well met! Come, fit, fit, and a song!

2. *Page.* We are for you: fit i'th' middle! 8

1. *Page.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse? which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Page.* I faith, y'faith! and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse. 1

Song.

*It was a Louer, and his lassè,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,* 16

*In the spring time, the onely pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet Louers loue the spring.* 19

*Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino,
These prettie Country folks would lie,* 22
In spring time, &c.

*This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower* 26
In spring time, &c.

*And therefore take the present time!
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino;
For Loue is crownèd with the prime* 30
In spring time, &c.

Clowne. Truly, yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet y^e note was very vntunable. 33

1. *Page.* You are deceiu'd, Sir; we kept time, we lost not our time!

Clowne. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost, to heare such a foolish song. God buy¹ you! and God mend your voices!
¶ Come, *Audrie!* [*Exeunt.* 38

MORLEY, 1600. Solo. In Chappell's 'Music of the Olden Time,' pp. 204 and 704, and C. Knight's 'Shakspeare'. (Sung by Mr. Wilbey Cooper at the Crystal Palace, 23 April, 1859.—Roffe.)

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1786. Glee, S.S.A.T.B. Novello.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Duet, S.C.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Soprano Solo. Sung by Miss M. Tree in the operatized *Comedy of Errors*.—Roffe.

S. REAY, 1862. Madrigal. Novello.

EDWARD LODER, 1864. Part Song.

*F. STANISLAUS, 1868. Solo, Soprano or Tenor. Ashdown.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

¹ *buy* = be with.

- *H. HILES, 1870. S.A.T.B. Novello.
 *C. H. HUBERT PARRY, 1874. 'Spring Song.' 'A Garland,' No. 2. Contralto. Sung by Madame Ant. Sterling. Boosey.
 *M. B. FOSTER, 1876. Solo, Contralto. Alfred Phillips. Kilburn.
 *J. MEISSLER, 1877.
 *C. LABUNEYER, 1881. 'In the spring time.'
 *D. DAVIES. Part Song. First sung May 7, 1883, at the Highbury Philharmonic Society.
 *DR. J. C. BRIDGE, Nov. 1883. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.
 *B. LUARD SELBY. Part Song. Novello.
 *J. BOOTH. Part Song. Novello.
 *MICHAEL WATSON. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Ashdown.

As You Like It, Act. V. Scene iv. lines 101—8.

"THEN IS THERE MIRTH IN HEAVEN."

[Rosalind is the Duke's daughter, and is to wed Orlando. To the Duke, Orlando, and their fellows,]

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. <i>Then is there mirth in heauen,</i>	
<i>When earthly things made eauen</i>	
<i>Attone together.</i>	103
<i>Good Duke, receiue thy daughter !</i>	
<i>Hymen from Heauen brought her,</i>	
<i>(Yea, brought her hether.)</i>	106
<i>That thou mightst ioyn hir hand with his,</i>	
<i>Whose heart within his bofome is.</i>	108

DR. T. A. ARNE, 1740. Song.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Song. Sung by Master Longhurst in the operatized *As You Like It*, p. 73.

In his setting of the operatized *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1821, Sir H. Bishop has, at p. 81-91, first a Soprano Solo, of the first four lines of Sonnet 25, then a Chorus made up of lines 104-5 above, part of the Hymen song below,¹ and then a duet, one Soprano taking the first four lines of Sonnet 25, the other, the first four of Sonnet 97. See Sonnet 97, below.

As You Like It, Act V. Scene iv. lines 134—9.

"WEDDING IS GREAT JUNO'S CROWNE."

[To the 4 couples about to wed,—Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, the Shepheard and Phebe, and the Clowne Touchstone and Audrey,—Hymen says:]

¹ Good Duke ! receive thy Daughter !
 Hymen, from heaven brought her.
 Such Union is great Juno's crown :
 To Hymen, honour and renown !

Here's eight that must take hands, To ioyn in <i>Hymens</i> bands,	122
* * * * *	
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing, Feede your selues with questioning ; That reason, wonder may diminish How thus we met, and these things finish !	131 133
Song.	
<i>Wedding is great Iunos crowne :</i> <i>O bleffed bond of boord and bed !</i>	134
<i>'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne ;</i> <i>High wedlock then be honor'd !</i>	137
<i>Honor, high honor and renowne,</i> <i>To Hymen, God of euerie Towne !</i>	139

THOMAS CHILCOT, about 1740. Solo.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Song. Linley's 'Dram. Songs of Shakspeare.'

*B. TOURS, 1882. Part Song. Unpublished.

Comedy of Errors.

Act II. Scene ii. lines 187—191.

"OH, FOR MY BEADS! I CROSSE ME FOR A
SINNER."

[This is not a song, but two couplets and a half of rymed verse. The slave Dromio of Syracuse, not able to understand how he is mistaken for his twin-brother slave of Ephesus (of whom he has never heard), or how his master—Antipholus of Syracuse—is supposed to be that master's twin-brother of Ephesus, of whose existence he has never been told, declares that he and his Master must be in 'Fairie-land':]

Luciana. Dromio, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner!

Syr. Dromio. [*aside*] Oh, for my beads! I crosse me for a finner.

This is the Fairie land: oh, spight of spights!

We talke with Goblins, Owles, and Sprights; 189

If we obay them not, this will insue:

They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew. 191

DR. KEMP, d. 1824. Solo, Tenor, in Dr. K.'s 'Illustrations of Shakspeare.'

Cymbeline.

Act II. Scene iii. lines 21—27.

"HEARKE! HEARKE! THE LARKE AT
HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS."

[The foolish lout, Prince Cloten, serenades the perfect Imogen, (wife of Posthumus,) with whom he fancies he is in love.]

Cloten. I would this Muficke would come! I am aduifed to giue her Muficke a mornings; they fay it will penetrate.

Enter Muficians.

Come on! tune! If you can penetrate her with your fingering, fo; wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine; but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after, a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it; and then let her confider.

Song.

<i>Hearke! hearke! the Larke at Heauens gate fings,</i>	21
<i>and Phœbus 'gins arife,</i>	
<i>His Steeds to water at thofe Springs</i>	
<i>on chalic'd Flowres that lyes;</i>	24
<i>And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes.</i>	
<i>With euery thing that pretty is¹, my Lady sweet, arife!</i>	
<i>Arife, arife!</i>	27

THOMAS CHILCOT, about 1750. Solo.

THEODORE AYLWARD, 1770. Solo. (Key of Eb; from lower B to upper Ab.) Sung by Mrs. Vincent.

DR. BENJAMIN COOKE, 1792. Glee for S.A.T.B. Novello.

K. F. CURSCHMAN (d. 1841). Solo. Publ. 1851.

FRANZ SCHUBERT (d. 1828). Solo. Publ. 1842, 1851, 1856, &c. In Chappell's 'Thirteen Standard Songs of Shakspeare,' No. 11.

*T. KÜCKEN. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

*F. MOCHRING, 1865. 'Horch, horch, die Lerch', im Aether blau.' '6 Gesänge,' No. 4.

*HENRY LESLIE, 1867. An arrangement of Dr. Cooke's Glee for S.S.A.A. Novello.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

*R. EMMERICH, 1874. 'Horch, horch, die Lerch', im Aether blau.' 'Fünf Gesänge,' &c. Op. 42, No. 1. Ständchen.

*E. H. THORNE. Part Song, S.S.C. Novello.

Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene ii. lines 258—281.

"FEARE NO MORE THE HEATE O' TH' SUN."

[Guiderius and Arviragus—seemingly peasant lads, but really the sons of King Cymbeline—sing over the apparently dead body of their unknown sister Imogen, disguised as a page, the Dirge which they had formerly sung over the corpse of their supposed mother Euriphile.]

Song.

<i>Guiderius. Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,</i>	258
<i>Nor the furious Winters rages!</i>	
<i>Thou thy worldly task hast don,</i>	
<i>Home art gon, and tane thy wages.</i>	261

¹ One of the song-writers, seeing that the plural *bin* (ben) would ryme with 'begin' in l. 25, has, in spite of grammar, put *bin* here.

	<i>Golden Lads and Girles all must, As Chimney-Sweepers, come to dust.</i>	263
Aruiragus.	<i>Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great! Thou art past the Tirants stroake. Care no more to cloath and eate! To thee, the Reede is as the Oake: The Scepter, Learning, Phyficke, must All follow this, and come to dust.</i>	264 267 269
Guiderius.	<i>Feare no more the Lightning flash,</i>	270
Aruiragus.	<i>Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderstone!</i>	
Guiderius.	<i>Feare not Slander, Censure rash;</i>	
Aruiragus.	<i>Thou hast finish'd Ioy and Mone!</i>	273
Both.	<i>All Louers young, all Louers must Configne to thee, and come to dust.</i>	275
Guiderius.	<i>No Exorcisor harme thee!</i>	
Aruiragus.	<i>Nor no witch-craft charme thee!</i>	277
Guiderius.	<i>Ghast vnlaide forleare thee!</i>	
Aruiragus.	<i>Nothing ill come neere thee!</i>	279
Both.	<i>Quiet consumption haue; And renown'd be thy graue!</i>	281

DR. T. A. ARNE, (? ab. 1740). Solo. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Name unknown. ? 1746. See Geneste, vol. iv. p. 193. Solo. In G major. Caulfield's Collection.

DR. BOYCE, 1758. (? Solo, or Glee. See Warren's 'Life of Boyce.') Called 'The Dirge in *Cymbeline*.'

DR. NARES, d. 1783, and W. LINLEY, 1816. Trio for equal voices.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. S.A.T.B. Choral Songs, No. 6. Novello.

*F. M. HAYES, 1881. 'The Dirge of Fidele.'

*JAMES GREENHILL, 1884. Part Song, S.C.T.B. *In Memoriam* Miss TEENA ROCHFORD SMITH, died Sept. 4, 1883.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Act II. Sc. ii. ll. 116—119. (Qo. 2, sig. E 4.)

"DOUBT THOU THE STARRES ARE FIRE."

[Hamlet's Letter to Ophelia.]

Letter.

<i>Doubt thou the Starres are fire;</i>	116
<i>Doubt that the Sunne doth moue;</i>	
<i>Doubt Truth to be a lyer;</i>	
<i>But neuer doubt I loue!</i>	119

W. TINDAL, 1786. Op. 5. Solo Tenor. With an accompaniment for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello. 'Eight Ancient Ballads,' No. 8. (A 2nd verse added, not by Shakspeare.)

- R. J. S. STEVENS, 1790. Solo. With an accompaniment for two Flutes, two Violins, and one Bass.
 Ditto. The same melody harmonized as a Glee.
 J. FISIN, 1800 (?). Solo. 'Ten Songs,' No. 3. With an added verse.
 C. DIGNUM, ab. 1800. Solo Tenor. (With a 2nd verse by Dr. Moore.)
 M. KELLY, ab. 1800. Soprano Solo. Composed for Miss Abrams. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' p. 56. (The lines are enlarged, and a verse is added. Line 1 is, 'Doubt, *O most beautified*, that the stars are fire,' &c. &c.)
 WM. RUSSELL, ab. 1806 (1808, B. Mus. Cat.). Solo Tenor. Dedicated to Mr. J. P. Kemble.
 DR. J. KEMP, 1814. Tenor. Accomp. for Violoncello and Piano. 'Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare,' by Dr. Kemp.
 EDMUND KEAN. See Proctor's Life of E. Kean.—Roffe, p. 26.
 SIR JOHN STEVENSON. Glee for two Tenors and one Bass.
 J. DAVY, 1820. Duet for equal voices.
 J. PARRY. 1824. Tenor Recitative and Air. Sung by Braham in the operatised *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene ii. lines 282-5.

"WHY, LET THE STROOKEN DEERE GOE
 WEEPE."

[After the Play-scene, when the guilty Claudius has rusht from the Hall, Hamlet says (Quarto 2, sign. H 3):]

"*Why, let the strooken Deere goe weepe,* 282
The Hart vngauld play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleepe :
Thus runnes the World away." 285

M. P. KING, 1803. Glee for three voices, unaccompanied.

SNATCHES OF OPHELIA'S SONGS. (IV. ii. Qo. 2, sign. K. 4.)

Hamlet, Act IV. Scene v. lines 23-30, 35, 37-39. (Qo. 2, sign. K. 4.)

"HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW?"

Shee sings.

Ophelia [mad]. *How should I your true Loue know,* 23
from another one ?
By his Cockle hat and staffe,
and his Sendall shoone. 26
 • • • • •
He is dead and gone, Lady ! 27
he is dead and gone !
At his head, a grasgreene turph ;
at his heeles, a stone. 30
 • • • • •

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. 13

White his shroud as the mountaine snow 35
Larded all with sweet flowers ; 37
Which beweept to the ground did go
With true-loue showers. 39

*Old Melody. In Chappell's 'Music of the Olden Time,' p. 236.
 Linley's 'Dramatic Songs,' &c., Vol. ii. p. 50. Caulfield, Vol. ii.
 p. 83. Charles Knight's *Shakspeare*. *Chappell's 'Thirteen Standard
 Songs of Shakspeare,' No. 13.

SIR J. STEVENSON. 1789. Glee for two Sopranos and one Bass.
 M. V. WHITE, 1882. Solo. 1876 (?) (Known as "Ophelia's Song.")
 Boosey.

"THEY BORE HIM BARE-FASTE ON THE
 BEERE."

Hamlet, IV. ii. (Qo. 2, sign. K. 4.) Song.
They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, 164
(Hey non, nony ; nony, hey nony ! [Fo. 1])
And in his graue rain'd many a teare 166

Old Melody, in Caulfield. Knight. Chappell's 'Songs.'
 *W. Linley, 1816. Song. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs,' &c., Vol. ii. p. 51.

"BONNY SWEET ROBIN."

Hamlet, IV. ii. (Qo. 2, sign. K. 4.) Song.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy. 187

Old Melody. See Chappell's 'Popular Music,' p. 233, to be found in
 *ANTHONY HOLBORNE'S 'Cittharn Schoole,' 1597.

*QUEEN ELIZABETH'S 'Virginal Book.'

*WILLIAM BALLETT'S 'Lute Book.'

[Repeated in Caulfield, Linley, C. Knight, *Chappell's 'Thirteen
 Songs.']

"AND WILL A NOT COME AGAIN?"

Hamlet, IV. ii. (Qo. 2, sign. L. 2.) Song.
And wil a not come againe ? 190
And wil a not come againe ?
No, no ! he is dead !
Goe to thy death bed !
He neuer will come againe ! 194
His beard was as white as snow, 195
Flaxen was his pole.
He is gone, he is gone !
And we cast away mone.
God a mercy on his soule ! 199

*Old Melody. "The tune entitled *Merry Milkmaids* in 'The Dancing Master,' 1650." (Chappell, p. 237.)
 [Caulfield, Linley, C. Knight. Chappell's 'Thirteen Songs.']
 SIR J.N. A. STEVENSON, 1800 (?). Glee, S.S.B.

Hamlet, IV. v. 48—55, 58—65. Song.

"TO-MORROW IS S. VALENTINE'S DAY."

<i>To morrow is S. Valentines day,</i>	48
<i>All in the morning betime ;</i>	
<i>And I a mayde, at your window,</i>	
<i>To be your Valentine.</i>	51
<i>Then vp he rose, and dond his clofe,</i>	52
<i>and dupt the chamber doore ;</i>	
<i>Let in the maide, that out a maide,</i>	
<i>neuer departed more.</i>	55
* * * *	
<i>By Gis,¹ and by Saint Charitie,</i>	58
<i>alack, and fie, for shame !</i>	
<i>Young men will doo 't, if they come too 't ;</i>	
<i>by Cock,² they are to blame !</i>	61
Quoth she, ' Before you tumbled me,	62
<i>you promis'd me to wed.'</i>	
(He answers.) ' So would I a done, by yonder sunne,	
<i>And thou hadst not come to my bed.'</i>	65

Old air in Chappell's 'Popular Music,' p. 227.

*Old Melody. 'Quaker's Opera,' 1728.

*Cobbler's Opera, 1729. (See Chappell, p. 227.)

[Repeated in Linley, Caulfield, C. Knight, Chappell's 'Thirteen Songs.']

Traditional. The airs sung by Ophelia. In Chappell's 'Thirteen Standard Songs of Shakspeare,' No. 13.

Hamlet, Act V. Scene i. lines 69—72, 79—82, 102—5. (Qo. 2, sign. M. 2.)

STANZAS FOR GRAVE-DIGGER.

Song.

Clowne. <i>In Youth, when I did loue, did loue,</i>	69
<i>Me thought it was very sweet,</i>	
<i>To contract, & the time ; for, A ! my behoue,</i>	
<i>O, me thought, there was nothing a meet.</i>	72
* * * *	
<i>But Age, with his stealing steppes,</i>	79
<i>hath clawed me in his clutch,</i>	
<i>And hath shipped me into the land,</i>	
<i>as if I had neuer been such.</i>	82
* * * *	

¹ Gis is a contraction for *Jesus*. ² God.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. PART II. 15

A pickax, and a spade, a spade, 102
for and a shrowding sheet ;
O, a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a gueſt is meet. 105

Chappell's 'Music of the Olden Time,' vol. i. p. 201.
 Name unknown. Caulfield's Collection, vol. ii. p. 90.

King Henry the Fourth.

PART II.

Act IV. Scene iv. lines 81-2, with 2 other bits.

"HEALTH TO MY SOUERAIGNE."

Westmerland (to HEN. IV.). Health to my Soueraigne, and new
 happineſſe
 Added to that [that I am to deliuer . . .]
 . . . an Olive Branche, and Lawrell Crowne [3 *Henry VI.*, IV. vi. 34]
 A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend [Cato, in *Julius Cæſar*,
 V. iv. 5].

*WILLIAM SHIELD, 1809. A Cento for three voices. In 'A Cento,'
 p. 2, calld 'The King. A Cento taken from the Works of
 Shakespeare.'

Act V. Scene iii. lines 18—23, 35—9, 48—50, 56, 7, 77—9, 134. (Quarto 1,
 ſign. K. 2.)

"DO NOTHING BUT EATE, AND MAKE GOOD CHEERE."

Scilens. [*somewhat cupshotten*] A, firra (quoth-a) we ſhall
 [*sings*] *Do nothing but eate, and make good cheere,* 18
And praife God for the merry yeere,
When fleſh is cheape, and Females deare,
And luſty Laddes roame here and there 21
So merely ;
And euer among, ſo merily ! 23
 • • • • •
Scilens. *Be merry, be mery ! my Wife has all !* 35
For women are Shrowes, both ſhort and tall.
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge¹ all ! 37
And welcome mery Shrouetide !
Be mery ! be mery ! 39
 • • • • •

¹ *Hall . . wagge*] F. hal . . wags Q.

- Scilens. *A Cup of Wine, thats briske and fine,* 48
And drinke vnto the Leman mine!
And a mery heart liues long-a. 50
 * * * * *
Fill the Cuppe, and let it come!
Ile pledge you a mile to the¹ bottome. 57
 Silens. *Do me right,* 77
and dub me Knight!
Samingo! 79
 * * * * *
 Falstaffe. *Carry Mafter Scilens to bed!* 134
- Anonymous. Solo and Chorus in three parts. In Caulfield's Collection;
 L 22-3 omitted.
- *W. LINLEY, 1816. Tenor Solo, with l. 22-3 and the two following
 snatches, l. 35-9, 48-50. Linley's 'Sh.'s Dramatic Songs,' ii. 34-6.
- *SIR H. R. BISHOP, 1820. Introduced in operatized *Twelfth Night*.

King Henry the Eighth.

Act III. Scene i. lines 3—14.

"ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE MADE TREES."

By John Fletcher. (III. i. is part of the Fletcher portion of *Henry VIII*. Shakspeare wrote only 1168½ of the 2822 lines of the play. The rest are Fletcher's.)

Enter QUEENE, and her Women as at worke.

Queene. Take thy Lute, wench! My Soule growes sad with
 troubles!
 Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leaue working!

Song.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,	3
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,	
Bow themselues when he did sing.	5
To his Musicke, Plants and Flowers	
Euer sprung; as Sunne and Showers	
There had made a lasting Spring.	8
Euery thing that heard him play,	9
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,	
Hung their heads, & then lay by.	11
In sweet Musicke is such Art, [that]	
Killing care, & grieve of heart,	
Fall asleepe, or hearing, dye.	14

¹ to the Quarto, too th' Folio.

- DR. ARNE? (ab. 1740). Song. Caulfield's Collection.
 DR. M. GREENE, 1741.* [1742 in B. Mus. Catal.] Song. 'A Cantata and four English Songs,' by Dr. Greene.
 THOMAS CHILCOT (? ab. 1750). Song.
 MATTHEW LOCKE (? ab. 1755).
 J. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1755. In 'The Fairies.'
 R. J. S. STEVENS (? ab. 1790). Glee for five voices.
 LORD MORNINGTON. Died 1781. Four-part Madrigal.
 THOMAS LINLEY, November, 1788. Song. Sung by Mrs. Crouch. Music destroyed at the burning of Drury Lane Theatre.
 W. LINLEY, 1816. Song, Soprano.
 SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. Duet, Soprano and Contralto. Originally sung by Misses Greene and M. Tree in *Twelfth Night*. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album' (1864), p. 197. In Chappell's 'Popular English Duets,' ed. Na. Macfarren, No. 5.
 JOHN L. HATTON, 1855. Duet, Soprano and Contralto.
 VIRGINIA GABRIEL, 1862. Song. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' p. 150.
 *E. B. GILBERT, 1863. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Chappell's 'Vocal Library,' No. 25.
 SIR G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. Four-part Song, S.A.T.B. 'Choral Songs,' No. 1. Novello.
 SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1865. Song, Soprano or Tenor. Metzler.
 E. D. HEATHCOTE, 1866. Song.
 *E. LASSEN, 1877. Song. German translation.
 *ALWYN, W. C., 1875. Song.
 *R. PAYNE, 1881 to 1882. Duet or Part Song. [Rogers, a country publisher.]
 *E. ASPA. Song. Novello.
 *G. BENSON. Part Song, A.T.T.B. Novello.

King Lear.

Act I. Sc. iv. lines 181-184, 191-194, 217, 218, 235, 236.

FOUR SNATCHES SUNG BY THE FOOL.

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| Foole. 1. <i>Fooles had nere leffe grace in a yeere ;
 For wifemen are growne foppish,
 And know not how their wits to weare,
 Their manners are so apish.</i> | 181

184 |
| 2. <i>Then they for sodaine ioy did weepe,
 And I for sorrow sung,
 That such a King should play to-peepe,
 And goe the Foole among.</i> | 191

194 |
| 3. <i>He that keepes nor crust, nor crum,
 Weary of all, shall want some.</i> | 218
C |

4. *The Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,
That it's had it¹ head bit off by it young.* 236

(The two alternates, "The lord that counsell'd thee," ll. 154—161, which are only in the Quarto, have not been set. They are said, not sung, in the play.)

Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. In Caulfield's Collection. Numbers 1 and 2, by W. LINLEY, 1816, in L's. 'Dramatic Songs of Sh.' ii. 47-9.

Lear, Act II. Scene iv. lines 48—53, 79—86.

TWO SNATCHES FOR THE FOOL.

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Fathers that weare rags,
do make their Children blind;
But Fathers that beare bags,
shall see their Children kind.
Fortune, that arrant Whore,
Nere turns the key to th' Poore.</i> | 48

51
53 |
| 2. <i>That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme,
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry; the Foole will stay;
And let the wiseman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away;
The Foole no knaue, perdie!</i> | 79

82

86 |

In Caulfield's Collection.

Lear, Act III. Scene iv. lines 125-9.

"ST. WITHOLD FOOTED THRICE THE WOLD²."

[Sung by Edgar when personating a 'Bedlam'.]

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| Edgar. <i>S. Withold footed thrice the old;
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold:
Bid her alight,
And her troth-plight;³
And, aroynt thee, Witch! aroynt thee!</i> | 126

128 |
|---|--------------------|

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Duet, two Tenors. Sung in the *Comedy of Errors* by Mr. Pyne and Mr. Durusett.

¹ 'it' was one of the Elizabethan substitutes for the A.Sax. genitive neuter *his*.

² *Old*, Folio 1.

³ sweetheart, groom.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Act IV. Scene ii. lines 95—108.

**"IF LOVE MAKE ME FORSWORNE, HOW
SHALL I SWEARE TO LOVE?"**

[NATHANIEL reads BEROWNE'S 6-measure Sonnet to ROSALIN.]

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? 95
Ah! neuer fayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faythfull proue;
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Ofiers bowed. 98
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes, 99
Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learn'd is that tongue, that well can thee commend; 102
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder; 103
Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire:
Thy eie, Ioues lightning beares; thy voyce, his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier. 106
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong. 108

JOHN MAJOR, about 1820. Solo, Tenor. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' p. 108.

R. HUGHES, about 1840. Solo, Bass. Sung by Mr. Bland.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Sc. iii. ll. 25—40, 58—71.

[The two following Sonnets do not seem to have been set:]

The KING reades his Sonnet, to be sent to the PRINCESSE.

"So sweete a kisse, the golden Sunne giues not 25
To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
As thy eye-beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot
The night of dew, that on my cheekes dourne flowes. 28
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, 29
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face, through teares of mine, giue light:
Thou shin'st in euerie teare that I do weepe; 32
No drop, but, as a Coach, doth carrie thee; 33
So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.
Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,
And they, thy glorie, through my grieve, will show: 36
But do not loue thy selfe! then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. 38
O Queene of queenes! how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortal tell!" 40

[LONGAUILL reades his Sonnet, to be sent to MARIA.]

" Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye,	58
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,	
Perfwade my hart to this falsse periurie ?	
Vowes for thee broke, deserue not punishment.	61
A Woman, I forswore ; but I will proue,	62
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.	
My Vow was earthly ; thou, a heauenly Loue !	
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.	65
Vowes are but breath ; and breath a vapoure is :	66
Then thou, faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,	
Exhalst this vapour-vow ; in thee it is :	
If broken then, it is no fault of mine :	69
If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,	
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise ? "	71

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Scene iii. lines 99—118. (Also in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.)

"ON A DAY (ALACKE THE DAY!)"

[DUMAINE reades his Sonnet.]

" On a day, (alacke the day !)	
Loue, whose Month is euer May,	100
Spied a blossome passing faire,	
Playing in the wanton aire :	102
Through the Veluet leaues, the wind,	
All vnseene, can passage finde ;	104
That the Louer, sicke to death,	
Wish himselfe the heauens breath.	106
' Ayre,' (quoth he), ' thy cheekes may blow ;	
Ayre, would I might triumph so !	108
But, alacke, my hand is sworne,	
Nere to plucke thee from thy thorne :	110
Vow, alacke, for youth vnmeete,	
Youth so apt to pluck a sweete !	112
Do not call it sinne in me,	
That I am forsworne for thee ;	114
Thou, for whom Ioue would sweare,	
Iuno but an Æthiop were ;	116
And denie himselfe for Ioue,	
Turning mortall for thy loue.' "	118

THOMAS CHILCOT, 1750. Solo.

DR. T. A. ARNE (? ab. 1750). Solo. Caulfield's Collection.

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1755. Solo, Contralto. In "The Fairies."

WILLIAM JACKSON. Three male voices.

T. LYON, about 1790. Four voices. 'Six Canzonets' (1795?).

M. P. KING. Duet, Tenor and Bass, or Soprano and Bass. Commences,
"Do not call it sin in me."

JOHN BRAHAM. (See Roffe, p. 36.)

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Duet, S.C. Sung by Misses M. Tree and
Hallande, in *Two Gent. of Verona*. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album'
(1864), p. 176.

W. P. STEVENS, 1852. Glee for four male voices.

*T. D. SULLIVAN, 1864. Quartette for Treble voices.

*ELLA, 1870. Song.

W. H. CUMMINGS, 1875. Part Song, S.A.T.B.

*C. H. HUBERT PARRY, about 1874. Song. 'A Garland,' No. 1. Boosey.

KELLOW J. PYE, 1879. 'To be sung in G, by a Tenor Voice.' (With
"Good Night! Good Rest!" in 'Two little Songs,' from the
Passionate Pilgrim.)

Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Scene iii. lines 318—29.

"A LOVER'S EYES WILL GAZE AN EAGLE
BLINDE."

[Part of Berowne's speech, to prove to his Companions the wisdom
of breaking their vow to forswear the company of Women for three
years.]

*A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde ;
A Louers eare will heare the lowest found,
When the suspitious head of theft is fopt. 320
Loues feeling, is more soft and sensible
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue, proues daintie Bachus grosse in taste.
For Valoure, is not Loue a Hercules, 324
Still clyming trees in the Hesperides?
Subtil as Sphinx ; as sweete and muscally
As bright Appolos Lute, strung with his haire.
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes 328
Make heauen droufye with the harmonie.*

DR. KEMP, 1814. Solo with Violoncello accompaniment. Dr. Kemp's
'Illustrations of Shakspeare.'

JOHN PARRY, 1824. Song. Sung by Mr. Braham in the *Merry Wives
of Windsor*.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Scene ii. lines 877—912.

"WHEN DASIES PIED, AND VIOLETS BLEW."

[Sung after the show of the 'Nine Worthies' had been presented
before the King and the Princess.]

Re-enter all.

Braggart (ARMADO). This side is *Hiems*, Winter ; This, *Ver*, the
Spring : The one mayntained by the Owle, th'other by the Cuckow.
¶ *Ver*, begin !

The Song.

Spring.

When Dafies pied, and Violets blew, 877

And Ladi-smockes all filuer white,

And Cuckow-budds of yellow hew,

Do paint the Meadowes with delight, 880

The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,

Mocks married men ; for thus finges hee : 882

Cuckow !

Cuckow, Cuckow ! *O word of feare,*

Vnpleafing to a married eare ! 885

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes, 886

And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks,

When Turtles tread, and Rookes, and Dawes,

And Maidens bleach their summer smockes, 889

The Cuckow then, on euerie tree,

Mockes married men ; for thus finges hee : 891

Cuckow !

Cuckow, cuckow ! *O word of feare,*

Vnpleafing to a married eare ! 894

RICHARD LEVERIDGE, 1725?, 1727. Solo. On a sheet in a vol. in Brit. Mus. Lib. G 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; with the title 'The Cuckoo.'

DR. T. A. ARNE, 1740. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Mrs. Clive in *As You Like It*. 'Shakspere Vocal Album' (1864), p. 14.

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, 1784. Glee for three male voices.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello. 'Choral Songs,' No. 4.

*RICHARD SIMPSON, about 186—; published 1878. Stanley Lucas.

"WHEN ISACLES HANG BY THE WALL."

Winter.

When Ifacles hang by the wall, 895

And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile,

And Thom beares Logges into the hall,

And Milke coms frozen home in paille, 898

When Blood is nipt, and wayes be fowle,

Then nightly finges the staring Owle 900

Tu-whit, to-who !

A merrie note,

While greafie Ione doth keele the pot. 903

When all aloude the winde doth blow, 904

And coffing drownes the Parsons saw,

And Birdes fit brooding in the Snow,

And Marrians nose lookes red and raw ; 907

*When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly finges the flaring Owle,* 909
Tu-whit, to-who!

*A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.* 912

DR. T. A. ARNE (ab. 1740?). Solo, Tenor or Bass. In 'Shakspere Vocal Album,' p. 75.

JOHN PERCY, composer of *Wapping Old Stairs*, d. 1797. Glee.


G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello. In 'Choral Songs,' No. 2.

Macbeth.

Act I. Scene i. lines 1—11.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAINE?"

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.  hen shall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine? 2
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's loft, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne. 5
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*. 7
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin*!
2. *Padock* calls.
3. Anon!
- All.* Faire is foule, and foule is faire;
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre! [*Exeunt.* 11
- M. P. KING, 1780. [1810, 1851, 1857, B. Mus. Cat.] Glee, S.S.B.
- SAMUEL WEBBE. Two Baritones and one Bass.
- *WILLIAM HORSLEY. Trio. S.S.B. Novello.

Macbeth, Act IV. Scene i. lines 1—47.

"ROUND ABOUT THE CALDRON GO."

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3. *Harpier*¹ cries, "'tis time, 'tis time!"
1. Round about the Caldron go!
In, the poyfond Entrailes, throw! 5
- Toad, (that vnder cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's, thirty one, 7
- ¹ *Harpier* (Rom. type in F.) = Harper.

Sweltred Venom, sleeping got,) Boyle thou first i'th'charm'd pot !	9
<i>All.</i> Double, double, toyle and trouble ; Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble !	11
2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake, In the Cauldron, boyle and bake !	13
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge, Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge ;	15
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting, Lizards legge, and Howlets wing ;	17
For a Charme of powrefull trouble, Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble !	18
<i>All.</i> Double, double, toyle and trouble ; Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble !	21
3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe, Witches Mummey, Maw and Gulfe	23
Of the rauin'd falt Sea sharke ; Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke	25
Liuer of Blaspheming Jew ; Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,	27
Sliuer'd in the Moones Eclipse ; Nose of <i>Turke</i> , and <i>Tartars</i> lips ;	29
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe, Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,	32
Make the Grewell thicke, and slab. Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron, ²	34
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron. <i>All.</i> Double, double, toyle and trouble ;	36
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble !	38
2. Coole it with a Baboones blood ! Then the Charme is firme and good.	

Enter HECAT, to³ the other three Witches.

<i>Hecat.</i> O, well done ! I commend your paines, And euery one shall share i'th'gaines :	40
And now about the Cauldron sing, Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring, Inchanting all that you put in.	43

[Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.]

2. By the pricking of my Thumbes, Something wicked this way comes : Open, Lockes ! Who euer knockes.	45
	47

Enter MACBETH.

M. P. KING, about 1800. Glee in three parts. Beginning, "Round about the Caldron go."

² entrails.

³ and F.

Macbeth, Act IV. Scene i. lines 127—132.

“COME, SISTERS, CHEERE WE UP HIS
SPRIGHTS!”

*A shew of eight Kings, (the Eighth with a glasse in his hand,) and
BANQUO last.*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down!
Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-bals! ¶ And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. ¶ Filthy Hagges!
Why do you shew me this?——A fourth? Start, eyes!
What, will the Line stretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A seauenth? Ile see no more!
And yet the eighth¹ appeares, who beares a glasse,
Which shewes me many more: and some, I see, 120
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible fight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. [*They vanish.*] ¶ What! is this so?
1. I, Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

¶ Come, Sisters! cheere we vp his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights! 128
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a sound,
While you performe your Antique round; 130
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Musicke.* 132
[*The Witches Dance, and vanish.*]

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious houre
Stand aye accurf'd in the Kalender!

M. P. KING, about 1800. Glee for three voices, and Chorus.

Measure for Measure.

Act IV. Scene i. lines 1—8.

“TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY!”

[*The Moated Grange at S. Lukes.*]

Enter MARIANA, and Boy singing.

¹ eight, Fo.

Song.

<i>Take, oh, take those lips away,</i>	1
<i>that so sweetly were forsworne !</i>	
<i>And those eyes, the breake of day ;</i>	
<i>lights that doe mislead the Morne !</i>	4
<i>But, my kisses bring againe,</i>	
<i>bring againe ;</i>	6
<i>Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine,</i>	
<i>seal'd in vaine !</i>	8

[Mariana has been deserted by her base lover Angelo, because her fortune was lost.]

DR. JOHN WILSON. Song. Published 1653-59. From 'Select Mus. Airs and Dialogues.' The printed copy is called 'Love's Ingratitude,' and will be found in the Brit. Mus. Lib. in a MS. volume.

JOHN WELDEN, about 1707. Solo. Col. of New Songs by Welden.

I. E. GALLIARD, 1730. In a volume of the 'Musical Miscellany.'

THOMAS CHILCOT, 1750. Solo, Soprano.

Name unknown. See Roffe, p. 44.

CHRISTOPHER DIXON, 1760. [1760? B. Mus. Cat.] Song. Two English Cantatas and Four Songs by C. S.

W. N., 1770. In the Library of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

G. GIORDANI, 1780. Glee for four voices.

G. GIORDANI, 1780. The same adapted for one voice and harpsichord.

J. S. SMITH, 1780. Glee for A.T.B.

W. JACKSON, soon after 1780. Duet. (Twelve Canzonets, No. 7.)

W. TINDAL, 1785. Duet : Soprano and Tenor. Six vocal pieces, No. 2. (Op. prima.)

T. TREMAIN, 1786. Duet. Thirteen Canzonets for two voices.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, about 1795. Glee for four voices.

*L. ATTERBURY, died 1796. Round. Bland's 'Glee Collect.,' p. 215.

HON. A. BARRY, 1810. Three-voice Glee.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Solo, Treble. Linley's 'Dram. Songs of Shakspeare.' Vol. 1. p. 36.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Song, Soprano. Sung by Miss Stephens in the operatized 'Comedy of Errors.'

W. GARDINER, 1838. See 'Music and Friends,' by W. G.

F. LANCELOTT, 1858. Round. 'Cyclopedia of Music,' No. 12.

ALFRED MELLON, 1864. Song, Bass. Sung by Mr. Santley.

*C. A. MACIRONE, 1864. Song. Shakspeare Vocal Magazine, No. 70.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

*S. REAY, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello's Part Song Book. (Bk. 18; No. 169.)

*E. N. GRAZIA, 1872. Song. Weekes.

*JAMES COWARD, 1872. Solo. Cramer.

*C. H. H. PARRY, 1875. 'Three Trios,' &c., No. 3. Song.

*A. H. D. PRENDERGAST, 1878. Part Song, A.T.T.B. Novello.

*J. GREENHILL, 1883. Song, for Tenor or Soprano.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act II. Scene vii. lines 65—73.

“ALL THAT GLISTERS IS NOT GOLD.”

Morrocho. [*opens the Golden Casket*] O hell ! what haue wee heare ?

A carrion Death, within whose emptie eye
There is a written scroule ! He reade the writing : ¹ 64

[*Reads*] “ *All that glisters is not gold !* ” 64
Often haue you heard that told ; 66
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold ; 68

¹ The lines in the ‘shedule’ of the Silver Casket open by Arragon (II. ix.), and those in the ‘scroule’ of the Leaden Casket open by Bassanio (III. ii.) do not seem to have been set to music. They follow here :—

Arragon. . . What is here ?

[*Reads*] *The fier seauen times tried this.* II. ix. 62
“Seauen times tried” that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis.
Some there be that shadowes kis ; 65
Such haue but a shadowes blis.
There be fooles aliue, I wis,
Siluer’d o’re ; and so was this. 68
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head :
So be gone ! you are sped ! II. ix. 71

Arragon. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere.
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
[*To PORTIA*] Sweet, adiew !

Bassanio. Heeres the scroule,
The continent and summarie of my fortune !

(1)
[*Reads*] *You that choose not by the view,* III. ii. 131
Chaunce as faire, and choose as true !
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new ! 134

(2)
If you be well pleasd with this, 135
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis ! 138

A gentle scroule ! ¶ Faire Lady ! by your leaue ! [*kisses her.*]

Guilded timbers wormes infold !
Had you beene as wise as bold, 70
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunswere had not beene infcrold,
" Fareyouwell ! your fute is cold !" 73

CHARLES HORN, 1823. Duet. Sung in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Merchant of Venice, Act III. Scene ii. lines 63—72.

"TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCIE BRED?"

Here Muficke.

A Song, the whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himselfe.

(1)

Tell me, where is Fancie bred ?
Or in the hart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ? 65
Replie ! replie !

(2)

It is engendred in the eyes ;
With gazing fed ; and Fancie dies
In the cradle where it lies ! 69

(3)

Let vs all ring Fancies knell !
Ile begin it : Ding, dong, bell !
All. Ding, dong, bell ! 72

DR. T. A. ARNE, 1741. Solo. Sung by Mrs. Clive in *Twelfth Night*. Caulfield's Collection.

SIR J. STEVENSON, 1798. Duet. Tenor and Bass. Arranged for two Trebles by Sir H. R. Bishop. ('Shakspere Vocal Magazine,' No. 40.)

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1800. Three Sopranos and One Tenor ; instrumental Bass.

*REV. L. RICHMOND, about 1810 or 1820. Round.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Duet, with Chorus. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspere.'

JOHN HATTON, 1855 (and 1859). Solo and Ladies' Chorus. Sung by Miss Poole in the *Merchant of Venice*.

*M. BARTHOLOMEW (MRS. MOUNSEY). Part-Song. S.A.T.B. Novello.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

*B. LUETZEN, 1877. Duettino. Brighton.

*C. PINSUTI, about 1880. Part Song. A.T.T.B. Novello.

*C. PINSUTI. The same arranged for S.C.T.B.

*J. G. CALCOTT, 1883. Part Song. S.S.C. Novello.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene i. lines 1—22.

"IN SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS."

[Belmont. Portias Park.]

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lorenzo. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyle; in such a night,
Troilus (me thinks) mounted the *Troian* walls, 4
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents
Where *Cressid* lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow, ere him selfe, 8
And ranne dismayed away.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Stoode *Dido*, with a willow in her hand,
Vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to *Carthage*.

Jessica. In such a night, 12
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did Renew old *Ejon*.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
Did *Jessica* steale from the wealthy *Iewe*,
And, with an vnthrif Loue, did runne from *Venice*, 16
As farre as *Belmont*.

Jessica. In such a night,
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one!

Lorenzo. In such a night, 20
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow,)
Slander her Loue; and he forgaue it her.

SIR A. S. SULLIVAN, 1865. Duet for Soprano and Tenor, introduced
into the Cantata of *Kenilworth*.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene i. lines 54—65.

"HOW SWEET THE MOONE-LIGHT SLEEPES
UPON THIS BANKE!"

[*Lorenzo* to *Jessica*, in *Portia's* park, by moonlight.]

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke!
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares. soft stilnes, and the night, 56
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie.

Sit, *Ieffica* ! looke how the floore of Heauen
 Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold !
 There's not the smalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt, 60
 But, in his motion, like an Angell, ſings,
 Still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins :
 Such harmonie is in immortall ſoules !
 But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay 64
 Dooth groſſly cloſe it in, we cannot heare it.

JOHN PERCY. Died, 1797. Solo.

CHARLES DIGNUM, 1800. Duet : Soprano, Tenor. In a volume of Mr. Dignum's compositions.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON, 1807. Duet : Soprano, Tenor.

M. P. KING, 1825 (?). Trio for three voices. Chappell, New Bond Street.

MISS E. NAYLOR, 1845. Duet.

*SIR A. S. SULLIVAN, 1865. Recitative for Tenor before the Duet for Soprano and Tenor, introduced into the Cantata of *Kenilworth*.

*HENRY LESLIE, 1866. Part Song. Novello.

*T. BLANCHARD. Song. Blockley, Junr., 3, Argyll Street, Regent Street.

*J. G. CALCOTT, 1883. Part Song, S.C.T.B.B. First sung by Leslie's choir, Feb. 2, 1883.

*J. G. CALCOTT, 1883. The same arranged as a Trio, S.S.C. Patey and Willis.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene i. lines 71—88.

“FOR DOE BUT NOTE A WILDE AND WANTON
 HEARD.”

[Lorenzo, while sitting in Portia's park with Jessica in the moonlight, calls on the Musicians to play, and thus greet Portia on her home-coming from Venice.]

Come, hoe ! and wake *Diana* with a himne !
 With ſweeteſt tutches, pearce your Miſtres eare,
 And draw her home with muſique. [Play Muſique. 68
Ieffica. I am neuer merry, when I heare ſweet muſique.
Lorenzo. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive :

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard 72
 Or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loud,
 (Which is the hote condition of their blood ;) 76
 If they but heare perchance a Trumpet ſound,
 Or any ayre of Muſique touch their ears,
 You ſhall perceauẽ them make a mutuall ſtand,
 Their ſauage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
 By the ſweet power of Muſique : therefore the Poet
 Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods ; 80
 Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,

But Musique, for the time, doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no Musique in himselfe,
 Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds, 84
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erebus*.
 Let no such man be trusted ! marke the musique ! 88

T. COOKE, 1828. Part of this speech as a Solo, Tenor. Sung by Braham in the *Taming of a Shrew*, operatized. (See Geneste's *English Stage*, ix. 418.)

Merry Wives of Windsor.¹

Act II. Scene ii. lines 186—7.

"LOVE LIKE A SHADOW FLIES, WHEN SUBSTANCE LOVE PURSUES."

[Ford, as Brooke, tells Falstaff, of his imaginary successful pursuit or his own wife, whom he wishes Falstaff to try and corrupt.]

(181) "briefly, I haue purfu'd her, as Loue hath purfued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions; but whatfoeuer I haue merited, (either in my minde, or in my meanes,) meede (I am sure) I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Jewell that I haue purchafed at an infinite rate; and that hath taught mee to say this :

"*Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,*

"*Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*" 187

JOHN BRAHAM, 1824. Duet: Soprano and Tenor. Sung in *Merry Wives of Windsor*. (See the amusing account in Geneste's *English Stage*, ix. 234.)

EDWARD FITZWILLIAM, 1853. Solo. 'A Set of Songs,' No. 2.

Merry Wives, Act III. Scene i. lines 15—19, 21—24. (See *Pass. Pilgr.*)

"TO SHALLOW RIVERS."

[The Welsh Parson, Sir Hugh Evans, is waiting in vain in Windsor Park, near Frogmore, to fight a duel with the French physician, Dr. Caius, who has challenged him for being his rival for the hand of 'sweet Anne Page'. To keep up his courage, he attempts to sing a snatch from Marlowe's song, *Come live with me and be my love*, (printed as Shakspere's by Iaggard in 1599; but given to Marlowe in *England's Helicon*, 1600) which, in the original, runs thus :

¹ See O. Nicolai's *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, komische Oper nach Shakespeares Lutspiel, &c. 1853, folio.

"There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
 And see the Shepheards feed their flocks,
 By fhallow Riuers, by whose fals
 Melodious birds fing Madrigals.
 There will I make thee a bed of Rofes
 With a thouſand fragrant pofes, &c. &c."

In his nervous condition, Evans misquotes the words of the Song, and at last breaks down altogether. The mention of *Rivers*, however, recalls professional associations; so that, in his "trempling of minde," and with his "dispositions to cry," he unconsciously mingles the sacred and the secular, by tacking on to Marlowe's verses the first line of the old metrical version of the 137th Psalm (*Super flumina*):—

"When we did sit in Babylon,
 The rivers round about,
 Then, in remembrance of Sion,
 The tears for grief burst out."]

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule! how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde! I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me! How melancholies I am! I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke! 'Pleſſe my ſoule! 14

[Sings] *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe falls,
 Melodious Birds fings Madrigalls: 16
 There will we make our Beds of Rofes,
 And a thouſand fragrant poſies. 18
 To ſhallow—*

Mercie on mee! I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry—

[Sings] *Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls:— 22
 When as I ſat in Pablon:—
 And a thouſand vagram Poſies.
 To ſhallow, &c.*

"Melody by an unknown author in a MS. as old as Shakſpere's time." (Sir John Hawkins's 'History of Music.') Reproduced in Charles Knight's 'Shakſpere.'

DR. JOHN WILSON, about 1600. This Melody is harmonized by Sir H. Bishop, as "O by Rivers."

THOS. CHILCOT, about 1750. The whole Poem, *Come live with me, &c.* (see *The Passionate Pilgrim*, below), set as a Song.

Name unknown, 1770. In the British Museum.

DR. SAMUEL ARNOLD, 1774. Song. Sung by Mr. Reinhold. In 'A Collection of Songs sung at Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens.'

DR. ARNE, 1777. Known as "A Favourite Scotch Air." Sung by Miss Catley, in 'Love in a Village.'

SAMUEL WEBBE, about 1780. Glee for four male voices.

T. TREMAIN, 1786. Duet, two Sopranos, or two Tenors. 'A Book of Canzonets,' by T. T.

F. DALBERG (Baron), 1790. Solo. 'Three English Songs and a Glee.'

- THOMAS HUTCHINSON, 1807. Duet: Soprano and Contralto. Commences "Here will we sit." Hutchinson's Collection.
 SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Song. Sung by Miss Stephens in the *Comedy of Errors*. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864.
 W. TURNBULL, 1830. Song.
 JOHN HATTON, 1855. Song, Tenor. Sung by Signor Mario.
 JOHN HATTON. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.
 J. B. TURNER, 1859. Song.
 DR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT, 1816—1875. Part Song. Mr. Hullah's Collection. Hutchins and Romer.
 Name Unknown. "To Shallow Rivers." Caulfield's Collection.

Merry Wives, Act V. Scene v. lines 92—8.

"FIE ON SINNEFULL PHANTASIE."

[Falstaffe, with a buck's head and horns on him, has come into Windsor Park to meet Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page at Herne's Oak. Their friends, disguised as Fairies, &c, have surprised him, and he has thrown himself to the ground, face downwards. The Fairies have lighted their Tapers:]

[*They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*

Falstaff. Oh, oh, oh!

Queene [ANNE PAGE]. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! 89
 About him, (Fairies,) sing a scornfull rime;
 And as you trip, still pinch him to your time! 91

[*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a Fairy in White. And SLENDER another way: he takes a Fairy in Greene. And FENTON steales Miffiteris ANNE, being in White.*

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie! Fie on Lust, and Luxurie! 92
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher. 95
Pinch him, (Fairies,) mutually! Pinch him for his villanie!
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out! 98

[*A noise of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies runne away. FALSTAFFE pulls off his bucks head, and rises vp. And enter Master PAGE, Master FORD, and their Wiues, Master SHALLOW, & Sir Hugh EUANS.*]

C. ADDISON, ? 1811. Solo up to the word "villanie," l. 96. Sung by Sir Hugh Evans, with Chorus for S.S.B., on the words, "Pinch him," &c. Caulfield's Collection.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Act I. Scene i. lines 171—8, 182—5, 204—7, 234—9.

"BY THE SIMPLICITIE OF VENUS DOVES."

[Hermia loves Lysander, and he loves her. Demetrius also loves her; and her father wishes to give her to him, as by the Athenian law he can. To prevent this, Lysander proposes to take Hermia to his widow-aunts', 7 leagues from Athens, and there marry her.]

Lysander. . . . If thou louest mee, then,
Steale forth thy fathers house to-morrow night; 164
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obseruance to a morne of May,)
There will I stay for thee.

Hermia. My good *Lysander*! 168
I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,
By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,

By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues, 172
And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene, [Dido.]
When the false *Troian* vnder faile was seene, [Æneas] 174
By all the voves that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke,) 176
In that same place thou hast appointed mee,
To-morrow truely will I meete with thee. 178

Lysander. Keepe promise, loue! Looke, here comes *Helena*!

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1816. Solo for Soprano. Sung by Miss Stevens,
as *Hermia*, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

M. N. Dream, I. i. 182—5.

"O HAPPY FAIRE!

YOUR EYES ARE LOADSTARRES; AND YOUR TONGUE'S SWEETE AIRE."

Enter HELENA [in love with DEMETRIUS, who loves HERMIA.]

Hermia. God speede, faire *Helena*! whither away?

Helena. Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vnfay! 181
Demetrius loues your faire:

ô happy faire!

Your eyes are loadstarres; and your tongue's sweete aire 183
More tunable then larke, to sheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare. 185
Sicknesse is catching: O, were fauour so,
Your words I'de catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe; 187

- My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
 My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody! 189
 Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,) 190
 The rest ile giue to be to you translated. 191
 O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,
 You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart! 193
- CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1754. Solo, Soprano. In the operatized *M. N. Dream*, called 'Fairies.'
- W. SHIELD, 1796 (?). No. 2 in 'Shakespears Duel¹ and Loadstars,' Glee for three voices. Also in 'Shakspeare Vocal Magazine,' 1864, No. 43.
- E. J. LODER, 1844. Solo, Soprano or Tenor, from lower D to upper G. No. 5 of a set of six 'Songs of the Poets,' by Loder.
- EDWARD HINE. Solo, Soprano or Tenor, from lower D to upper G; key of Eb.

M. N. Dream, I. i. 204—7.

"BEFORE THE TIME I DID LISANDER SEE."

[*Hermia* promises *Helena* that she'll leave Athens (with *Lysander*), so that *Demetrius*—who loves her instead of *Helena*—shall be no longer tempted, by the sight of her, to refuse *Helena* his love.]

- Hermia*. Take comfort! he no more shall see my face:
Lysander and my selfe will fly this place. 203
 Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee. 205
 O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
 That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell! 207
- CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1754. Song. In the 'Fairies.'

M. N. Dream, I. i. 234—9.

"LOVE LOOKES NOT WITH THE EYES, BUT
 WITH THE MINDE."

[*Hermia* and *Lysander* having gone, *Helena* soliloquises on Love's power and blindness, and laments her lover *Demetrius*'s faithlessness in giving her up for *Hermia*.]

- Helena*. How happie ſome, ore otherſome can be!
 Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee. 227
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo;
 He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know. 229
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes,
 So I, admiring of his qualities. 231

¹ The Duel is, 'It was a lordlings Daughter.'—*Pass. Pilgrim*.

Things base and vile, holding no quantitie, Loue can transpose to forme and dignitie.	233
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde; And therefore is wingd <i>Cupid</i> painted blinde.	235
Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement taste; Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy hafte.	237
And therefore is loue said to bee a childe, Becaufe, in choyce, he is so oft beguil'd.	239
As waggish boyes, in game themselues forswear, So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.	241
For, ere <i>Demetrius</i> lookt on <i>Hermias</i> eyen, Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine.	243
And when this haile, some heate from <i>Hermia</i> felt, So he dissolued, and showrs of oathes did melt.	245
CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1754. Solo. In the 'Fairies.'	

M. N. Dream, II. i. 2—15.

"OVER HILL, OVER DALE."

[*A Wood neere Athens*. April 30.]

Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCKE) at another.

<i>Robin</i> . How now, spirit? whither wander you?	
<i>Fairie</i> . Ouer hill, ouer dale,	2
Thorough bush, thorough brier,	
Ouer parke, ouer pale,	
Thorough flood, thorough fire,	5
I do wander euery where,	
Swifter than the Moons sphere;	7
And I serue the Fairy Queene,	
To dew her orbs vpon the greene.	9
The cowslippes tall, her Pensioners bee;	
In their gold coats, spottes you see:	11
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;	
In those freckles, liue their fauours.	13
I must goe seeke some dew-droppes here,	
And hang a pearle in euery couflippes eare.	15
Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ile be gon.	
Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon.	17

WM. JACKSON, 1770-5 (?). Glee for two Sopranos, one Tenor, and one Bass. This is the middle movement in his arrangement of Arne's Air "Where the bee sucks."

*T. COOKE, 1840. Florid Song. Ashdown.

EDWARD FITZWILLIAM, 1855. Solo, with Clarionet Obligato. In 'Songs for a Winter Night,' No. 3.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1856. Solo. Composed for and sung by Madame Viardot.

•W. WILSON, 1858. Duet. Sung by the Misses Brougham.

J. F. DUGGAN, 1862. Solo.

•J. HATTON. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

M. N. Dream, II. ii. 155—68, 249—58.

"THAT VERY TIME I SAW," &c.

Oberon. . . . My gentle *Pucke*, come hither! Thou remembreſt, 148
Since once I fat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong, 152
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time, I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,) 156
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the weſt,
And looſ'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bowe,
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts; 160
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votrefſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free. 164
Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with Loues wound,
And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idleneſſe.' 168
Fetch mee that flowre! the herbe I ſhewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on ſleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make, or man or woman, madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees. 172
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwimme a league!

Puck. Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,
In forty minutes. [Exit.
T. COOKE, 1840. Soprano. Sung by Madame Vestris. Called "Love
in Idleness."

M. N. Dream, II. i. 249—58.

"I KNOW A BANKE, WHERE THE WILDE TIME
BLOWES."

Oberon [to *Pucke*.] ¶ Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome,
wanderer!

Puck. I, there it is!

Oberon. I pray thee, giue it mee. 248

I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250
Quite ouercanopi'd, with lushious woodbine,
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine : 252
There sleepest *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight ; 254
And there the snake, throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258

JOHN PERCY, died 1797. Soprano ; Flute Obbligato.

CHARLES E. HORN, about 1827 (ed. 1856, 1858). Duet for Soprano
and Mezzo-Soprano.

*J. BARNETT, 1830. Duet.

M. N. Dream, II. ii. 9—24, 66—83.

"YOU SPOTTED SNAKES, WITH DOUBLE
TONGUE."

Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song! 1
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence!
Some to kill cankers in the musk rose buds ;
Some warre with Reremise, for their lethren wings, 4
To make my small Elues coates ; and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now a-sleepe!
Then to your offices, and let mee rest. 8

Fairies sing.

You spotted Snakes, with double tongue, 9
Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene !
Newts and blindewormes, do no wrong !
Come not neere our Fairy Queene ! 12
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our sweete Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ! lulla, lulla, lullaby !
Neuer harme, 16
Nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely lady nigh !
So, good night, with lullaby ! 19
1. *Fairy. Weauing Spiders, come not heere !* 20
Hence, you long legd Spinners ! hence !

Beetles blacke, approach not neere !
Worme nor snail, doe no offence ! 23
 Philomele, *with melody, &c.* [TITANIA *sleepes.*
 2. *Fairy.* Hence, away ! now all is well :
 One aloofe, stand Centinell ! [Exeunt Fairies.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1794. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Titania. In the 'Fairies.'

W. B. EARLE, 1794. Glee for four voices.

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1800(?). Four-voice Glee, S.A.T.B. Novello.

Name unknown. Solo.

MENDELSSOHN, 1843. Soprano Solo, with a Chorus of Sopranos and Altos. Novello.

*W. HILLS, 1865, &c. 'Vocal Trios,' &c., No. 4. Robert Cocks.

*J. MOUNT, 1879. 'The Fairies' Song.'

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1879. For four Ladies' voices, S.S.A.A. Novello.

M. N. Dream, II. ii. 66—83.

"THROUGH THE FORREST HAVE I GONE."

[Oberon sends Puck into the Forest to find a youth in Athenian dress ('weedes'), Demetrius, that despises Helena who loves him. Puck is to squeeze pansy-juice on Demetrius's eyes, so that he may fall in love with Helena the moment he wakes. But Puck finds Lysander near Hermia, both asleep; and, mistaking them for Demetrius and Helena, squeezes the pansy-juice on Lysander's eyes. (Lysander on waking sees Helena, and falls furiously in love with her, to Hermia's great angerment.)]

Enter PUCKE.

Puck. Through the forrest haue I gone ;
 But *Athenian* found I none, 67
 On whose eyes I might approue
 This flowers force in stirring loue. [Sees LYSANDER. 69
 Night and silence ! Who is heere ?
 Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare : 71
 This is hee (my master faide)
 Despised the *Athenian* maide : [Sees HERMIA. 73
 And here the maiden, sleeping found,
 On the danke and dirty ground ! 75
 Pretty sowle ! the durst not lye
 Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtiefie. [Points to LYSANDER. 77
 ¶ Churle ! vpon thy eyes I throwe
 All the power this charme doth owe : 79
 When thou wak'ft, let loue forbidde
 Sleepe, his feat on thy eye lidde ! 81
 So awake, when I am gon ;
 For I must now to *Oberon.* [Exit. 83

MRS. J. B. GATTIE, 1825(?). Solo, Canzonet.

M. N. Dream, III. i. 109—112, 114—117.

"THE WOOSSELL COCK, SO BLACKE OF HEWE."

[Puck frightens Bottom's companions, and they run away.]

Bottom. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them, to make mee afeard. 100

Re-enter SNOWTE.

Snowte. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd! What do I see on thee?

Bottom. What doe you see? You see an Ass-head of your owne, Do you? [Exit SNOWTE.]

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quince. Bleffe thee, *Bottom*! bleffe thee! Thou art translated. [Exit. 104

Bottom. I see their knauery! This is to make an asse of mee; to fright me, if they could. But I wil not stirre from this place, do what they can! I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will sing, that they shall heare I am not afraide: 108

[Sings] *The Woosell cock, so blacke of hewe,* 109

With Orange tawny bill,

The Throasle, with his note so true,

The Wren, with little quill, 112

(*Tytania*. [Waking] What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?)

Bottom [Sings]. *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,* 114

The plainfong Cuckow gray,

(*Whose note, full many a man doth marke,*

And dares not answere, 'nay!') 117

For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a birde? Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer so?

(PURCELL probably set this; but his setting has been lost. Roffe, p. 60.)

Name unknown. Caulfield's Collection.

BURNEY, 1762. Song. Roffe, p. 60.

M. N. Dream, III. ii. 102—9.

"FLOWER OF THIS PURPLE DY."

[To remedy Puck's mistake of taking Lysander for Demetrius, and to restore the latter's love to Helena (from Hermia), Oberon, finding Demetrius asleep in the wood, says to Puck:]

Oberon. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,

And Helena of Athens, looke thou finde! 95

All fancy-ficke she is, and pale of cheere,

With fighes of loue, that costs the fresh blood deare. 97

By some illasion, see thou bring her here!
 Ile charme his eyes, against she doe appeare. 99
Robin. I goe, I goe! looke how I goe!
 Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe! [Exit. 101
Oberon. Flower of this purple dy, 102
 Hit with *Cupids* archery,
 Sinke in apple of his eye! [Drops iuice into DEMETRIUS eyes.
 When his loue he doth espy, 105
 Let her shine as gloriously
 As the *Venus* of the sky! 107
 When thou wak'st, if she be by,
 Begge of her, for remedy. 109
 CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1754. Solo. Sung by Oberon. 'The Fairies.'

M. N. Dream, III. ii. 379—87, 396—99.

"LO,¹ NIGHT'S SWIFT DRAGONS CUT THE
 CLOUDS FULL FAST."

[Demetrius, on waking, falls violently in love with his old sweet-heart Helena, with whom Lysander—under the influence of the pansy-juice—is also in love. Lysander challenges Demetrius to fight for Helena. Oberon bids Puck 'overcast the night,' and lead the rivals apart and astray, and tire them out till they fall asleep. He'll then cure Lysander, and give him back to Hermia. Puck answers:]

Puck. My Faiery Lord, this muft be done with hafte,
 For Nights fwift Dragons cut the clouds full fast, 379
 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
 At whose approach, Ghosts, wandring here and there, 381
 Troope home to Churchyards: damnēd spirits all,
 That in crosse-waies and floods haue buriall, 383
 Already to their wormy beds are gone;
 For feare leaft day should looke their shames vpon, 385
 They wilfully themfelues exile from light,
 And muft for aye confort with black-browed night. 387

T. COOKE, 1840. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Miss Rainforth as 1st Fairy in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

M. N. Dream, III. ii. 396—9.

"UP AND DOWN, UP AND DOWN."

[Puck assures Oberon that he'll mislead, and tire out, the angry rivals for Helena's Love, Lysander (when under the charm) and Demetrius:]

¹ For, Shakspeare.

Puck. Vp & down, vp & down, 396
 I will lead them vp & down!
 I am feard in field & town!
Goblin, lead them vp & downe! 399

DR. C. BURNEY, 1762. Solo.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1754. Solo. In the 'Fairies.'

T. COOKE, 1840. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Madame Vestris as 'Oberon,'
 compass from F to lower C.

M. N. Dream, V. i.

"A TEDIOUS BRIEFE SCENE OF YOUNG
 PYRAMUS AND HIS LOVE THISBE;"
 VERY TRAGICAL MIRTH.

Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.

Theseus. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: silence! 167
Pyramus. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!
 O night, which euer art, when day is not!
 O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!
 I feare my *Thisbes* promise is forgot! 171
 [To *SNOUT* as Wall.] And thou, *o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,*
 That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!
 Thou wall, *o wall, O sweete and louely wall!*
 Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne! 175
 [SNOUT holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <
Thanks, courteous wall! Ioue shield thee well, for this!
 But what see I? No *Thisby* doe I see.
 O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!
 Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee! 179

Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.

* * * * *
Thisby. My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke.
Pyramus. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace; 193
 And, like *Limander*, am I trusty still.
Thisby. And I, like *Helen*, till the Fates me kill. 195
Pyramus. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus* was so true.
Thisby. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you. 197
Pyramus. O, kisse mee through the hole of this vilde wall!
Thisby. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all! 199
Pyramus. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies tombe*, meete me straight way?
Thisby. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay! 201

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyramus. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams!
 I thanke thee, Moone, for shining now so bright;
 For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
 I trust to take, of truest *Thisby*, sight. 266
 [Sees her bloody Mantle.

- But flay : o spight !*
But marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here ! 269
Eyes, do you see ?
How can it bee ?
O dainty duck ! o deare ! 272
Thy mantle good,—
What ! staine with blood ?
Approach, ye Furies fell, 275
O Fates come, come !
Cut thread and thrumme !
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 278
- Duke.* This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would goe
 neere to make a man looke sad.
- Hyppolita.* Beshrewe my heart, but I pittie the man.
- Pyramus.* O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou Lyons frame ? 282
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare,
Which is—no, no !—which was, the fairest dame
That liv'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere. 285
Come teares, confound !
Out, sword ! and wound
The pappe of Pyramus : 288
I, that left pappe,
Where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus ! [Stabs himselfe. 291
Now am I dead !
Now am I fled !
My soule is in the sky ! 294
Tongue, loose thy light !
Moone, take thy flight ?
Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy ! [Dies. 297

In "Pyramus and Thisbe," a Burlesque Opera.

* * * * *
Re-enter THISBY. Sees Pyramus's Corpse.
 * * * * *

- Thisby.* A-sleepe, my loue ?
What ? dead ! my doue ?
O Pyramus, arise ! 315
Speake, speake ! Quite dumbe ?
Dead ! dead ? A tumble
Must couer thy sweete eyes. 318
These lilly lippes,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslippe cheekes, 321
Are gon ! are gon !
Louers make mone !

His eyes were greene as leekes. 324
O Sisters three,
Come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as milke! 327
Lay them in gore,
Since you haue shore
With sheeres, his threede of filke. 330
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword!
Come, blade, my breast imbrew! [Stabs herselfe.
And farewell, friends!
Thus Thyſby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! [Dies. 336

1. 'And thou, O wall.' (l. 172—75, above). Song, Tenor, S.
 2. 'O wicked wall!' (l. 178—9, above). Song. "
 3. 'Not Cephalus to Procris.' (l. 196—97, above). Duet, S.T.
 4. 'Approach, ye Furies.' (l. 275—8, above). Song, Tenor, S.
 5. 'Now am I dead.' (l. 292—7, above). Song. "
 5. 'These lily lips.' (l. 319—330, above). Song. "
- JOHN FREDK. LAMPE, 1745. *Pyramus and Thisbe*. A Mock Opera.

M. N. Dream, V. i. 358—369.

"NOW THE HUNGRY LYON ROARES."

[After Duke Theseus and his Bride, and all their guests have gone.]

Enter PUCKE.

Pucke. Now the hungry Lyon roares, 358
And the wolfe behowls the Moone;
Whilst the heauie ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske foredoone. 361
Now the waſted brands doe glowe,
Whilst the ſcreech-owle, ſcreeching lowd,
Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a throwde. 365
Now¹ it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide. 369
And wee Fairies—that doe runne
*By the triple *Hecates* teame,*
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame— 373
Now are frolick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe. 375

¹ 'Now,' altered to 'When,' by C. Horn.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

45

I am sent with broome, before,
To sweepe the dust behinde the dore. 377

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Oberon. Through the house giue glimmering light, 378
By the dead and drowfie fier:
Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,
Hop as light as birde from brier; 381
And this dittie, after mee,
Sing, and daunce it trippingly.

Titania. Firft, rehearse your song by rote, 385
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we fing and blesse this place. 387

*OBERONS Song*¹: *the Fairies repeat it & daunce.*

Oberon. Now, vntill the² breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray. 389
To the best bride-bed will wee,
Which by vs shall bleffed be; 391
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate: 393
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be: 395
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand. 397
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are 399
Despised in natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be. 401
With this field-deaw consecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate, 403
And each feuerall chamber bleffe,
Through this palace with sweete peace; 405
And the owner of it blest,
Euer shall in safety rest. 407
Trippe away! make no stay!
Meete me all, by breake of day! 409

R. LEVERIDGE, 1727. Solos for 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c., up to 8th Fairy, and a Chorus to finish. May be found in his two volumes. Collection published, 1727.

DR. COOKE, about 1775. Five-part Glee. Begins, 'Hand in hand,' l. 386 above. Novello.

R. J. S. STEVENS, about 1790? Glee for four voices, S.A.T.B., begins, "Now the hungry lion."

¹ The Song is not given in Shakspeare's text; only Oberon's speech to his Fairies.

² 'Now, vntill the,' altered to 'Meet me all by' (see l. 409, below), by Bishop.

- CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1794. Begins, 'Now, until the break of day.'
In the 'Fairies.'
W. LINLEY, 1816. Solo, Bass.
SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1816. Four male voices. A.T.T.B. Sung in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.
SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1816. Chorus. Oberon's words, l. 388-409 above,—
l. 388 being altered to 'Meet me all by break of day,'—are introduced
in Bishop's Chorus, 'Spirits advance.'
CHARLES HORN, 1840. Song and Chorus. Sung in *Merry Wives*.
Commences, 'When it is the time of night,' l. 366 above.
MENDELSSOHN. Chorus. Female voices. Novello.

Much Ado about Nothing.¹

Act III. Scene i. lines 57—68.

"SIGH NO MORE, LADIES, SIGH NO MORE."

The Song.²

Balthaser. <i>Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more!</i>	57
<i>Men were deceivers euer :</i>	
<i>One foote in sea, and one on shore,</i>	
<i>To one thing constant neuer.</i>	60
<i>Then sigh not so, but let them go!</i>	61
<i>And be you blith and bonnie,</i>	
<i>Conuerting all your foundes of woe,</i>	
<i>Into 'hey nony, nony.'</i>	64
<i>Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,</i>	65
<i>Of dumps so dull and heauy!</i>	
<i>The fraud of men was euer so,</i>	
<i>Since summer first was leauy ;</i>	68
<i>Then sigh not so, &c.</i>	

DR. ARNE, about 1740. Song, Bass. For Mr. Beard, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1794. Solo, S. For 'Oberon' in the 'Fairies.' Caulfield's Collection.

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1790 (1800, 1846, &c.). Five-part Glee.

WM. LINLEY, 1816. Solo. Melody of Stevens's Glee as Solo.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1865. Solo, Tenor. Metzler.

*F. STANISLAUS, 1868. Solo : Tenor or Soprano. Ashdown.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1869. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

W. BALFE. Duet : Soprano and Contralto.

¹ See Hector Berlioz's *Beatrice et Bénédict*. Opéra . . . imité de Shakspeare. 1862. 8vo.

² Sung by 'Jacke Wilson,' a singer of the Burbages' Company, to which Shakspeare belongd. See Dr. Rimbault's pamphlet 'Who was Jack Wilson?' identifying the singer with the composer, Dr. John Wilson.

- G. *BARKER. Solo. Robert Cocks.
 *G. E. FOX, 1876. Solo, Baritone. D to (upper) G. 'Very pretty Song, if well sung.'—G. B. Shaw.
 *ETHEL HARRADEN, 1877. Solo, Mezzo-Soprano. Duff and Stewart.
 *F. G. COLE, 1879. Tenor Solo: 'Composed expressly for his friend Walter Allen.'
 *MALCOLM LAWSON, 1880. Glee for Ladies' Voices, S.S.A.A, unaccompanied. With piano-forte accompaniment. Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.
 *H. C. HILLER, 1880.

Much Adoe, V. ii. 23—7.

"THE GOD OF LOVE."

Margaret [to BENEDICKE]. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. [Exit MARGARITE.
Benedicke. And therefore wil come. [Sings.

*The God of loue
 That fits aboue,* 25
*And knowes mee, and knowes me,
 How pittiful I deserue . . .* 27

I meane in finging; but in louing, *Leander* the good swimmer, *Troilus*, the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verse, why, they were neuer so truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue.

Anonymous. Caulfield's Collection.

Much Adoe, V. iii. 3—10.

"DONE TO DEATH BY SLANDEROUS TONGUES."

[A Church in Messina.]

Enter CLAUDIO,¹ PRINCE, and three or four with tapers.

Claudio. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

A Lord. It is, my Lord.

CLAUDIO reads his Epitaph on HERO from a Paper.

Done to death by slanderous tongues, 3
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies: 6
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame. 8

¹ Claudio has slanderd his love Hero, and believes that his slanders have kild her.

Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praising hir when I am dead!¹ 10

THEODORE AYLWARD, 1770. Glee for four voices. 'Elegies and Glees,
by T. A.

Much Adoe, Act V. Scene ii. lines 12—21.

"PARDON, GODDESSE OF THE NIGHT!"

Claudio. Now, Mufick, found, & sing your solemne hymne! 11

Song. *Pardon! Goddesse of the Night!*
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe: 15
Midnight! assist our mone!
Help vs to figh & grone,
Heauily, heauily! 18
Graues! yawne and yeeld your dead,
Till death be vttered,
*Heauily, heauily!*¹

DR. ARNE, about 1740. Solo for Soprano. In Caulfield's Collection.

T. CHILCOT, about 1745. Solo. In 'Shakspere Vocal Album,' 1864
(transposed into D minor).

W. LINLEY, 1816. Duet and Chorus. In Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of
Shakspere.'

Othello.

Act II. Scene iii. lines 71—5.

"AND LET ME THE CANNAKIN CLINKE,
CLINKE!"

Iago. Some Wine, hoa! [Sings. 70

And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke!
And let me the Cannakin clinke! 72
A Souldiers a man;
Oh, man's life's but a span! 74
Why, then let a Souldier drinke!

Some Wine, Boyes!

Cassio. 'Fore Heauen, an excellent Song! 77

¹ Some Editors emend 'dead' to 'dumb.' But the emendation is only
a 'fancy' one, for ryme's sake.

² The Folio reads 'Heauenly, heauenly.'

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*; where indeed they are most potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *Germaine*, and your swag-belly'd *Hollander*, (drinke, hoa!) are nothing to your *English*.¹ 80

*PELHAM HUMFREY, 1673. Song. Solo, Soprano. In *Musica Antiqua*, ii. 171, ed. J. Stafford Smith. 1812.

Name Unknown. Caulfield's Collection.

W. LINLEY, 1816. Round for three male voices. In Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

Othello, IV. iii. 34, &c.

"SONG OF 'WILLOUGH.'"

[Desdemona talks to her woman *Æmilia*, who is undressing her to go to the bed in which *Othello* strangles her.]

Desdemona. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*: 26
She was in loue; and he she lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a Song of 'Willough':
An old thing 'twas; but it exprest her Fortune,
And she dy'd fingering it. That Song, to night, 30
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poore *Barbarie*. Prythee, dispatch!

* * * * *
Desdemona [sings]. *The poore Soule sat fingering, by a Sicamour tree.*
Sing all a greene Willough! 35
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee;
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough! 37
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes;
Sing Willough, &c.
Her falt teares fell from her, and softned the stones;
Sing Willough, &c.
(Lay by these.) *Willough, Willough!* 42
(Prythee, high thee! he'll come anon.)
Sing, all a greene Willough must be my Garland.

¹ *Iago's* next song is an old English ballad, which has its own tune. The music is in Caulfield's Collection (II. 68).

Iago. Oh, sweet England!
King Stephen was and a worthy Peere, 92
His Breeches cost him but a Crowne;
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he call'd the Tailor 'Lowne!' 95
He was a wight of high Renowne, 96
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awld Cloake about thee. 99
Some Wine, hoa!

Let no body blame him! his scorne I approue. 45
 (Nay, that's not next. Harke! who is't that knocks?
Æmil. It's the wind.)
Desdemona. *I call'd my Loue 'false Loue': but what said he then?*
Sing Willough, &c. 49
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

Ancient, 1600.¹ Solo, Contralto. Chappell's 'Music of the Olden Time,' vol. i. p. 207.

SIGNOR GIORDANI, 1783. Solo.

*Anonymous. 'Willow! a Glee for four voices.' London, 1800 (?), folio.² S1, S2, S3, or Contra Alto, B.

J. MOREHEAD. Glee for three voices. Giordani, arranged by J. M.

JAMES HOOK, 1800. Solo, Mezzo-Soprano. Sung by Mrs. Jordan. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864.

DR. I. KEMP, 1807. Song, Soprano. 'Vocal Magazine of Canzonets,' &c. &c., p. 100.

W. LINLEY, 1816. Solo. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Solo. Sung in *Comedy of Errors*, by Miss Stevens.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1865. Solo, Contralto. Metzler.

*W. SHIELD set the introduction to this Song, beginning '*My Mother had a maid called Barbara*,' but he did not go on with it, so as to include *Willow, Willow*. (See Linley, vol. ii. p. 24.)

*W. MICHAEL WATSON. Part Song. (Cross-reference in Brit. Mus. Catalogue, but no principal entry.)

Romeo and Juliet.

Act I. Scene v. lines 95—112. Quarto 2, ed. Daniel.

"IF I PROPHANE WITH MY VNWORTHIEST HAND."

Romeo [to JULIET]. If I prophane with my vnworthieft hand,
 This holy thrine, the gentle fin is this; 96
 My lips, two blushing Pylgrims, readie stand,
 To smoothe that rough touch, with a tender kis. 98

¹ The music of 'Willow, willow' is older than 1600. It is found in Thomas Dallis's MS. 'Lute-book,' with the title 'All a greane willow.' Dallis taught music at Cambridge; and his book, dated 1583, is now in the Library of Trin. Coll, Dublin. (D. iii. 30.)

² The singer is made a man. The words are much altered: After 37

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each groan,

O Willow, &c.

And to all pleasure, my true love is gone.

&c.

&c.

Juliet. Good Pilgrime, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuocion shoves in this;
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch;
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kis. 102
Romeo. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Juliet. I, Pilgrim! lips that they must vse in praire.
Romeo. O then, deare Saint, let lips do what hands do!
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire. 106
Juliet. Saints do not moue, thogh grant for praiers sake.
Romeo. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take: 108
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purgd.
Juliet. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Romeo. Sin from my lips? ô trespass sweetly vrgd!
Giue me my sin againe!
Juliet. Youe kisse bith booke. 112

FRANCIS HUTCHINSON, 1807. Duet, Soprano and Tenor.

Romeo and Juliet, II. ii. 107—24. Quarto 2, ed. Daniel.

"LADY! BY YONDER BLESSED MOONE I
VOW."

Romeo. Lady! by yonder blessed Moone I vow,¹ 107
That tips with siluer all these Fruite tree tops. . .
Juliet. O sweare not by the Moone,—th'inconstant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,—
Least that thy Loue proue likewise variable. 111
Romeo. What shall I sweare by?
Juliet. Do not sweare at all!
Or, if thou wilt, sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatrie,
And Ile beleue thee.
Romeo. If my hearts deare loue. . . . 115
Juliet. Well, do not sweare! although I ioy in thee,
I haue no ioy of this contráct to night;
It is too rash, too vnaduifd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to bee 119
Ere one can say, 'It lightens.' Sweete! goodnight!
This bud of Loue, by Sommers ripening breath,
May proue a bewtious Floure when next we meete.
Goodnight! goodnight! As sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest! 124

DR. J. KEMP, about 1799. Duet, Soprano and Tenor. Violoncello
Obbligato. In 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' by Dr. J. Kemp.

¹ sweare. Folio 1.

DR. J. KEMP. Solo. Violoncello Ob. Begins, 'Love heralds should be thoughts.' 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' by Dr. J. Kemp.
 HOWARD GLOVER, 1861. Song, Soprano. Called 'Sweet good night !' or Juliet's Song.
 COUNTESS MARIE CORELLI, 1882. Recitative and Air. Called 'Romeo's good night !' Stanley Lucas.
 (See W. S. STEVENS's 'Lyric Recitation of the Garden Scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, paraphrased from Shakspeare,' 1881.)

Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 1—11. Quarto 2, ed Daniel

"WILT THOU BE GONE? IT IS NOT YET NEARE
 DAY."

[After their one night together, as husband and wife.]

Enter ROMEO and JULIET aloft.

<i>Juliet.</i> Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neare day :	1
It was the Nightingale, and not the Larke,	
That pierst the fearefull hollow of thine eare ;	
Nightly she sings on yond Pomgranet tree :	4
Beleeue me, Loue, it was the Nightingale !	
<i>Romeo.</i> It was the Larke, the Herauld of the Morne ;	
No Nightingale ! Looke, Loue, what enuious streakes	
Do lace the feuring Cloudes in yonder East !	8
Nights Candles are burnt out, and Iocand Day	
Stands tipto on the mystie Mountaine tops.	
I must be gone, and liue ; or stay, and die.	11

PERCY, 1785. Duet. Called 'The Garden Scene' in *Romeo and Juliet*.
 J. REEKES, about 1850. Solo. J. Reekes, 'Six Songs from Shakspeare.'

Taming of the Shrew.

Induction. Scene ii. lines 33—54.

"WILT THOU HAVE MUSICKE? HARKE!
 APOLLO PLAIES."

[The humourous Lord who has taken the drunkard Sly to his house, and told his men to treat Sly as a Lord, says to him :]

<i>Lord.</i> Wilt thou haue Muficke? Harke! <i>Apollo</i> plaies, [<i>Mufick</i> .	
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing :	34
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,	
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed	36
On purpose trim'd vp for <i>Semiramis</i> .	
Say thou wilt walke ; we wil bestrow the ground :	
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,	

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

53

Their harnesses studded all with Gold and Pearle. 40
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soare
Aboue the morning Larke: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 44

1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course; thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags, I, fleetier than the Roe.

2. *Man.* Dost thou love pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brooke, 48
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid; 52
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted as the deede was done.

T. COOKE, 1828. Song. Sung by Miss Fanny Ayton in *Taming of the Shrew*.

Taming of the Shrew, Act II. Scene i. lines 167—77.

"SHOULD HE UPBRAID, I'LL OWN THAT HE
PREVAIL." ¹

ALTERED FROM THE SPEECH BEGINNING,

"SAY, THAT SHE RAILE."

[Baptista, the father of Kate the Shrew, speaks to Petruchio, who wants to marry her:]

Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you? 164

Petruchio. I pray you do! [Exit. *Manet* PETRUCHIO.

I will attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say, that she raile; why, then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale: 168

Say, that she frowne; Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speake a word;
Then Ile commend her volubility, 172

¹ The words in Bishop's song are as follows, the altered ones being in italics:

*Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the Nightingale.
Say that he frown, I'll say 'his looks I view
As morning roses newly tipt with dew,'
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
And dance and play, and wrinkled Care beguile.*

[Burthen, disperfedly.] *Harke, harke! bough waugh!*
The watch-Dogges barke, bough waugh! 382
 Ariel. *Hark, hark, I heare,*
the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry, 'Cockadiddle-dowe!' 385

JOHN BANISTER. In the time of Charles II. Solo.

HENRY PURCELL, 1675. Soprano Solo and Chorus.

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Solo. Smith's 'Tempest.'

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, 1798 (?). Glee for S.S.B. 4-hand Piano accompaniment.

*SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1866. Solo and Chorus.

Tempest, Act I. Scene ii. lines 395—402.

"FULL FADOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES."

[Ariel's song tells Prince Ferdinand that his Father is drown'd. (He is, in fact, alive and well.)]

Ariell. [Song.] *Full fadom five thy Father lies :* 395
Of his bones are Corral made :
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade, 398
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich & strange : 400
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell :
 [Burthen :] *ding dong !*
Harke ! now I heare them : ding-dong, bell ! 402

ROBERT JOHNSON. Shakspeare's time. Harmonized for three voices by Dr. Wilson. 'Cheerful Ayres or Ballads,' by Dr. Wilson.

JOHN BANISTER. In the time of Charles II. Song, Soprano. Arranged (C. or B.) with Chorus, S.A.T.B., by Edw. J. Loder. Lonsdale.

HENRY PURCELL, 1675. Soprano Solo and Chorus.

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Solo: Contralto or Bass.

*SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1865. Solo. Novello.

*C. H. HUBERT PARRY, 1874. Song, Contralto, C to Eb. 'A Garland,' &c., No. 5. Sung by Miss Antoinette Sterling. Boosey. Called "A Sea Dirge."

*A. M. WARREN, 1874. Solo, Bass. Weekes and Co.

*G. R. VICARS, June 1, 1883. Part Song. Novello.

Tempest, Act II. Scene i. lines 298—303.

"WHILE YOU HERE DO SNOARING LIE."

[Sebastian has arranged with Antonio, that when he (S.) raises his hand, Antonio shall kill the sleeping Gonzalo, while he, Sebastian, kills king Alonso, who lies asleep, too. Ariel, sent by Prospero, wakes Gonzalo, and frustrates the plot.]

Re-enter ARIELL, inuifible, with Muficke and Song.

Ariel [to GONZALO sleeping]. My Mafter (through his Art)
forefees the danger

That you (his friend) are in; and fends me forth 296
(For elfe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

[Sings in GONZALOE'S eare.

While you here do fnoaring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracie

His time doth take. 300

If of Life you keepe a care,

Shake off flumber and beware!

Awake, awake! 303

DR. ARNE (?), 1746. Song. In Caulfield's Collection.

THOMAS LINLEY, 1789. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

Tempest, Act II. Scene ii. lines 41, 42, 45—53.

"SNATCHES OF SONG FOR STEPHANO."

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

Enter STEPHANO finging, & holding a barke Bottle of Sacke.

Stephano. I shall no more to fea, to fea,
Here shall I dye afhore. . .

This is a very fcuruy tune to fmg at a mans Funerall: well, here's
my comfort! *[Drinkes.* 44

[Sings.] The Mafter, the Swabber, the Boate-fwayne & I, 45

The Gunner, and his Mate,

Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,

But none of vs car'd for Kate. 48

For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a Sailor 'goe hang!' 50

She lou'd not the fauour of Tar nor of Pitch;

Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.

Then, to Sea, Boyes! and let her goe hang! 53

This is a fcuruy tune too: But here's my comfort! *[Drinkes.*

Anonymous. Caulfield's Collection.

Tempest, Act II. Scene ii. lines 173-79.

"NO MORE DAMS I'LL MAKE FOR FISH."

[Caliban, Prospero's slave, made drunk by Stephano's sack,—made
"a howling Monster, a drunken Monster," as Trinculo ſays,—ſwears
to be Stephano's ſubject, and no longer ſerve Prospero.] 4

Caliban. *No more dams I le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing,
At requiring,* 175
*Nor scrape trenchering,
Nor wash dish!* 177
Ban', ban', Ca . . calyban,
Has a new Master. Get a new Man! 179

Freedome, high-day! high-day, freedome! freedome! high-day,
freedome!

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Solo, Bass. Smith's 'Tempest.'
Caulfield's Collection.

J. W. HOBBS, 1861. Song, Bass. Called 'Caliban.'

J. F. DUGGAN, 1870. Tenor or Bass Song. Called 'Caliban.'

Tempest, Act III. Scene ii. lines 118, 19.

"FLOUT 'EM, AND COUT 'EM."

Caliban [to STEPHANO]. Thou mak'ft me merry! I am full of
pleasure!

Let vs be iocond! Will you troule the Catch 114

You taught me but whileare?

Stephano. At thy request, Monfter, I will do reafon; any reafon.

¶ Come on, *Trinculo*! let vs fing! 117

Sings.

Flout'em, and cout'em! and skout'em, and flout'em!

Thought is free.

HENRY PURCELL, 1675. Round for three. Caulfield's Collection.

Tempest, Act IV. Scene i. lines 44-8.

"BEFORE YOU CAN SAY, 'COME, AND GOE'."

[Ferdinand and Miranda are to witness a Masque of Prospero's
Spirits.]

Prospero [to ARIEL]. . . . Goe bring the rabble

(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place!

Incite them to quicke motion, for I must

Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple¹ 40

Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,

And they expect it from me.

¹ Ferdinand and Miranda.

Ariel. Presently?
Prospero. I! with a twincke!
Ariel. Before you can say 'come, and goe,' 44
 And breathe twice, and cry 'fo, fo':
 Each one, tripping on his Toe,
 Will be here with mop and mowe.
 Doe you loue me, Master? no? 48

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Solo. Smith's 'Tempest.'
 THOS. LINLEY, 1789. Solo. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

Tempest, Act IV. Scene i. lines 106—17.

"HONOR, RICHES, MARRIAGE-BLESSING."

IUNO descends, & enters.

Iuno [to CERES]. How do's my bounteous sifter? Goe with me
 To blesse this twaine,¹ that they may prosperous be, 104
 And honour in their Issue!

Iuno. Honor, riches, marriage-bleffing,
 Long continuance, and encreafing, 107
 Houerly ioyes, be still vpon you!
Iuno sings her bleffings on you. 109

Ceres. Earths increafe, foyxon plentie,
 Barnes and Garners, neuer empty, 111
 Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
 Plants, with goodly burthen bowing: 113
 Spring come to you at the farthest,
 In the very end of Haruest! 115
 Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres bleffing so is on you. 117

SIGNORINA DE GAMBERINI, 1785 (?). Solo. Entitled, "The friendly wish from Shakspeare." 'Twelve English and Italian Songs,' by Gamberini. No. 2. Brit. Mus. Lib.

WILLIAM LINLEY, 1816. Duet for two Sopranos.

T. S. COOKE, 1840 (?). Duet for two Sopranos. Novello.

H. VAN DEN ABELEN, 1859. Duet. Known as "Homage to Shakspeare." Ashdown and Parry.

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1862. Duet for Soprano and Contralto, with Chorus. 'Duet for two Sopranos,' 1863. Novello.

¹ Ferdinand and Miranda.

Tempest, Act IV. Scene i. lines 134—8.

“YOU SUN-BURN'D SICKLEMEN, OF AUGUST
WEARY.”

Re-enter IRIS.

Iris. You Nimphs, cald *Nayades*, of y^e windring brooks,
With your sedge'd crownes, and euer-harmlesse lookes, 129
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anfwere your ſummons! *Iuno* do's command! 131
Come, temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contraſt of true Loue! be not too late! 133

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

¶ You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry! 135
Make holly-day! your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphs encounter, euery one, 137
In Country footing!

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited): they ioyne with the
Nimphes, in a gracefull dance; towards the end whereof, PROS-
PERO ſtarts ſodainly, and ſpeakes; after which, to a ſtrange
hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily¹ vaniſh.*

FRANCIS HUTCHINSON, 1807. Glee for two Tenors and one Bass.
Collection of Vocal Music by Hutchinson.

Act V. Scene ii. lines 152—6.

“THE CLOWD-CAPT TOWRES, THE
GORGEIOUS PALLACES.”

Proſpero [to FERDINAND]. Our Reuels now are ended. Theſe
our actors

(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and 149
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And, like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion,

The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe, 153
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And (like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded)
Leaue not a racke behinde.

We are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life 157
Is rounded with a ſleepe.

R. J. STEVENS, about 1795. Glee for six voices, S.A.T.T.B.B. Novello.

¹ *heauily* = mournfully.

Tempest, Act V. Scene i. lines 1—8.

"NOW DO'S MY PROIECT GATHER TO A
HEAD."

Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter PROSPERO (in his Magicke robes), and ARIEL.

Prospero. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head : 1
My charmes cracke not ; my Spirits obey ; and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage. How's the day ?

Ariel. On the fixt hower ; at which time, my Lord, 4
You faid our worke should cease.

Prospero. I did say so,
When first I raif'd *THE TEMPEST*. Say, my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers ?

Ariel. Confin'd together, 8
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, . . .

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Recitative. Smith's 'Tempest.'

Act V. Scene i. lines 88—94.

"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS, THERE SUCK I."

[Prospero is about to present himself before King Alonso,
Antonio, and the rest.]

Prospero. *Ariell.* 84
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell !

I will discafe me, and my selfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine*. Quickly, Spirit !
Thou shalt ere long be free. 87

[*ARIELL sings, and helps to attire him.*

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a Cowslips bell, I lie ;
There I couch when Owles doe crie ;
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily. 92
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow ! 94*

Prospero. Why ! that's my dainty *Ariell* ! I shall misse thee ;
But yet thou shalt haue freedome : so, so, so !

ROBERT JOHNSON, Shakspeare's time. Harmonized for three voices,
by Dr. Wilson. 'Cheerful Ayres,' by Dr. Wilson, Oxford, 1660.
Printed in Hullah's 'Singers' Library,' No. 21, 1859.

PELHAM HUMFREY, 1665. Called "A Song in the machines, by Ariel's
Spirits." Printed on a sheet in Brit. Mus.

PURCELL, 1675. Dr. Rimbault had it in MS.

DR. ARNE, 1746. Solo, Soprano. The same, harmonized for S.S.T.B., by W. JACKSON. Caulfield's Collection.

NICOLO PASQUALI, 1750. Solo. It alters "On the Batts backe I doe flie," l. 91, to "On the swallow's wings I fly." Twelve English Songs in Score, collected from several Masques, &c. No. II. 'A Song in the Tempest.'

JN. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, 1756. Solo. Smith's 'Tempest.'

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1862. Solo. Novello.

Troilus and Cressida.

Act IV. Scene iv. lines 15—18.

"O, HEART, HEAUIE HEART!"

[Troilus comes to Pandarus's house, to fetch his love Cressid, in order to deliver her up to Diomed and the Greeks, who are to take her to her father, Calchas, in the Grecian camp.]

Enter TROYLUS.

Cres. O Troylus, Troylus! [Embracing him.]

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here! let me embrace too!
'Oh heart,' as the goodly saying is; 14

'Oh heart, heauie heart,
Why fighst thou without breaking?'

where he answers againe;

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship, nor by speaking': 18

There was neuer a truer rime! Let vs cast away nothing, for we
may liue to haue neede of such a Verse! We see it, we see it!
How now, Lambs? 21

M. P. KING, 1810 (?).

Twelfth Night.

Act I. Scene i. lines 1—15.

"IF MUSICKE BE THE FOOD OF LOVE,
PLAY ON!"

The Dukes Palace.

Enter ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, CURIO, and other Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke.

F Musicke be the food of Loue, play on! 1

Giue me excesse of it, that, sursetting,

The appetite may ficken, and so dye.

That straine agen! it had a dying fall: 4

O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet found
 That breathes vpon a banke of Violets,
 Stealing, and giuing, Odour!—Enough; no more!
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before. 8
 O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
 That, notwithstanding thy capacitie
 Receiueth as the Sea: nought enters there,
 Of what validity, and pitch so ere, 12
 But falles into abatement, and low price,
 Euen in a minute! so full of shapes is Fancie,
 That it alone is high fantafticall.

JAMES CLIFTON, 1781. Solo. Reproduced in 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON. Air, Contralto or Bass. Commences, 'That strain again,' l. 4. In a set of eight Songs and four Duets.

SIR J. STEVENSON and T. COOKE, 1828. Quartet. Opera, *Taming of the Shrew*.

A. MATTHEY, 1847. Canzonet.

CHARLES HORSLEY. Solo. Chappell, New Bond Street.

GEORGE BENSON, 1861. Glee.

*W. C. SALLÉ, 1863. Canzonet.

Twelfth Night, Act I. Scene v. lines 254—262.

"MAKE ME A WILLOW CABINE AT YOUR
 GATE."

[Viola, drest as Duke Orsino's page, Cesario, takes her Master's message of love to Olivia, who, not caring for him, falls in love with his page Cesario-Viola. The latter says to Olivia:]

Viola. If I did loue you in my masters flame,
 With such a suffring, such a deadly life,
 In your deniall I would finde no sence;
 I would not vnderstand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you? 253

Viola. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
 And call vpon my soule within the house;
 Write loyall Cantons of contemn'd loue,
 And sing them lowd, euen in the dead of night; 357
 Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
 And make the babling Gossip of the aire
 Cry out, '*Olivia!*' O, you should not rest
 Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth, 261
 But you should pittie me!

JOHN BRAHAM, 1828. Solo, Tenor. Sung by himself in *Taming of the Shrew*.

Twelfth Night, Act II. Scene iii. lines 36—41, 44-9.

"O MISTRIS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU
ROMING?"

Sir Andrew. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song!

Sir Toby. Come on; there is fixe pence for you! Let's haue a song! 31

Sir Andrew. There's a teftrill of me too! if one knight giue a . . .

Clowne. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A loue song, a loue song!

Sir Andrew. I, I! I care not for 'good life.' [*Clowne sings.* 35

O Mistris mine, where are you roming?

O, stay and heare! your true loue's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, prettie sweeting!

Journeys end in louers meeting,

Euery wise mans sonne doth know. 38

Sir Andrew. Excellent good, ifaith!

Sir Toby. Good, good! 43

Clowne. *What is Loue? tis not heereafter;*

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still vnfsure:

In delay there lies no plentie;

Then come kisse me, Sweet and twentie!

Youth's a stuffe will not endure! 49

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight!

Anonymous, 1599 and 1611. Morley's 'Consort Lessons.' Also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Byrd. Solo, Tenor or Bass. (Chappell, 'Music of the Olden Time,' vol. i. p. 209.)

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1785. Glee. Novello.

WILLIAM LINLEY, 1816. Solo. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

J. ADDISON, 1820. Solo, Tenor. In Caulfield, vol. i. p. 137.

ELIZABETH CRAVEN, MARGRAVINE OF ANSPACH. Madrigal for two voices.

J. MAJOR, 1856. ('Cyclopædia of Music,' No. 356.) An adaptation of Elizabeth Craven's Madrigal. Duet.

J. REEKES, 1850 to 1860. Song. 'Six Songs from Shakspeare.'

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1866. Solo, Bass. Sung by Mr. Santley. Metzler.

*F. STANISLAUS, 1870. Song. Ashdown.

*G. A. MACFARREN, 1872. Part Song, S.A.T.B. (Foster's 'Choral Harmonist,' No. 4.)

*REV. C. E. HEY, 1877. Part Song: Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass, in *Twelfth Night*. Patey and Willis.

*A. H. D. PRENDERGAST, 1878. Part Song, A.T.B. Stanley Lucas; Weber, and Co.

*H. W. WAREING, 1878. Part Song. Novello.

*J. MOUNT, 1879. Song.

*F. E. GLADSTONE, 1880. Song. Novello.

*L. CARROTT, 1881. Song. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

*E. T. DRIFFIELD. Part Song, A.T.T.B. Novello.

Twelfth Night, Act II. Scene iii.

"SNATCHES OF SONG FOR SIR TOBY."

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere! If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me! 68

Toby. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians; *Maluolio's* a *Peg-a-ramhe*, and [*sings*] '*Three merry men be wee.*' Am not I confanguinous? Am I not of her blood! Tilly vally! '*Ladie*': [*sings*] '*There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady!*' 73

Clowne. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling!

Sir Andrew. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

Toby. [*sings*] '*O, the twelfe day of December,*' . . . 77

Maria. For the loue o' God, peace!

Enter MALUOLIO.

* * * * *
Maluolio. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you! My Lady [86 bad me tell you, that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leaue of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. 91

Toby. [*sings*] '*Farewell, deere heart! since I must needs be gone.*'

(*Maria.* Nay, good Sir *Toby*!)

Clowne. [*sings*] '*His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.*' 94

(*Maluolio.* Is't euen so?)

Toby. '*But I will neuer dye.*'

Clowne. Sir *Toby*, there you lye. 97

(*Maluolio.* This is much credit to you.)

Toby. '*Shall I bid him go?*'

Clowne. '*What and if you do?*' 100

Toby. '*Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*'

Clowne. '*Oh, no, no, no, no, you dare not!*' 102

In Caulfield's Collection, vol. i. p. 147. Composer unknown.

*ROBERT JONES, 1601 (12th from the 1st Book). Song, in four Parts. In *Musica Antiqua*, vol. ii. 204, ed. J. Stafford Smith. 1812. Cald '*Farewell, dear Heart!*'

Twelfth Night, Act II. Scene iv. lines 51—66.

"COME AWAY! COME AWAY, DEATH!"

*Re-enter CURIO & Clowne (FESTE).**The Duke.* [to FESTE] O, fellow, come! the song we had last night!

¶ Marke it, *Cesario*! it is old and plaine;
 The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
 And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones, 45
 Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of loue,
 Like the old age.

Clowne. Are you ready, Sir?*Duke.* I; prethee, sing! [Musicke. 49]

The Song.

Clowne. Come away! come away, Death! 51*And in sad cypresse let me be laide;**Fye, away! fie, away,¹ breath!**I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:* 54*My shroud of white, stuck all with Ew,* 55*O, prepare it!**My part of death, no one so true*
did share it. 58*Not a flower, not a flower sweete,* 59*On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne;**Not a friend, not a friend greet**My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne!* 62*A thousand thousand fighes to saue,* 63*lay me, O, where**Sad true louer neuer find my graue,*
to weepe there! 66

DR. ARNE, 1741. Solo. Sung by Mr. Lowe. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album.'

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1790. Glee. Novello.

MARIA HESTER PARK, 1790. Solo. Inscribed to Dr. Parsons.

By a Lady (anonymous). Solo.

WILLIAM LINLEY, 1816. Solo, Bass. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

*SAMUEL WEBBE, JUN., 1830. Glee.

*J. BRAHMS. Published with English words, November, 1833. (It is older in Germany.) Trio, Ladies' voices. Novello.

G. A. MACFARREN, 1864. Glee, S.A.T.T.B. Novello.

¹ Editors generally read '*Fly away . . . fly away.*'

Twelfth Night, Act II. Scene iv. lines 110—115.

"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

[Viola, as the page Cesario, says to her master, Orsino, Duke of Illyria :]

My Father had a daughter lou'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your Lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? 109

Viola. A blanke, my Lord.

She neuer told her loue,

But let concealment, like a worme i'th budde,
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a greene and yellow melancholly, 113
She fate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe.

HAYDN, 1790. Solo. Dedicated to Lady C. Bertie. (Canzonets, 2nd set, No. 4.)

DR. HARRINGTON of Bath, about 1790. Terzetto. Called 'Viola's account of her own concealed love,' in *Twelfth Night*. Book of Dr. Harrington's Compositions.

GEORGE NICKS, 1842. Duet for two Sopranos. Robert Cocks.

EDWARD L. HIME, 1856. Glee for four male voices.

*A. C. ROWLAND, 1874. Part Song, S.S.T.B. Lamborn Cock.

Twelfth Night, Act III. Scene i. lines 147—162.

"CESARIO! BY THE ROSES OF THE SPRING."

[Olivia, scornd by the page Cesario-Viola, with whom she is in love, first speaks to herself, and then to Viola, as Cesario :—]

Olivia. ([*aside*] O, what a deale of sorne lookes beautifull
In the contempt and anger of his lip! 144

A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone
Then loue that would feeme hid: Loues night is noone!) 146

Cesario! by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing, 148

I loue thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide! 150

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause; 152

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Loue fought, is good: but, giuen vnsought, is better! 154

Viola. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,
 I haue one heart, one bofome, and one truth, 156
 And that no woman has! nor neuer none
 Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone! 158
 And so adieu, good Madam! neuer more
 Will I my Masters teares to you deplore! 160
Olivia. Yet come againe! for thou perhaps mayst moue
 That heart, which now abhorres, to like, his loue. [Exeunt. 162]

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. Duet. Altered from Winter. Sung by
 Misses Greene and Tree, in the operatised *Twelfth Night*.

Music for the Clowne's Snatches, in lines 72-9 and 118-121, is
 given in *Caulfield*, I. 153; but his Song, which ends IV. ii., does not
 seem to have been set [yet of course it has been].

Clowne. [*aduances & sings*] Hey, Robin! iolly Robin!
 Tell me how thy Lady does! 74
Maluolio. Foole!
Clowne. My Lady is vnkind, perdie.
Maluolio. Foole!
Clowne. Alas, why is she so?
Maluolio. Foole, I say! 78
Clowne. She loues another . . . Who calles, ha?

[Malvolio, having been made to believe that Olivia loves him, is
 bound in a dark room as a madman. He calls to the Clown, Feste,
 whom he hears singing. Malvolio wishes to write to Olivia, in
 proof of his sanity, and Feste promises to be the bearer of the
 letter.]

Clowne. [*sings*] I am gone, fir; 118
 And anon, fir,
 He be with you againe, 120
 In a trice,
 Like to the old Vice,
 Your neede to sustaine; 123
 Who, with dagger of lath, 124
 In his rage and his wrath,
 Cries, 'ah, ha!' to the Diuell: 126
 Like a mad lad,
 'Paire thy nayles, dad;
 Adieu, good man Diuell!' 129

Twelfth Night, Act V. Scene i. lines 378—396.

“WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINĒ
BOY.”

[When all the other Players have left the Stage, the Clowne, Feste, winds up the Play with this Song:]

Clowne *sings*.

<i>When that I was and a little tinē¹ boy,</i>	378
<i>with hey, ho, the winde and the raine,</i>	
<i>A foolish thing was but a toy,</i>	380
<i>for the raine, it raineth euery day.</i>	
<i>But when I came to mans estate,</i>	382
<i>with hey, ho, &c.</i>	
<i>Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,</i>	384
<i>for the raine, &c.</i>	
<i>But when I came, alas! to wiue,</i>	386
<i>with hey, ho, &c.</i>	
<i>By swaggering could I neuer thiue,</i>	388
<i>for the raine, &c.</i>	
<i>But when I came vnto my beds,</i>	390
<i>with hey, ho, &c.</i>	
<i>With tospottes still had drunken heades,</i>	392
<i>for the raine, &c.</i>	
<i>A great while ago the world begon,</i>	394
<i>hey, ho, &c.</i>	
<i>But that's all one; our Play is done;</i>	396
<i>and wee'l striue to please you euery day.</i>	[Exit.]

J. VERNON, 1770 (?). Solo. In ‘The new Songs,’ &c, No. 2. (Attributed by Linley to Fielding; but Dr. Rimbault says ‘Vernon.’) Linley’s ‘Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.’ ‘Handbook of Standard English Songs.’ R. Cocks.

SIR J. STEVENSON, 1834. Glee, S.A.T.B.

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

*J. L. HATTON. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Williams, Berners Street.

*SCHUMANN. Solo. Augener, Newgate St.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Act I. Scene iii. lines 84—7.

“OH, HOW THIS SPRING OF LOVE
RESEMBLETH.”

[Protheus is found by his father Antonio, reading a letter from his love Julia, whom he wants his father’s consent to marry. Askt

¹ *tinē* = tiny.

whose letter it is, Protheus shams that it is one from his friend Valentine, describing how happily he gets on at the Emperor's court. On this, Antonio resolves to send Protheus at once to the Court, to join Valentine, and thus separate him from Julia. Protheus, caught in his own trap, thus soliloquises:]

Protheus. Thus haue I ihund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Iulias* Letter, 80
Leaft he should take exceptions to my loue;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most againft my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loue refembleth 84
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away! 87

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Solo. Sung by Miss M. Tree, in the Operatised *Comedy of Errors*.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Scene vii. lines 33—38.

"HINDER NOT MY COURSE."

[Julia resolves to go to the Emperor's court, after her lover Protheus. Her maid Lucetta tries to prevent her, and counsels her to wait at home till Protheus returns. Julia answers:]

Julia. Oh, know'ft thou not, his looks are my foules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pin'd in, 16
By longing for that food so long a time!
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow,
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words! 20
Lucetta. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Left it should burne aboue the bounds of reason,
Julia. The more thou dam'ft it up, the more it burnes: 24
The Current, that with gentle murmure glides,
(Thou know'ft,) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his faire course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweete musicke with th'enameld stones, 28
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage;
And so, by many winding nookes, he straies,
With willing sport, to the wide Oceän. 32
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course!
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the laft ſtep haue brought me to my Loue ; 36
 And there Ile reſt, as, after much turmoile,
 A bleſſed ſoule doth, in *Elizium* !

M. M. ALLNAT, 1860. Song.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV. Scene ii. lines 38—52.

“WHO IS SILVIA? WHAT IS SHE?”

[Julia, having reached the Emperor's city, in man's attire, is taken by her Host to hear her faithless lover Protheus serenade Silvia, the love of his friend Valentine, to whom he has turned traitor, in order that he may win Silvia for himself.]

Song.

<i>Who is Siluia? what is ſhe,</i>	38
<i>That all our Swaines commend her?</i>	
<i>Holy, faire, and wife is ſhe:</i>	40
<i>The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,</i>	
<i>That ſhe might admir'd be.</i>	42
<i>Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?</i>	43
<i>For beauty liues with kindneſſe.</i>	
<i>Loue doth to her eyes repaire,</i>	45
<i>To helpe him of his blindneſſe,</i>	
<i>And, being help'd, inhabits there.</i>	47
<i>Then to Siluia let vs ſing,</i>	48
<i>That Siluia is excell'g:</i>	
<i>She excels each mortall thing,</i>	50
<i>Vpon the dull earth dwelling!</i>	
<i>To her let vs Garlands bring!</i>	52

RICHARD LEVERIDGE, 1727. Solo. Reproduced in 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864, and Caulfield's Collection, 1864, with Chorus for T.T.B. 'The New Songs, &c.', No. 7.

J. VERNON, 1770 (?). Solo, Tenor ('Key of F, ranging up to Bb'.—Roffe).

R. J. S. STEVENS, 1810 (?). Glee.

WILLIAM LINLEY, 1816. Solo. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

SIR H. BISHOP, 1820. Pasticcio. Morley, 1595; Ravenscroft, 1614. Novello. In the operatised *Twelfth Night*. Glee for five voices.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Concerted Piece. Pasticcio. 'By the simplicity,' an air in 'Midas'. In the Operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Glee for S.A.T.T.B.

SAMUEL WEBBE, JUNR., 1830. Glee for five voices.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, 1852. Solo, Mezzo-Soprano. 'Shakspeare Vocal Album,' 1864.

J. F. DUGGAN, 1854. Duet, Soprano and Bass.

*GEORGE A. MACFARREN, 1864. Part Song, S.A.T.B. 'Choral Songs,' No. 5.

*MISS M. A. MACIRONE. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Ashdown.

- *LIONEL S. BENSON, 1873. Duet : Soprano, Contralto, or Tenor and Bass. Stanley Lucas and Weber.
 *W. H. HOWELLS. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Lamborn Cock.
 *C. S. HEAP. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Stanley Lucas and Weber.
 *R. H. WAITHMAN, 1882. Part Song. Weekes.
 *ISIDORE DE SOLLA, June, 1883. Solo. Stanley Lucas & Co.
 *WALTER MACFARREN, Sept. 15, 1883. Part Song, S.C.T.B. 'The Lute.' Patey and Willis.
 *W. J. YOUNG. Nov. 1883. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

Winter's Tale.¹

Act IV. Scene iii. lines 1—12.

"WHEN DAFFADILS BEGIN TO PEERE."

[A Road near the Shepheards Cottage.]

Enter AUTOLICUS, *singing*.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
 With (heigh!) the Doxy ouer the dale,
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the yeere,
 For the red blood raigns in y^e winters pale.* 4
*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
 With (hey!) the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
 Doth set my pugging² tooth an edge;
 For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King!* 8
*The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
 With (heigh!) the Thrush and (hey!) the Iay!
 Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts,
 While we lye tumbling in the hay.* 12

DR. WM. BOYCE, about 1759. Song. In Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare,' and Caulfield, II. 46.

*H. W. WAREING, Mus. Bac. S.A.T.B. Novello.

*MISS C. A. MACIRONE. S.A.T.B. Novello.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene ii. lines 15—22.

"BUT SHALL I GO MOURNE FOR THAT, MY DEERE."

Autolycus. . . . I haue feru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three pile; but now I am out of seruice: 14

¹ See M. Bruch's '*Hermione*, grosse Oper . . . nach Sh.'s *Wintermärchen*,' &c. 1872, folio. ² thieving.

But shall I go mourne for that, (my deere?) 15
The pale Moone shines by night :
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right. 18

If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue, 19
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch it. 22

My Trafficke is 'sheetes': when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen! My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*; who, being (as I am) lytter'd vnder *Mercurie*, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles. With Dye and drab, I purchaf'd this Caparison; and my Reuennew is the filly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee! For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. 29

Anonymous. Caulfield's Collection, vol. ii. p. 52.
 J. F. LAMPE, 1748. Solo, S. or M.S. British Museum. G. 306, piece 251.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene iii. line 119—122.

"JOG-ON, JOG-ON, THE FOOT-PATH WAY."

(SNATCH OF SONG.)

[Autolycus has shammd illness, and robd the Clowne, the old Shepherd's son, who takes leave of him:]

Clowne. Then fartheewell! I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. 113

Autolycus. Prosper you, sweet fir! [*Exit CLO.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice. Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too! If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers proue sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue! 118

Song. *Jog-on, jog-on, the foot-path way,* 119
And merrily hent the stile-a!
A merry heart goes all the day!
Your sad, tyres in a Mile-a. [*Exit.* 122.

Anonymous. This tune is in the 'Dancing Master' (1650 to 1698), called *Jog on*. Also in Q. Elizabeth's 'Virginal Book,' with the name of *Hanskin*. Solo. (Chappell's 'Music of Olden Time,' p. 211.)

Anonymous. Snatch. Caulfields's Collection.

DR. BOYCE, about 1759. The centre of his 'When Daffodils.'

MISS C. A. MACIRONE, 1860. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene iv. lines 217—229.

"LAWNE, AS WHITE AS DRIVEN SNOW."

[The Old Shepherd's Servant describes to him and his Clowne-son, to his supposed daughter Perdita, and their guests at their Sheep-shearing, the goods and the singing of Autolycus, disguised as a Pedler :]

Servant. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow; [205
Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly
handle, though they come to him by th'groffe; Inckles,¹ Caddyffes,²
Cambrickes, Lawnes: why, he sings em ouer, as they were Gods,
or Goddeffes! you would thinke a Smocke were a thee-Angell, he
so chauntes to the fleewe-hand, and the worke about the square
on't. 210

Clowne. Pre'thee bring him in! and let him approach singing.

Perdita. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's
tunes! [Exit Servant. 213

Clowne. You haue of thefe Pedlers, that haue more in them then
youl'd thinke (Sister!)

Perdita. I, good brother, or go aboute to thinke. 216

Enter AUTOLICUS singing.

Lawne, as white as driuen Snow;
Cypresse, blacke as ere was Crow; 218
Gloues, as sweete as Damaske Roses;
Majkes for faces, and for noses; 220
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber; 222
Golden Quoifes and Stomachers,
For my Lads to giue their deers; 224
Pins, and poaking-stickes of Steele;³
What Maids lacke, from head to heele: 226
Come buy of me, come! come buy! come buy!
Buy, Lads! or else your Lasses cry:
Come, buy!

DR. WILSON, 1660. Solo.

Anonymous. Solo. Caulfield's Collection.

DR. BENJAMIN COOKE, 1780 (?). Glee.

*E. S. BIGGS, 1800 (?). Solo, Tenor. 'Here's lawn as white.'

THOS. HUTCHINSON, 1807. Song. 'Vocal Collection' of Mr. Hutchinson.

WILLIAM LINLEY, 1816. Song, Tenor. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of
Shakspeare.'

*CARL NESTOR. Song. Baritone.

¹ *Incles*, tapes.

² *Caddysses*, worsted lace.

³ To stiffen the curls of their Ruffs on.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene iv. lines 291—302.

"GET YOU HENCE, FOR I MUST GOE!"

[Autolycus, Mopsa (with whom the Clowne is in love), and her friend Dorcas, sing a Ballad together:]

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one! 281

Mopsa. Let's haue some merry ones!

Autolycus. Why, this a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there's scarfe a Maide westward, but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you! 285

Mopsa. [looking at it] We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare; 'tis in three parts.

Dorcas. We had the tune on't, a month agoe!

Autolycus. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you! 290

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must goe!
Where, it fits not you to know. 292

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O, whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell. 295

Dor. Me too! Let me go thether! 296

Mop. Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill;

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill. 298

Aut. Neither!

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither!

Dor. Thou hast sworne, my Loue to be,

Mop. Thou hast sworne it more to mee! 301

Both. Then whether goest? Say whether? 302

DR. WM. BOYCE, about 1759. Trio. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.' Also in Caulfield, II. 60.

Winter's Tale, Act IV. Scene iv. lines 309—314.

"WILL YOU BUY ANY TAPE?"

[AUTOLYCUSES Song.]

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape? 309

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?

Any filke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st weare-a! 312

Come to the Pedler! Money's a medler,

That doth vtter all men's ware-a. [Exit. 314

Anonymous. Solo. Caulfield's Collection.

DR. BOYCE, about 1769. Solo. Linley's 'Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare.'

DR. COOKE, about 1780. Catch.

*MISS C. A. MACIRONE, 1864. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

Sonnets.

[Sonnets 5, 6, and 7 are of those in which Shakspeare appeals to his handsome young friend, William Herbert, afterwards (A.D. 1601) Earl of Pembroke, to marry, and beget children.]

5. "THOSE HOWERS THAT WITH GENTLE WORKE."

Those howers, that with gentle worke did frame
The louely gaze where euery eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very fame,
And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell; 4
For neuer resting time leads Summer on
To hidious winter, and confounds him there;
Sap-checkt with frost, and lustie leau's quite gon,
Beauty ore-snow'd, and barennes euery where. 8
Then—were not summers distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,—
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor noe remembrance what it was: 12
But flowers distil'd, though they with winter meete,
Leefe but their show; their substance still liues sweet. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, publisht (after his death) April 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St. (All Richard Simpson's are of the same date. He had set all the Sonnets to music, and many other pieces. Out of them, Mrs. G. A. Macfarren chose a thin folio volume for publication.)

6. "THEN, LET NOT WINTERS WRAGGED HAND."

Then let not winters wragged hand deface
In thee, thy summer, ere thou be distil'd!
Make sweet some viall! treasure thou some place
With beauties treasure, ere it be selfe kil'd! 4
That vfe is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one! 8

Ten times thy selfe, were happier then thou art!
 If ten of thine, ten times refigur'd thee:
 Then what could Death doe, if thou should'st depart,
 Leauing thee liuing in posterity? 12

Be not selfe-wild! for thou art much too faire
 To be deaths conquest, and make wormes thine heire. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

7. "LOE! IN THE ORIENT, WHEN THE GRACIOUS LIGHT."

Loe! in the Orient, when the gracious light
 Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
 Doth homage to his new appearing fight,
 Seruing with lookes his sacred maiefty; 4

And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his goulden pilgrimage; 8

But when from high-moost pich, with wery car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes (fore dutious) now conuerted are
 From his low tract, and looke an other way: 12

So thou, thy selfe out-going in thy noon,
 Vnlok'd-on diest, vnlesse thou get a sonne. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. Glee and Chorus, 1. 1-8 in *As You Like It*.

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

18. "SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A SUMMERS DAY?"

[Shakspeare assures his friend William Herbert of eternal life through his (Sh.'s) Sonnets to him. See nos. 54, 63, and 81 below.]

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
 Thou art more louely and more temperate:
 Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
 And Sommers lease hath all too short a date: 4

Sometime, too hot the eye of heauen shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And euery faire, from faire some-time declines,
 By chance, or natures changing course, vntrim'd; 8

But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
 Nor loofe poffeffion of that faire thou ow'ft;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,
 When, in eternall lines, to time thou grow'ft: 12

So long as men can breath, or eyes can fee,
 So long liues this, and this giues life to thee. 14

CHARLES HORN, 1821. Duet. It was sung in the *Tempest*.

E. LODER, 1838. Solo. One of a set of 'Six Songs.'

J. REEKES, about 1850. The three first and ninth lines have been used.
 'Six Shakspeare Songs.'

*ROBERT HOAR, 1876. Song. Hutchins and Romer, 9, Conduit St.

*LADY RAMSEY OF BANFF. Czerny, 211, Oxford St.

Sonnet 25. Lines 1—4.

[Shakspeare contrasts his lowly state with that of Fortune's favourites. Yet they may feel her fickle change, while he is sure of his Friend's constant Love.]

Let those who are in fauour with their stars,
 Of publike honour and proud titles boft,
 Whilst I, whome Fortune of fuch tryumph bars,
 Vnlookt for, ioy in that I honour moft. 4

Great Princes fauorites, their faire leaues fspread
 But as the Marygold at the funs eye,
 And in them-felues their pride lies buri'd,
 For, at a frowne, they in their glory die. 8

The painefull warrier, famos'd for worth,
 After a thoufand victories once foild,
 Is from the Booke of Honour raf'd quite,
 And all the reft forgot, for which he toild. 12

Then happy I, that loue, and am beloued
 Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued! 14

*SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1821. In his operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he has introduced the first 4 lines as a sequel to the Chorus from *As you like it* 'Good Duke, receive thy Daughter', which is preceded by the first 4 lines of *Sonnet* 97. He makes Julia and Sylvia sing a duet, Julia singing *Sonnet* 25, and Sylvia, *Sonnet* 97, the first 4 lines of each—both at the same time.

27. "WEARY WITH TOYLE."

[Shakspeare, away from his young friend, cannot sleep on his weary bed, for thinking of him.]

Weary with toyle, I haft me to my bed,
 (The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,)

But then begins a iourny in my head,
 To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired: 4

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darknes which the blind doe see: 8

Saue that my foules imaginary fight
 Prefents their shaddoe to my fightles view,
 Which, (like a iewell hunge in gaffly night),
 Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new. 12

Loe! thus, by day my lims, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

29. "WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MENS EYES."

[Shakspere, when forlorn and sad, has but to think of his Friend
and then is lifted into bliss.]

When, in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,
 And trouble deafe heauen with my bootlesse cries,
 And looke vpon my selfe, and curse my fate, 4

Withing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends posselt,
 Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,—
 With what I most inioy, contented least,— 8

Yet, in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
 Haplye I thinke on thee; and then my state,
 (Like to the Larke, at breake of daye arising,
 From fullen earth) fings himns at Heauens gate! 12

For, thy sweet loue remembred, such welth brings,
 That then I skorne to change my state with Kings. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Solo brillante. Sung by Miss M. Tree in
Two Gentlemen of Verona: 2 movements, 1. andante, 2. allegro.

33. "FULL MANY A GLORIOUS MORNING HAVE I SEENE."

[Shakspere excuses his young Friend's neglect of him, and com-
plains not of it.]

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
 Flatter the mountaine tops with fountaine eie,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows greene,
 Guilding pale fireames with heauenly alcury; 4
 Anon permit the basest cloudes to ride,
 With ougly rack, on his celestially face,
 And from the fôr-lorne world his visage hide,
 Stealing vnseene to west with this disgrace: 8
 Euen so my Sunne one early morne did shine,
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But, out, alack! he was but one houre mine;
 The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now! 12
 Yet, him for this, my loue no whit disdaineeth:
 Suns of the world may staine, when heauens sun staineth.

J. REEKES, about 1850. Solo. 'Six Shakspeare Songs.' Eight lines: 1-4, 9-12. Two octaves, lower to upper C.

SIR H. BISHOP, 1820. Soprano Song. Sung by Miss M. Tree. Opera, *Twelfth Night*.

40. "TAKE ALL MY LOVES, MY LOVE! YEA, TAKE THEM ALL!"

[Shakspeare says he is willing to give up his dark Lady-love (? Mrs. Fytton¹) to his young Friend, William Herbert, later, Earl of Pembroke. Whatever she does, the Poet and Earl must not quarrel.]

Take all my loues, my Loue! yea, take them all!
 What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
 No loue, my Loue, that thou maist 'true loue' call:
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more: 4
 Then, if for my loue, thou my Loue receiuest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vnest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest.
 By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refuest. 8
 I doe forgiue thy robb'rie, gentle Theefe,
 Although thou steale thee all my pouerty;
 And yet, loue knowes, it is a greater grieve
 To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury. 12
 Lasciuious Grace, in whom all il, wel shoves,
 Kill me with spights! yet we must not be foes. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Miss Greene in *Twelfth Night*.

CHARLES HORN, 1821. Solo, Tenor or Bass. Sung by him in the *Tempest*.

¹ See Mr. T. Tyler's letters in the *Academy* of March 8, March 22, and April 19, 1884. Mrs. Fytton was Lord Pembroke's 'cause', and had a child by him.

54. "OH, HOW MUCH MORE DOTH BEAUTIE,
BEAUTIOUS SEEME!"

[Shakspeare assures his young Friend that when his youth fades, his Truth shall live for ever in Shakspeare's verse. Compare Sonnet 18 above, and 63 and 81 below.]

Oh, how much more doth Beautie, beautious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which Truth doth giue!
The Rose lookes faire; but fairer we it deeme,
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue: 4
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfum'd tincture of the Roses;
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their mask'd buds discloses: 8
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themselues. Sweet Roses doe not so:
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made: 12
And so of you, beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by¹ verfe distils your truth. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. First 4 lines. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Miss Greene in *Twelfth Night*.

GEORGE BARKER, 1870. Solo. Composed for, and printed in, the 'Ballad Album.'

58. "THAT GOD FORBID."

[Shakspeare will not presume to blame his young Friend for ill spending of his time or neglecting Shakspeare.]

That God forbid, that made me first your slaue,
I should in thought controule your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
Being your vaffail, bound to staie your leisure! 4
Oh, let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of iniury! 8
Be where you list! your charter is so strong,
That you your selfe may priuledge your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong,
Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime. 12
I am to waite, (though waiting so be hell;)
Not blame your pleasure; be it ill or well. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

¹ *by*, generally emended to *my*.

59. "IF THERE BEE NOTHING NEW."

[Shakspeare wishes he could see old records, to find whether any one has ever been so handsome as his young Friend, Pembroke.]

If their bee nothing new ; but that which is,
Hath beene before ; how are our braines beguild,
Which, laboring for inuention, beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child ! 4

Oh that record could (with a back-ward looke,
Euen of fūe hundreth courtes of the Sunne,) Show me your image in some antique booke,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done, 8

That I might see what the old world could fay,
To this compofed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or where¹ better they,
Or whether reuolution be the same. 12

Oh, fure I am, the wits of former daies,
To fubjects worfe, haue giuen admiring praife ! 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Song. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

63. "AGAINST MY LOVE."

[Shakspeare declares his Friend's beauty shall, when it fades, live in his (Sh.'s) lines. Compare Sonnets 18 and 54, above, and 81, below.]

Against my Loue fhall be, as I am now,
(With Times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,) When houres haue dreind his blood, and fild his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthfull morne 4

Hath trauaild on to Ages steepie night ;
And all thofe beauties, whereof now he's King,
Are vanifhing, or vanisht out of fight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring ;— 8

For fuch a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he fhall neuer cut from memory
My sweet Loues beauty, though my louers life. 12

His beautie fhall in thefe blacke lines be feene :
And they fhall liue ; and he in them ftill greene. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

¹ *where*, whether.

64. "WHEN I HAVE SEENE THE HUNGRY
OCEAN."

[Looking at the destruction wrought by Time, Shakspeare sees that it will some day take his young Friend from him.]

When I haue seene, by Times fell hand defaced
The rich proud coft of outworne buried age;
When sometime loftie towers, I see downe rased,
And brasse, eternall slaue to mortall rage; 4
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme foile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store; 8
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminat:
That Time will come, and take my loue away. 12
This thought is as a death which cannot choose,
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loofe. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Solo. Sung by Master Longhurst in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Commences, "When I have seen the hungry ocean," line 5.

71. "NOE LONGER MOURNE."

[Shakspeare begs his Friend not to mourn for him when he dies, and not even to love his memory, lest the World should mock his friend for so doing.]

Noe Longer mourne for me when I am dead!
Then you shall heare the furly fullen bell
Giue warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vildest wormes to dwell: 4
Nay, if you read this line, remember not,
The hand that writ it! for I loue you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe. 8
O! if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
But let your loue, euen with my life decay, 12
Leaft the wise world should looke into your mone,
And mocke you with me, after I am gon. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber, New Bond St.

73. "THAT TIME OF YEEARE THOU MAIST IN ME BEHOLD."

[Shakspere is growing old (? 34),¹ and this, his young Friend sees; and therefore values him the more, as he may lose him soon.]

That time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
 When yellow leaues, or none or few, doe hange
 Vpon those boughes which shake against the could,
 Bare ruin'd quiers, where late the sweet birds sang. 4
 In me thou seeest the twi-light of such day,
 As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
 Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
 Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest. 8
 In me thou seeest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
 As the death-bed, whereon it must expire,
 Confum'd with that which it was nurriht by. 12
 This thou perceu'ft, which makes thy loue more strong,
 To loue that well, which thou must leaue ere long. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Lines 1—8 only. Cavatina, sung by Miss M. Tree in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

81. "OR SHALL I LIVE."

[Shakspere assures his young Friend of future life in his (S.'s) verse. Compare Sonnets 18, 54, and 63, above.]

Or I shall liue, your Epitaph to make,
 Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten :
 From hence, your memory Death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten. 4
 Your name from hence, immortall life shall haue,
 Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye :
 The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
 When you intomb'd in mens eyes shall lye : 8
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created, shall ore-read,
 And tounge to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead, 12
 You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)
 Where breath most breaths, euen in the mouths of men. 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

¹ The *Sonnets* were publisht in 1609, when Shakspere was 45. Meres spoke of some of them in 1598, when Shakspere was 34. That he considered a man quite old at 40, we know from *Sonnet II*.

87. "FAREWELL! THOU ART TOO DEARE
FOR MY POSSESSING."

[Shakspeare, thinking his Friend (Lord W. Herbert) has withdrawn his friendship from him, acquiesces in the fact.]

Farewell! thou art too deare for my posseffing!
And, like enough, thou knowst thy estimate:
The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate. 4

For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting?
And for that ritches, where is that deseruing?
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is fweruing. 8

Thy selfe thou gau'ft, thy owne worth then not knowing,
Or mee to whom thou gau'ft it, else mistaking;
So thy great guift, vpon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making. 12

Thus haue I had thee, as a dreame doth flatter:
In sleepe a King; but waking, no such matter. 14

J. REEKES, about 1850. Solo. 'Six Shakspeare Songs.' Lines 1-4.

*CARACCILO. Solo. Ricordi.

92. "SAY THO' YOU STRIVE TO STEAL
YOURSELF AWAY."

[Shakspeare so loves his Friend, that if that Friend withdraws his love from him, he will die, and be happy in his death. But even if his Friend is false to him, he may not know it.]

Bvt doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assur'd mine;
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine. 4

Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end;
I fee, a better state to me belongs,
Then that which on thy humor doth depend: 8

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie:
Oh! what a happy title do I finde!
Happy to haue thy loue; happy to die! 12

But whats so blessed faire, that feares no blot?
Thou maist be false, and yet I know it not. 14

*SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1821. Duet, S.A., in the Operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. No. 3, p. 11. Line 1 is altered to 'Say tho' you strive to steal yourself away.'

96. "SOME SAY THY FAULT IS YOUTH."

[Shakspeare's Friend has committed faults. Though these, in him, look graces, Shakspeare prays him to abstain from them, for his good name is Shakspeare's too.]

Some say thy fault is youth; some, wantoness;	
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport:	
Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and less:	
Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:	4
As on the finger of a throned Queene,	
The basest Jewell will be well esteem'd,	
So are those errors that in thee are seene,	
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.	8
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,	
If, like a Lambe, he could his lookes translate?	
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,	
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state?	12
But doe not so! I loue thee in such sort,	
As thou, being mine, mine is thy good report.	14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

97. "HOW LIKE A WINTER HATH MY ABSENCE BEEN."

[Shakspeare has been away from his Friend; and tho' he has been prosperous, yet his gain has seemd loss, for all his joy is in his Friend.]

How like a Winter, hath my absence beene	
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare!	
What freezings haue I felt! what darke daies seene!	
What old Decembers barenesse euery where!	4
And yet this time remou'd, was Sommers time,	
The teeming Autumne big with ritch increase,	
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,	
Like widdowed wombes, after their Lords decease.	8
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me,	
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite;	
For Sommer, and his pleasures, waite on thee;	
And thou away, the very birds are mute;	12

Or if they finge, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Concerted Piece, in the operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Some lines only.

109. "O, NEVER SAY THAT I WAS FALSE OF
HEART."

[Shakspeare declares that his absence never lessend his love for his Friend. He is the poet's Rose of the World.]

O, neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie :
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule, which in thy brest doth lye : 4

That is my home of loue. If I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels, I returne againe,
Iust to the time, not with the time exchanging'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my future. 8

Neuer beleeeue, though in my nature raig'd
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leaue for nothing all thy summe of good ; 12

For 'nothing', this wide Vniuerse I call,
Saue thou my Rose ! in it, thou art my all. 14

M. P. KING. Glee or Trio with an accompaniment.
SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Bravura Song. Sung by Miss Halliwell
as Sylvia in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 19. Only lines 1-4, 13-14.

110. "ALAS! 'TIS TRUE I HAVE GONE HERE
AND THERE."

[Shakspeare confesses that he has made himself cheap to other men. But he prays his Friend—next to God, his Best—to love him again.]

Alas ! 'tis true I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new. 4

Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
 Asconce and strangely: But, by all aboue,
 These blanches gaue my heart an other youth;
 And worfe essaies, prou'd thee my best of loue. 8

Now all is done,—haue what shall haue no end,—
 Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
 On newer prooffe, to trie an older friend,
 A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd. 12

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
 Euen to thy pure, and most, most louing brest! 14

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

116. "LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS ADMIT IMPEDIMENTS."

[Shakspeare assures his Friend that Love lasts thro' all changes and disasters, even to the edge of Doom.]

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
 Admit impediments. Loue is not loue,
 Which alters when it alteration findes,
 Or bends, with the remouer, to remoue. 4

O no! it is an euer fix'd marke,
 That lookes on tempests, and is neuer shaken;
 It is the star to euery wandring barke,
 Whose worths vnknowne, although his high be taken. 8

Lou's not Times foole, though rosie lips and cheeks
 Within his bending fickles compasse come!
 Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
 But beares it out euen to the edge of doome! 12

If this be error and vpon me proued,
 I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued. 14

JOHN BRAHAM, 1828. Duet: Soprano, Tenor. Sung by himself and Miss F. Ayton in *Taming of the Shrew*. Called "Love is an ever-fixed mark." Lines 5-14.

123. "NO! TIME! THOU SHALT NOT BOST THAT I DOE CHANGE."

[Shakspeare fears not Time, or its works. He will be true to his Friend for ever.]

No! Time! thou shalt not boſt that I doe change!
 Thy Pyramyds, buylt vp with newer might,
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange:
 They are but dreſſings of a former fight. 4

Our dates are breefe; and therefor we admire
 What thou doſt foyſt vpon vs that is ould,
 And rather make them borne to our deſire,
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould. 8

Thy Registers and Thee, I both deſie,
 Not wondring at the Preſent, nor the Paſt;
 For thy Records, and what we ſee, doth lye,
 Made more or les by thy continuall haſt. 12

This I doe vow, and this ſhall euer be:
 I will be true, diſpight thy Syeth and Thee. 14

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1824. Solo, S. In the operatiſed *As you like it*. Opens with a *largo*, and closes with an *allegro*. Roffe, p. 107. Only lines 1—4, and 13—4, are ſet.

148. "O ME! WHAT EYES HATH LOVE PUT IN MY HEAD."

[Shakſpere asks himſelf how he can think his plain dark Miſtreſs (? Mrs. Fytton) fair, when ſhe is foul. It is, becauſe ſhe keeps him tearful, anxious for her love, and thus blind.]

O me! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
 Which haue no correſpondence with true fight?
 Or, if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
 That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright? 4

If that be faire whereon my falſe eyes dote,
 What meanes the world to ſay it is not ſo?
 If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
 Loues eye is not ſo true as all mens: No! 8

How can it? O, how can loues eye be true,
 That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
 No maruaile then though I miſtake my view:
 The funne it ſelfe ſees not, till heauen cleeres. 12

O cunning loue, with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
 Leaſt eyes well ſeeing, thy foule faults ſhould finde. 14

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Song, Soprano. Sung by Miſs M. Tree as Roſalind, in *As You Like It*. Roffe, p. 107.

Venus and Adonis.**STANZA I. "EVEN AS THE SUN, WITH PURPLE-COLOURED FACE."**

[Venus comes to woo Adonis, bent on hunting.]

(1)

Even as the sunne, with purple-colour'd face, 1
 Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
 Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chace:
 Hunting he lou'd; but loue, he laught to scorne: 4
 Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd futer ginnes to woo him. 6

CHARLES EDWARD HORN, 1823. Hunting Song, Soprano. Sung by Anne Page in the operatised *Merry Wives*. In 'Shakspere Vocal Mag.,' No. 15, 1864, &c.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Glee, A.T.T.B. Operatised *As You Like It*.

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 24, lines 145—150.

"BID ME DISCOURSE, I WILL ENCHANT THINE EAR."

[Venus is rehearsing her charms, in order to tempt Adonis.]

(25)

Bid me discourfe: I will inchaunt thine eare; 145
 Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene;
 Or, like a Nimph, with long disheueled heare,
 Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene. 148
 Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not grosse to finke, but light, and will aspire. 150

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1820. Solo, Soprano. Sung by Miss M. Tree as Viola in the operatised *Twelfth Night*. Roffe, p. 110.

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 34, lines 169—174.

"ART THOU OBDURATE, FLINTIE, HARD AS STEELE."

[Adonis has refused Venus's advances. She remonstrates with him, and asks for one kiss.]

(34)

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as steele? 169
 Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth,
 Art thou a womans sonne, and canst not feele
 What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth? 172

O, had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but dyed vnkind. 174

(35)

What am I, that thou shouldst contemne me this¹? 175
Or what great danger dwels vpon my fute?
What were thy lips the worfe, for one poore kisse?
Speake, Faire: but speake faire words or else bee mute. 178
Giue me one kisse, Ile giue it thee again;
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt haue twaine. 180

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Song: Soprano or Tenor. Sung in *As You Like It*.

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 130, lines 775—780.

"IF LOVE HATH LENT YOU TWENTIE
THOUSAND TONGUES."

[Adonis refuses Venus's pressing offers of love,]

(130)

If Loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues, 775
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
(Bewitching like the wanton Marmaides Songs,)
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne. 778
For know, my heart stands armed in my eare,
And will not let a false found enter there: 780

(131)

Left the deceiuing harmony should runne 781
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my little heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest: 784
No Lady, no: my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone. 786

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Song, Soprano. Sung by Miss Tree in the operatized *As You Like It*.

G. REEKES, ab. 1850. Solo, Alto or Bass. J. Reekes, 'Six Songs of Shakspeare.'

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 143, lines 753-8.

"LO, HERE THE GENTLE LARKE, WEARIE
OF REST."

[Adonis has run from Venus. She laments all night; and in the dawning, greets the Lark, and Sun.]

¹ *this* = thus.

(143)

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of rest, 753
 From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose filuer brest,
 The Sunne ariseth in his Maiestie; 756
 Who doth the World so gloriously behold,
 That Cedar tops and hils seeme burnisht Gold. 758

(144)

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow; 759
 O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow
 The beautilous influence that makes him bright, 762
 There liues a Son, that suckt an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light as thou dost lend to other. 764

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Song, Soprano. Flute Obbligato. Sung
 by Miss Stephens in *Comedy of Errors* (p. 88, ed. 1819). Only
 stanza 143 is set.

Venus and Adonis, Stanza 183, lines 1093—8.

183. "TO SEE HIS FACE, THE LION WALKT
 ALONG."

(st. 183 only, set)

[Adonis being kild by the Boar he was hunting, Venus laments
 him, and describes his gentleness, and the love of all other animals
 for him. Even the Boar who kild him, did so because it wanted to
 kiss him.]

(183)

To see his¹ face, the Lion walkt along, 1093
 Behind some hedge, because hee would not fear² him;
 To recreate himselfe when he hath song,
 The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him: 1096
 If he had spoke, the Wolfe would leaue his prey,
 And neuer fright the filly Lambe that day. 1098

(184)

When he beheld his shadow in a Brooke, 1099
 The fishes spred on it their golden gills:
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
 That some would sing some other in their bils, 1102
 Would bring him Mulberries, and ripe red Cherries:
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries. 1104

¹ Adonis's.² frighten.

(185)

But this foule, grim and vchinsnouted Boare, 1105
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a graue,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
 Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue: 1108
 If he did see his face, why then, I know,
 He thought to kille him, and hath kild him so. 1110

(186)

'Tis true, true, true, thus was Adonis slaine, 1111
 He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
 Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
 But by a kille thought to perswade him there: 1114
 And moulting in his flanke, the louing Swine,
 Sheath'd vniaware the tucke in his soft groine. 1116

(187)

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confesse, 1117
 With killing him I should haue kild him first:
 But he is dead and neuer did he blesse
 My youth with his: the more am I accurst: 1120
 With this the world falleth in the place the stood,
 And flames her face with his congealed blood. 1122

SIR HENRY DUNBAR, 1831. Round for four male voices. In the
 1598 edition of *The Works of Virgil*, p. 41; also published
 separately by Novello. Only the first 4 lines of stanza 183 are set.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

A "FAIR IS MY LOVE, BUT NOT SO FAIR
 AS FICKLE."

None of the following poems from this miscellaneous Collection
 is certainly Shakespeare's. None are certainly not his. — Crabbe's age
 and mind may perhaps be his.

V22.

[A little love doth make his love's heart and mouth.]

There is no love but not so true as fickle. 1
 There is no love but not so true as fickle:
 There is no love but not so true as fickle:
 There is no love but not so true as fickle. 4
 A little love doth make his love's heart and mouth. 6
 A little love doth make his love's heart and mouth.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

93

Her lips to mine, how often hath she ioyned, 7
 Betweene each kisse, her othes of true loue swearing :
 How many tales to please me hath she coyned,
 Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing. 10
 Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieafings. 12
 She burnt with loue, as straw with fire flameth ; 13
 She burnt out loue, as soone as straw out burneth :
 She fram'd the loue, and yet she foyld the framing ;
 She bad loue last, and yet she fell a turning. 16
 Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether ?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither. 18

*Name unknown. Madrigal.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1824. Song. Sung by Mr. Fawcett in *As You Like It*.

*RICHARD SIMPSON, 1878. Solo. Lucas and Weber.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 8. RICHARD BARNFIELD'S Sonnet to a Lover of Music.

8. "IF MUSICKE AND SWEET POETRIE
 AGREE."

VIII.

[A lover of Poetry and Spenser, shows how natural is his love for a friend who is devoted to Music, and Dowland.]

If Muficke and sweet Poetrie agree,
 As they must needs (the Sifter and the brother,)
 Then must the loue be great twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lou'ft the one, and I the other.) 4
 Dowland¹ to thee is deere, whose heavenly tuch
 Vpon the Lute, dooth rauish humane sense :
 Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence. 8
 Thou lou'ft to heare the sweet melodious found,
 That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queene of Muficke) makes :
 And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
 When-as himselfe to singing he betakes. 12
 One God is God of both (as Poets faine) ;
 One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine. 14

JOHN BRAHAM, 1828. Song. Sung by himself in the *Taming of the Shrew*, and printed in the operatised version of that play.

¹ John Dowland, musician, 15-16.

Passionate Pilgrim, No. 10. To a fair one dead.

10. "SWEET ROSE, FAIRE FLOWER, VN-
TIMELY PLUCKT, SOON VADED."

X.

Sweet Rose, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, foon vaded,	1
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring!	
Bright orient pearle, alacke, too timely shaded!	
Faire creature kilde too foon by Deaths sharpe sting!	4
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree,	
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.	6
I weepe for thee; and yet no cause I haue;	7
For why ¹ thou lefts me nothing in thy will:	
And yet thou lefts me more then I did craue;	
For why I craued nothing of thee still:	10
O yes, (deare friend,) I pardon craue of thee:	
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.	12

WM. SHIELD, 1790. Elegy, in four vocal Parts. Accompaniments for Muffled Drums, Trumpet, Bells with Sordini and Flute. In 'A Collection of Canzonets, and an Elegy,' by Wm. Shield, p. 27: called "Shakspears Love's Lost, an Elegy sung at the Tomb of a young Virgin."

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Cavatina. Sung by Miss M. Tree in the operatised *Comedy of Errors*.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 12.

13. "CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH."

[A Girl sings how she hates her old lover, and loves her young one, whom she bids hie to her soon.]

XII.

Crabbēd age and youth cannot liue together,	
Youth is full of pleafance, Age is full of care;	
Youth like summer morne, Age like winter weather,	
Youth like summer braue, Age like winter bare.	4
Youth is full of sport; Ages breath is short;	
Youth is nimble; Age is lame;	
Youth is hot and bold; Age is weake and cold;	
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.	8
Age, I doe abhor thee! Youth, I doe adore thee!	
O my loue my loue is young!	
Age, I doe defie thee. Oh sweet Shepheard, hie thee!	
For me thinks thou staies too long.	12

¹ *For why* = because.

- SIGNOR GIORDANI, 1782. Duet : S.S. or T.T.
 R. J. S. STEVENS, 1790. Glee for four male voices, A.T.T.B.
 SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1820. Song. Sung by Miss Greene in Opera
 of *Twelfth Night*.
 SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1824. Dramatic Trio, S.C.B. In *As You
 Like It*.
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND, 1833. Solo.
 *MRS. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW, February 6, 1882. Song, Soprano or
 Tenor. 'Six Songs.' No. 1. Lucas and Weber.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 13.

13. "BEAUTY IS BUT A VAIN AND
 DOUBTFULL GOOD."

XIII.

(1)

Beauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good ;
 A shining glosse, that vadeth sodainly ;
 A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
 A brittle glasse, that's broken presently. 4
 A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a flower,
 Loft, vaded, broken, dead within an houre. 6

(2)

And, as goods loft, are feld or neuer found ; 7
 As vaded glosse, no rubbing will refresh ;
 As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground ;
 As broken glasse, no symant can redresse ; 10
 So, beauty blemisht once, for euer's¹ loft,
 In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost. 12

- *SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1819. Solo, Bass. 'Beauty's Valuation.'
 Sung by Mr. Durusett in Shakspeare's *Comedy of Errors*, at the
 Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 14.

14. "GOOD NIGHT, GOOD REST."

XIV.

(1)

' Good night, good rest ' ! Ah ! neither be my share :
 She bad good night : that kept my rest away,
 And daft me to a cabben hangde with care,
 To defcant on the doubts of my decay. 4
 ' Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow ' !
 Fare well I could not, for I fupt with forrow. 6

¹ euer. Qo. 1.

(2)

Yet at my parting, sweetly did she smile, 7
 In scorn or friendship, nill I confer whether :
 'T may be, she joyd to leaft at my exile ;
 'T may be, againe to make me wander thither, 10
 'Wander,' a word for shadowes like my selfe,
 As take the paine, but cannot plucke the pelfe. 12

*SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1821. Glee, S.A.T.B. In the Operatised *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 25.

WALTER MACFARREN, 1863. Part Song for S.A.T.B.

K. J. PYE, 1879. Solo. In "Two little Songs."

Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 15.

15. "IT WAS A LORDINGS DAUGHTER."

[How a Girl hesitates between a Learned man and a Knight, and then chooses the Learned man. (Right and wise of her!)]

XV.¹

It was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three,
 That liked of her maister, as well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie could see,
 Her fancie fell a turning. 4
 Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue did fight
 To leaue the maister loueleffe, or kill the gallant knight ;
 To put in practise either, alas it was a spite
 Vnto the filly damfell. 8
 But one must be refused : more mickle was the paine,
 That nothing could be vfed, to turne them both to gaine,
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdaine :
 Alas, she could not helpe it. 12
 Thus Art with Armes contending, was victor of the day,
 Which, by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away.
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the Lady gay ;
 For now my song is ended. 16

WM. SHIELD, 1796. Song. Sung by Madame Vestris. 'Shakspere Vocal Album,' 1864. No. 22.

CHARLES EDWARD HORN, 1823. Song. 'Shakspere Vocal Album,' 1864.

STEPHEN GLOVER, 1846. Song.

¹ The poem usually numbered XV. is but a Continuation of XIV. 'The Lover's Night of Waiting.' See Prof. Dowden's Introduction to the forthcoming Facsimile of the little Quarto of the *P. P.*

[For No. 16, "On a day, alacke the day!" See *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 99-118, p. 20-21 above.]

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 17, in 3 Parts.

PART 17. "MY FLOCKES FEEDE NOT."

[The Shepherd Coridon laments his woes (in three outbursts), now that his Love has jilted him, and he must live alone.]

XVII. PART I.

My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
 My Rams speed not, all is amis!
 Loue is¹ dying, Faithes defying,
 Harts² denying, causer of this. 4
 All my merry Iigges are quite forgot;
 All my Ladies loue is loft (God wot!) 6
 Where her faith was firmly fixt in loue,
 There a nay is plact without remoue. 8
 One silly crosse, wrought all my losse!
 O frowning fortune! curfed fickle dame!
 For now I see, inconstancy,
 More in women³ then in men remaine.⁴ 12

2nd PART. "IN BLACKE MORNE I."

In blacke morne I, all feares scorne I; 13
 Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
 Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing;
 O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall! 16
 My shepheards pipe can found no deale,
 My weathers bell rings dolefull knell; 18
 My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
 Plaies not at all, but seemes afraid; 20
 My⁵ fighes so deepe, procures to weepe,
 In howling wise, to see my dolefull plight.
 How fighes resound through hartles ground,
 Like a thousand vanquisht men in blodie fight. 24

3rd PART. "CLEARE WELS SPRING NOT."

Cleare wels spring not, sweete birds sing not, 25
 Greene plants bring not forth their die;
 Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs backe⁶ peeping fearefully: 28

¹ Loue is = Louës, Love's. ² nenyng, Qo. 1. ³ wowed, Qo. 1.

⁴ Signed *Ignoto*, in *England's Helicon*, 1600. It is also in *Weelkeses Madrigals*, 1597.

⁵ With, Qo. 1. 'My'—*Weelkeses Madrigals*.

⁶ backe (creeping).—*Weelkeses Madrigals*, 'blacke.' P. P., 1599.

All our pleasure knowne to vs poore fwaines,
 All our merrie meetings on the plaines, 30
 All our euening sport from vs is fled,
 All our loue is loft, for loue is dead, 32
 Farewell sweet loue¹ thy like nere was,
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my woe.²
 Poore Coridon must liue alone,
 Other helpe for him I see that there is none. 36

THOMAS WEEKES, 1597. Three Madrigals, all for S.S.T. 'Book of Madrigals,' by Thomas Weekes. (Mus. Antiquarian Soc. 1843.)

*CHARLES EDWARD HORN, 1830(?). 'In black mourn I,' Cald 'Poor Corydon.' Lines 19—28, 52-3; 27-8, 53-6, slightly alterd.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 19, by KIT MARLOWE.

"COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE."

[The lover recites the pleasures of the country, and asks his Love to share them with him. She doubts.]

XIX.

Liue with me, and be my Loue;
 And we will all the pleasures proue, 2
 That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountaines yeeld. 4
 There will we sit vpon the Rocks,
 And see the Shepheards feed their flocks, 6
 By shallow Riuers, by whose fals³
 Melodious birds sing Madrigals. 8
 There will I make thee a bed of Roses,
 With a thousand fragrant pofes, 10
 A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
 Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle. 12
 A belt of straw and Yuye buds,
 With Corall Clafps and Amber studs: 14
 And if these pleasures may thee moue,
 Then liue with me, and be my Loue! 16

LOUES ANSWERE.

If that the World and Loue were young,
 And truth in euery shepheards tounge, 18
 These pretty pleasures might me moue
 To liue with thee, and be thy Loue. 20

¹ laff: Weekeses *Madrigals*.

² moane: *England's Helicon*.

³ For the settings of the lines 'By shallow rivers,' see *Merry Wives of Windsor* above, p. 32.

*S. ARNOLD, 1774. 'The words by Marlow.' Solo, with accompaniment for two Violins, Viola, and Basso. In 'A Third Collection of Songs sung at Vauxhall and Marybone Gardens,' p. 21-3.

Passionate Pilgrim. No. 20, by RICHARD BARNFIELD.

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."

[A forlorn man sympathises with a Nightingale who is lamenting the loss of her mate. When troubles come, false friends fly. But the true Friend helps in need, and shares all one's sorrows.]

XX.

As it fell vpon a Day,	
In the merry Month of May,	2
Sitting in a pleasant shade	
Which a groue of Myrtles made,	4
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,	
Trees did grow, and Plants did spring ;	6
Euery thing did banish mone,	
Saue the Nightingale alone.	8
Shée (poore Bird) as all forlorne,	
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,	10
And there sung the dolefulst Ditty,	
That, to heare it was great Pitty :	12
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;	
Teru, Teru, by and by :	14
That, to heare her so complaine,	
Scarce I could from teares refraine :	16
For her griefes, so liuely showne,	
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.	18
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vaine !	
None takes pittie on thy paine :	20
Senslesse Trees, they cannot heare thee ;	
Ruthlesse Beares, ¹ they will not cheere thee.	22
King Pandion, ² he is dead :	
All thy friends are lapt in Lead :	24
All thy fellow Birds doe sing,	
Carelesse of thy sorrowing. ³	26
Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde,	
Thou and I, were both beguild.	28
Euery one that flatters thee,	
Is no friend in miserie :	30

¹ beasts : *England's Helicon*.

² Father of Philomela, the nightingale.

³ *England's Helicon* adds the lines—

Euen so, poore Bird, like thee,
None aliue will pittie me.

Words are easie, like the wind ;	
Faithfull friends are hard to find :	32
Every man will be thy friend,	
Whilst thou hast, wherewith to spend :	34
But if store of Crownes be scant,	
No man will supply thy want.	36
If that one be prodigall,	
Bountifull they will him call :	38
And with such-like flattering,	
Pitty but he were a King !	40
If he be addict to vice,	
Quickly him, they will intice.	42
If to Women hee be bent,	
They haue at Commaundement :	44
But if Fortune once doe frowne,	
Then farewell his great renowne :	46
They that fawnd on him before,	
Vfe his company no more.	48
Hee that is thy friend indeede,	
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede :	50
If thou sorrow, he will weepe ;	
If thou wake, hee cannot sleepe :	52
Thus of euery griefe, in hart	
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.	54
These are certaine signes, to know	
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.	56

EARL OF MORNINGTON, ab. 1770. Four-Part Madrigal. S.A.T.B.

WILLIAM KNYVETT, about 1812. Three-Part Madrigal for A.T.B.

SIR HENRY BISHOP, 1819. Duet. Sung by Miss Stephens and Miss Tree in the operatised *Comedy of Errors*.

*T. COOKE, 1832. Glee.

*JAMES COWARD, July 28, 1856. Prize Glee.

*S. REAY, 1862. Part Song, S.A.T.B. Novello.

*CHARLES GARDNER, 1872. Song.

The Rape of Lucrece.

(Qo. 1, 1594, sign. D 2.)

“WITHOUT THE BED HER OTHER FAIRE
HAND WAS.”

[Shakspeare describes Lucrece asleep in bed, as Tarquin sees her.]

[St. 56]

Her lillie hand, her rosie cheeke lies vnder,	386
Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse,	
VVho therefore angrie seemes, to part in sunder,	
Swelling on either side to want his blisse;	
Betweene whose hils her head intombèd is,	390
VVhere, like a vertuous Monument, shee lies,	
To be admir'd of lewd vnhalloved eyes.	392

[St. 57]

VVithout the bed her other faire hand was,	393
On the greene couerlet, whose perfect white	
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,	
VVith pearlie swet resembling dew of night.	
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheath'd their light,	397
And canopied in darkenesse sweetly lay,	
Till they might open to adorne the day.	399

*SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

Rape of Lucrece, Stanza 160, lines 1114-1120. (Qo. 1, 1594, sign. H 3.)

“TIS DOUBLE DEATH, TO DROWNE IN KEN
OF SHORE.”

[After Tarquin's rape of her, Lucrece laments.]

[St. 158]

So shee, deepe drenchèd in a Sea of care,	1100
Holds disputation with ech thing shee vewes,	
And to her ielfe, all sorrow doth compare.	
No obiect, but her passions strength renewes,	
And as one shiftes, another straight infewes:	1104
Sometime her griefe is dumbe, and hath no words;	
Sometime tis mad, and too much talke affords.	1106

[St. 159]

The little birds that tune their mornings ioy, 1107
 Make her mones mad, with their sweet melodie,
 "For mirth doth searh the bottome of annoy;
 "Sad foules are flaine in merrie companie;
 "Griefe best is pleaf'd with griefes societie; 1111
 "True sorrow then is feelinglie suffiz'd,
 "When with like semblance it is simpathiz'd. 1113

[St. 160]

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore: 1114
 "He ten times pines, that pines beholding food:
 "To see the salue, doth make the wound ake more:
 "Great griefe greeues most at that wold do it good:
 "Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood, 1118
 VVho being stopt, the bounding banks oreflowes:
 Griefe dallied with, nor law nor limit knowes. 1120

RICHARD SIMPSON (the late), published 1878. Song. (The above are in the original print: they are often put before maxims.)

ADDENDA.

Page 11. "Feare no more the heate," &c.

Add: *DR. NARES, 1780. Glee for A.T.B. (Warren's 'Collection of Catches, Glees,' &c., vol. ii.)

Page 56. "While you here do snoaring lie."

Add: *A. S. SULLIVAN, 1865. Song. (Music to *The Tempest*, p. 22.)

SHAKSPERE'S SONGS.

SERIES VIII. 3₁

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA FOR SECOND EDITION.

- p. 3, l. 5. *For* (d. 1828) *read* (d. 1826).
- p. 3, l. 6. *After* English *insert* Litolff, x 83.
- p. 4. *Between* ll. 9 and 10 *insert*, *Henry Hugo Pierson, 1864. Chorus for male voices. Written for the Shakspeare Tercentenary.
- p. 7, l. 10 *from bottom*. *For* 704 *read* 774. *For* Wilbey *read* Wilbye.
- p. 7, l. 11 *from bottom*. *After* Solo. *insert* ("First booke of Ayres or Little short songs to sing and play to the lute, with the Base Viole"). *Dele* In *and insert* See
- p. 10, l. 22. *For* (d. 1828) *read* 1826. *After* Solo *insert* Litolff, vii 40.
- p. 13, l. 16 *from bottom*. *After* Virginal Book *add* Page 235. Set by Giles Farnaby.
- p. 26, l. 7 *from bottom*. *For* Welden *read* Weldon.
- p. 26, *at foot*. *For* Sacred, &c. *read* Royal College of Music.
- p. 33, l. 3 *from bottom*. *For* Dr. *read* Sir William.
- p. 34, l. 10 *from bottom*. *For* C. Addison *read* John Addison.
- p. 50, l. 24. *For* Tenor Solo *read* Solo, Tenor.—*and dele* Composed . . . Allen.
- p. 52, l. 16. *Dele* (* Pelham 1812), *and insert it instead on* p. 53, *between lines 22 and 23 immediately before* G. Giordani.
- p. 53, l. 22. *For* Signor *read* G.
- p. 58, l. 3 *from bottom*. *For* C. H. Hubert *read* C. Hubert H.
- p. 64, l. 22. *Dele* Dr. . . . MS.
- p. 74, l. 19. *Add* (*). *At foot add Note*². Schubert's settings of Shakspeare's Songs were written at Währing in July 1826. Cf. the interesting anecdote as to "Hark the Lark!" &c., in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, vol. iii. p. 327 a.
- p. 74, l. 34. *After* Winter's Tale *dele* (*) *and insert* (*).
- p. 74 (footnote), l. 4 *from bottom*, *before* Composed *insert* (*).
- p. 74 (footnote), l. 2 *from bottom*, *dele* (2) *and insert* (*).
- p. 80, l. 12 *from foot*. *For* Sonnet 25, Lines 1—4. *read* 25. LET THOSE WHO ARE IN FAVOUR WITH THEIR STARS.
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NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL PROGRAM

OF THE

Madrigals, Glee, and Songs

GIVEN AT

The Second Annual Musical Entertainment

AT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,

ON

FRIDAY, 9TH MAY, 1884, AT 8 P.M.

REVISED EDITION.

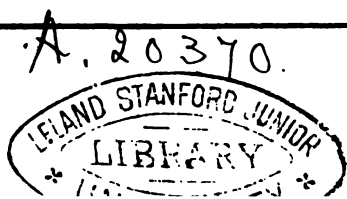
PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakspeare Society

BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, 1884.

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FIRST PERIOD. EARLY CONTRAPUNTAL.**TO MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.**

THE vocal pieces which are included in this program are arranged not in strict chronological order, but so as to illustrate, to some extent, the artistic development of the different schools of music. As illustrations, however, they cannot all be considered typical and complete. Shakspeare music forms but a small part of music in general, the great composers having usually been satisfied with texts of inferior literary value. English musicians, indeed, have not neglected the capabilities of our best poetry; but then English music is not a very important element in European art. Our composers have seldom exercised much influence abroad; while they, on the other hand, have often been indebted to continental masters. It is true that in the Tudor times England produced a native and original school of music, but this school does not present many peculiarly English features. Distinctions of national style could not become marked until a more advanced period in the history of composition had been reached.

At the Renaissance almost every species of art had already acquired elaborate technical resources, and was capable of expressing the energetic thought and vivid feeling of that creative time. Music alone was in a backward state. It did not possess the material means of raising itself to the level of other arts. The form of the scale was still unsettled; few appropriate and connected successions of chords had been discovered; key-relationship and modulation were only half understood; and instrumental accompaniment was in its infancy. In part-music the treatment of the voices was

6 FIRST PERIOD. R. JOHNSON. SECOND PERIOD. PURITAN INFLUENCE.

3. HARMONIZED AYRE. *Full fathom five. Tempest*, I. ii.

By ROBERT JOHNSON.

Arranged for three voices by Dr. John Wilson.

Robert Johnson, in 1573-4, was a retainer in the household of Sir Thomas Kytson of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk. He afterwards moved to London, and became a composer for the theatres. In 1611 he was in the service of Prince Henry, eldest son of James I., at an annual salary of £40. In 1612 he composed music for *The Tempest*, from which we take 'Full fathom five,' afterwards arranged for three voices by Dr. John Wilson (born 1597, died 1673).

A special interest attaches to the first three pieces in our program, as they were all composed in Shakspeare's life-time. Dr. Burney, indeed, does not attribute the melody of 'Full fathom five' to Robert Johnson, but considers the whole to be the composition of Dr. Wilson. But in Wilson's work, 'Cheerful Ayres or Ballads, first composed for single voice, and since set for three voices,' it is printed under Johnson's name. Wilson's statement that 'some few of these ayres were originally composed by those whose names are affixed to them, but are here placed as being new set by the author of this work,' appears to mean that he did not invent the melody, but only harmonized one already existing. The use of the word *set* in this sense is peculiar, and may easily have misled Burney. See Roffe's 'Handbook of Shakspeare Music.'

SECOND PERIOD. LATE CONTRAPUNTAL

**FROM MIDDLE OF SEVENTEENTH TO MIDDLE OF EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY.**

THE influence of the Puritans, though unfavorable, was not fatal to English music. The quires were dispersed, the training of singers and players interrupted, cathedral scores lost, and organs destroyed; yet private cultivation did not cease, and there was no break in the history of composition. Many who had been brought up in the traditions of the early school, were able to resume the

exercise of their art on the fall of the Commonwealth. Among these were Henry Lawes, Christopher Gibbons, William Child, John Jenkins, and Benjamin Rogers, whose lives extended through the greater part of the seventeenth century. But with Charles II a new taste came in, which transformed first the style of performance and then that of composition. Evelyn thus describes the service at the Chapel Royal on Dec. 21, 1663:—

‘One of his Majesty’s Chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical, light way, better suiting a tavern or play house than a church. This was the *first* time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful!’

Of the older composers Henry Lawes was the most successful in adopting the new style. But he, like the rest, had soon to give place to the rising talent of Pelham Humfrey, Michael Wise, and John Blow, choristers in the Chapel Royal. Humfrey was sent by the King to study in Italy and France. On his return he brought an important element into English music, viz. declamatory power. The forcible expression of the words, the careful observance of quantity and stress, and the discovery of dramatic effects in progressions and modulations, fascinated and absorbed this fresh and vigorous school. Their productive time was destined soon to end, for Humfrey died in 1674, and Purcell, who imitated and excelled him, died in 1695. Each showed, even in a short career, remarkable creative powers, attended of course with some defects as regards continuity and design, since these qualities are usually absent at the beginning of a new æra in music, and only reappear when the style arrives at maturity. This stage the English school did not reach in the later contrapuntal period. Purcell left no equal, and the prospects of native music were not improved by the introduction of Italian opera, and the advent of Hændel. This composer almost fills up the musical history of England till the middle of the eighteenth century. In his oratorios the contrapuntal style received its highest development, the most artificial devices of imitation being used with admirable effect in many styles, epic, lyric, and

8 SECOND PERIOD. LATE CONTRAPUNTAL BANISTER HUMFREY.

dramatic. Many of Milton's finest passages form the foundation of his works. We must regret that he was not also attracted to Shakespeare.

4. SONG. *Come into these yellow sands.* *Tempest*, I. ii.

By JOHN BANISTER; born 1630; died 1679.

His father, one of the waitts of the parish of S. Giles-in-the-Field, was his instructor in the rudiments of music. Having become a good violinist, he was sent by the King to France, and in 1663 was appointed 'chief of his Majesty's violins.' It is said that he was dismissed from this post for saying, in the King's hearing, that the English violinists were superior to the French. He gave afternoon concerts at his house in White Friars every day during the last seven years of his life. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. A MS. copy of the 1st act of Banister's music to 'Circe,' a tragedy, performed in 1676, is still preserved. In the same year was also performed Banister's and Pelham Humfrey's setting of the *Tempest*, from which the above song is taken.

5. SONG. *Where the bee sucks.* *Tempest*, V. i.

By PELHAM HUMFREY; born 1647; died 1674.

He was one of the Children of the Chapel Royal, re-established at the Restoration. His talent for composition was early displayed, and when about 17 years of age, he was sent by Charles II. to the Continent to study the new style of music brought in by Carissimi and Lulli. During his travels, which lasted three years, he received £450 from the Secret Service fund. We find the following description of Humfrey on his return, in the diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys:—

15th Nov. 1667 'Home, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Caesar and little Pelham Humfrey, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, as Blagrave [Gentleman of the Chapel of Charles II.] and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, [= Louis Grabu, defined in Grove's Dictionary as an 'impudent pretender']

how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose: and that he will give him a lift out of his place, and that he and the King are mighty great! I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl, and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr. Caesar on his French lute, and I on the viol, and I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo, that without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me.'

Humfrey was appointed 'Master of the Children,' and 'Composer in Ordinary for the Violins to his Majesty' in 1672. He died two years later, aged 27, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

His works consist mostly of anthems and songs.

THIRD PERIOD. EARLY HARMONIC.

SECOND HALF OF EIGHTEENTH AND BEGINNING OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE periods of musical history cannot be defined exactly by dates. Before the contrapuntal style had even reached perfection, another style, the harmonic, began to appear; and when the latter became predominant the former did not die out, but has lasted, in certain branches of the art, down to our own time. Although the different schools overlap in this way, there is a marked distinction between the style characteristic of the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and that which afterwards prevailed.

The change was connected with the rise of the great solo singers and solo violinists, who then appeared in many countries, but principally in Italy. Their powers could not be exhibited to advantage in contrapuntal music, for this was essentially a *choral* style, without contrast or variety between one vocal part and another. The melodic interest now became concentrated in a single part, to which the rest merely supplied a harmony. In this way the prominence of the soloist was secured; and a style of melody far more brilliant and ornate than any previously known, came into fashion.

The growth of instrumental accompaniment also helped forward the new school. In the contrapuntal system, the different capabilities and resources of the various orchestral instruments were but slightly studied or utilized. The same kind of treatment was applied to the accompaniment as to the voice, although many passages, too difficult to be sung, might be safely assigned to the violin and oboe; while, on the other hand, the trumpet and horn were not at all adapted for playing contrapuntal themes, but chiefly for sustaining single notes in the harmony. Thus a complete transformation was brought about, when composers began to discover the endless effects of ornament and expression which could be obtained from orchestral coloring.

It is unfortunate that there is no accurate and popular name for the style of music that succeeded counterpoint. The terms 'Homophonic' and 'Monodic,' besides being pedantic, are incorrect, as they imply that the new compositions were all in unison, or for a single voice. To speak of counterpoint as 'Strict,' and the new style as 'Free,' is equally inappropriate. Every rising composer is supposed to violate rules, until his methods are understood and systematically defined. The name 'Massive,' again, is often opposed to 'Contrapuntal,' because the harmony was now arranged in prolonged masses supporting the melody, instead of incessantly changing with the movement of each voice. But this name, as well as that of 'Harmonic,' which we here employ as the most familiar, is inaccurate if it leads to the supposition that the contrapuntal period was distinguished by solos and not by part-music. The contrary was the case.

The most suitable names yet found for the two styles are 'Horizontal' and 'Vertical.' The contrapuntist regards music as an affair of themes; he fixes on the subject and countersubject beforehand, and only uses such chords as can arise from their combination. The harmonist starts with the conception of chords; often he takes a chord in arpeggio as theme, and gives the accompanying parts only as much melody as is compatible with the harmony he has designed. However, it is not yet usual to talk of the 'hori-

zontal' and 'vertical' styles in music, though every one knows the 'perpendicular' style in architecture.

The treatment of Form also underwent a great change at this time. In counterpoint, variety was obtained chiefly by making one part imitate another at a greater or a less distance of time, or in notes of twice or half the length. Often the theme was treated first direct and then inverted, moving down where it had formerly moved up, and conversely. Again it might be reversed, the end being taken as a beginning. Mechanical devices like these could be carried out by a deaf-mute, provided that he could read and write. When the contrapuntists, while obeying these rules, succeeded in producing music that the world cared to hear, it was not by reason of their training.

The new structural principle was that of *Variation*. At each repetition, new ornament was added to the theme, or the harmony was changed, or one particular phrase was taken as a suggestion for a long development through many keys. In this way arose what is called the 'Sonata form,' which, however, only applies to the *first* movement of the Sonata, Quartet, Symphony, &c. The opening theme is soon followed by a second and contrasting theme. Then both are varied or 'developed' in the 'free fantasia.' Next the first two themes reappear, and lastly comes the 'coda.' Between each of the main features, episodes were usually introduced. The analogy of this procedure with that of oratory and poetry, has often been pointed out.

The Early Harmonic period is sometimes called, in the restricted sense, 'Classical.' It was the period when most of the designs of pure music, such as the Symphony, Concerto, Overture, became recognizable. The best works of that time are distinguished to modern ears by moderation, sanity, and perfection within limits: the inferior works have no worse quality than florid conventionality; all well-known characteristics of 'Classical' art.

Since the decay of the Madrigal style in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, no form of poetic part-music for unaccompanied voices was cultivated in England till the beginning of the eighteenth

century, when the 'Glee' arose. The characteristic of the Glee is the succession of several short melodies, often in different keys and different metres, never contrapuntally treated, but only harmonized in the modern manner. These repeated changes often produce a disconnected impression, which, in comparison with the later contrapuntal music, must have made the Glee appear a rather rudimentary style of art. The best effects in this form of composition are obtained by sustained or contrasted chords, always beautiful when rendered by well-trained and unaccompanied voices. The Madrigal, on the other hand, was founded on a few themes elaborately combined in imitation, making little use of the progression known as the 'perfect cadence,' and being generally independent of modern ideas of harmony.

The Glee style was founded and most successfully practised by Samuel Webbe, who gained twenty-seven prizes for his works. Other writers of Glees were Stevens, Calcott, Horsley, Attwood, Battishill, Cooke, Lord Mornington, Spofforth, Stafford Smith, and Sir Henry Bishop.

6. SONG. *Blow, blow, thou winter winde. As You Like It*, II. vii.

7. SONG. *When daisies pied. Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii.

8. SONG. *Under the greene wood tree. As You Like It*, II. v.

By THOMAS AUGUSTUS ARNE; born 1710, died 1778.

Arne was intended by his father for the profession of the law, and on leaving Eton College was placed in a solicitor's office for three years. But his love for music prevailed, and instead of applying himself to legal studies, he secretly conveyed a spinet to his bed-room, and by muffling the strings with a handkerchief, contrived to practise during the night undetected.

He took lessons on the violin from Festing, and would occasionally borrow a livery in order to gain admission to the servants' gallery at the opera. He made such progress as to be able to lead a chamber band at the house of an amateur, who gave private concerts. There he was accidentally discovered by his father, who made fruitless efforts to induce him to become a lawyer, but at

last gave up the attempt. Being free to practise openly, he charmed the whole family by his skill on the violin.

In 1738 he established his reputation as a lyric composer by the capital manner in which he set Milton's 'Comus.' In this he introduced a light, original, and pleasing melody, different from that of Purcell or of Hændel, whom all English composers had hitherto either borrowed from or imitated. Till a more modern Italian style was introduced in the *pasticcio* English operas of Bickerstaff and Cumberland, Arne's melody was the standard of all perfection at our theatres and public gardens. (See Burney's 'History,' vol. iv. p. 659, &c.) Arne composed music to some verses called 'Rule Britannia,' written by a Scotchman, Thomas Campbell. In 1746 he set several of Shakspeare's songs, from which we select the above.

On July 6, 1759, the University of Oxford created Arne a Doctor of Music. He was the first who introduced female voices into oratorio choruses. This he did at Covent Garden Theatre, Feb. 26, 1773, in a work of his own, *Judith*. Five years later he died, at the age of sixty-eight.

9. SONG. *Full fathom five. Tempest, I. ii.*

By JOHN CHRISTOPHER SMITH; born 1712, died 1795.

His father, a German named Schmidt, acted as Hændel's treasurer. He himself was Hændel's amanuensis during the blindness of the great composer. Smith's style often resembles that of his master, but in the present song it belongs to the more modern harmonic period. He composed two Shaksperian Operas, 'The Tempest,' and 'The Fairies,' which is the *Midsummer Night's Dream* altered.

The compositions of Christopher Smith and Purcell have sometimes been confounded: for instance, in an arrangement by Loder of Smith's 'Full fathom five,' Purcell's chorus has been added without any remark as to the real authorship; while Smith's 'No more dams,' has been twice reprinted with the name of Purcell attached to it. Dr. Clarke in his 'Beauties of Purcell' has made this mistake.

Intermezzo.

In Memoriam Miss Cecia Rochfort-Smith.

19. PART SONG. *Heate no more the heate o' th' sun.*
Cymbeline, IV. ii.

By JAMES GREENHILL.

Miss Rochfort-Smith planned a Four-Text edition of *Hamlet*, which she intended to give to the New Shakspeare Society. She hoped also to compile for the Society a fresh Concordance to all Shakspeare's works, giving references to lines, as well as Acts and Scenes. Her death, after a week's severe suffering, took place on Sept. 4, 1883. The Committee of the New Shakspeare Society, at their first meeting last October, passed a Resolution expressing their sense of the great loss which the Society and the progress of Shakspeare study had suffered by the sad death of their gifted helper. Mr. Greenhill has composed this elegy for the present occasion.

FOURTH PERIOD. LATE HARMONIC.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

EARLY in the present century, music passed entirely out of the preparatory stages, in which it had so long remained, and made a fresh start, less to discover new kinds of technical resource, than to apply in detail those already known. Instruments of all the necessary types having been invented and improved, the time was ripe for an immense growth of orchestral writing. As a means of pure expression, every instrument was obviously inferior to the voice; but this defect could be compensated by the endless contrasts of orchestral tones; by great varieties of speed; by the continual use of chromatic chords, very distantly related to the key; and by a similar freedom of modulation. The forms of accompaniment reached a degree of elaboration never before known, and not seldom surpassing in importance the melody itself. Thus the reaction from the method of two centuries before, was complete. Instead of treating instruments as if they were voices, it now became the practice to write for voices as if they were instruments. The influence of the Italian style, formerly so powerful on the side of vocal melody, had grown too feeble and trivial to resist these modern tendencies.

From a more general point of view, the present period seems characterized by an entire disregard of the authority of the past. Traditional rules, however ancient, are never observed, if they interfere with any effect which the composer desires, in order to increase the attractiveness of his work. Banished from living art, these rules may yet be discovered in the divergent creeds of teachers, theorists, or critics.

Of Church music according to the established pattern, little has been produced in the nineteenth century, and that little rather as an imitative archaism than a free invention. Sacred works which represent modern tendencies, like Beethoven's 'Missa Solennis,' deviate from every ecclesiastical style. The faithful transmission of stereotyped forms has ceased to be the aim of composers, and has

given place to the forcible rendering of new poetic conceptions. Music, indeed, is no longer dependent for subject-matter on either liturgy or drama. Instead of being a decorative adjunct, a translation of literary ideas, music has become an original structure, an independent creation. It presents itself as a new language for thought and emotion; not possessing the definiteness of speech, but far surpassing it in range and power. The first composer who thus drew his inspiration direct from life was Beethoven; and the world is so familiar now with the style of music brought in by him that one can hardly realize how startling must have been its apparition, eighty years ago.

Released from so many conventional trammels, music could not fail to be soon transformed by the 'romantic movement.' Every phase of this influence, long ago recognized in other arts, had its analogue in music. 'Local color' was closely studied, with a new and deeper feeling for the characteristics of folk-song. The Bohemian, Suabian, and Spanish elements were brought into cultivated music by Weber, the Hungarian Gipsy by Schubert, the Highland Keltic by Mendelssohn in his Scotch Symphony and his Overture, 'Fingal's Cave.' The Slavonic temperament has also arrived at artistic expression; seeming to promise a renewal of European music, now that the decay of German originality has followed the decay of Italian. In the study of dramatic appropriateness, even savage music has not been neglected. One of the first successes in this branch was the Chorus of Dervishes in Beethoven's 'Ruins of Athens.' A native Arabic melody is taken as the foundation of an elaborate finale in Weber's 'Oberon,' and the same opera contains an unsurpassable picture of Islamite truculence, in the chorus, 'Glory to the Khalif.' If the scene of a new operetta is laid in Japan, and the composer does not produce some eccentric effects, capable of being interpreted as 'local color,' he is at once denounced by the critics.

Weber, again, was the first in music to adventure into the realms of diablerie and fairyland, and to call up the forms of fiend, wizard, sprite and mermaid, with the living and fascinating reality of folklore. Mendelssohn, whose *Midsommer Night's Dream* is also

inspired by the magical style, was perhaps too 'classical' an artist to meet with such perfect success in this purely 'barbarian' mystery. Later composers have often followed in the steps of these two, and the manufacture of the supernatural is now a well-understood and formulated process.

While the nineteenth century has seen an untiring search after every possible or impossible beauty, after every kind of ornate or picturesque material, it has also been marked by a strong taste for the sombre and the grotesque. The exciting and exhausting effects of romantic art necessitate the use of violence and ugliness as means of contrast and relief. To Mendelssohn, this aspect of the romantic movement appears to have been repulsive. But the nervous excitability of his style, its fanciful elegance, elaboration of detail, and breathless speed, mark it clearly enough as an offspring of the nineteenth century. Possibly, future music may go so much farther in the same direction, as to make the works of the present day seem colorless and pedantic, by the side of the more drastic and original effects which then may be discovered.

20. SONG. *Hearke, hearke, the larke. Cymbeline, II. iii.*

By FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT; born Jan. 31, 1797; died Nov. 19, 1828.

Lichtenthal, near Vienna, was Schubert's birth-place, but his ancestors came from Moravia. Beginning to compose when only thirteen, his progress as a musician was interrupted by his turning school-teacher, in order to avoid the conscription. When seventeen, his first mass attracted the attention of Salieri, an old Italian composer, long resident in Vienna, who took him up and gave him lessons. Schubert lived for many years in great poverty, supported sometimes by the friends he had made by his music. He attracted little public notice till about 1816, when Vogl, a Viennese Opera singer, made his acquaintance, and was fascinated by his songs. In 1818 he became teacher of music in the family of Count Johann Esterhazy; and retained this situation for seven years. The summers were passed at the Count's Hungarian country-seat; the winters in Vienna. His stay in Hungary made Schubert

acquainted with the remarkable dances and songs of the Magyars, which he turned to account in many of his best instrumental works.

Schubert was by far the most prolific of composers. He wrote several operas, masses, symphonies, string quartets, and a multitude of pianoforte pieces and songs. Few, however, were published while he was alive, and these were miserably paid for. He sent three of his songs to Goethe in 1819, but the poet took no notice of the composer, who was afterwards to give some of his songs a wider popularity than they might otherwise have obtained. Though Beethoven's stay in Vienna coincided for so many years with Schubert's lifetime, they only met twice. On the first occasion, Schubert's nervousness overcame him, and he rushed out of the room before he had written a word for the deaf Beethoven to read. On the second, Beethoven was hardly conscious, being then in his last illness. But he had become acquainted some days before with a selection of Schubert's songs. These excited his admiration, and caused him to say, 'Truly, Schubert has the divine fire.'

Though Schubert's name was now becoming more widely known, he was still in poverty; sometimes on the brink of starvation. He died of typhus fever at the age of thirty-one. Of his many works only a small proportion was publicly performed during his life. Schumann was the first to force the world to listen to the treasures it had disregarded. Liszt also aided the success of other works of Schubert; and in England a similar service has been rendered by Sir George Grove.

Schubert set two of Shakspeare's songs, 'Hark, hark, the lark!' and 'Who is Sylvia?' Some believe him to have also set 'Come, thou monarch of the vine.' The first of these is included in our program. In this song a happy use is made of the dominant pedal, and of the modulation into the key a major Third below.

'The isolated songs of Schubert, from their beauty, fitness, freshness, and number, place him in general estimation, and deservedly, at the head of all song-writers of whatever age or country. As a practitioner on a more extended scale, a composer of symphonies and chamber-music symphonic in its scope and character, his place is lower. He is rich in—nay, replete with—

ideas of which he is rather the slave than the master. . . . He is diffuse to an extent far beyond the practice of any composer of like power. . . . If ever Schubert's reputation as a symphony writer dies, it will be of the plethora of invention exhibited in' his works. (Hullah, 'Lectures on Musical History.')

The best account yet published of Schubert's life and works is by Sir George Grove in his 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' Parts XV, XVI, pp. 319 to 381.

21. PART SONG. *Tell me where is fancie bred. Merchant of Venice*, III. ii.

By IL CAVALIERE CIRO PINSUTI; born May 9, 1829.

He is a native of Sinalunga, Siena. He came to England in 1830, and remained here fifteen years, carrying on his musical studies. In 1845 he returned to Italy and became a pupil of Rossini. Three years later he again came to England, and started as a teacher of singing, sometimes residing in London, sometimes in Newcastle. Many eminent singers, including Grisi, Bosio, Patti, Mario, have come to him for direction. Several of his operas, of which one is founded upon *The Merchant of Venice*, have been produced with success in Italy. His part songs are melodious, spirited, and popular. The present one, in the key of G, starts in a modern and striking manner with the chord of D \sharp , A, F \sharp , C.

22. SONG. *Willough Song. Othello*, IV. iii.

By SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN; born May 13, 1842.

He was a chorister in the Chapel Royal till 1857. He was elected Mendelssohn scholar at the Royal Academy in 1856, and was the first to hold that distinction. Goss and Sterndale Bennett were his teachers. Two years later he went to Leipzig, returning to London at the end of 1861, and bringing his music to Shakspeare's *Tempest*, by which his first public success was obtained.

An Overture, 'In Memoriam,' written in 1866 on the death of his father, is still often heard. In 1873 he composed an Oratorio, 'The Light of the World;' and in 1880 another, 'The Martyr of Antioch,' received with applause at the Birmingham and Leeds Festivals respectively.

Of late years the names of Gilbert and Sullivan have become fixed in the public mind as author and composer of a series of comic operettas, 'Trial by Jury,' the 'Sorcerer,' 'H.M.S. Pinafore,' the 'Pirates of Penzance,' 'Patience,' 'Iolanthe,' 'Princess Ida.' The farcical absurdity of the words and the pretty ingenuity of the tunes have led to the most successful runs in English and American theatres.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is also universally known as the favorite composer of the modern English drawing-room ballad. His part songs, hymns, and anthems are of equal merit.

He was knighted on May 15, 1883.

23. SONG. *When that I was and a little tinè bog. Twelfth Night, V. i.*

By JOHN LIPHOT HATTON; born at Liverpool, 1809.

As a musician he was almost entirely self-taught. His songs and part songs have become very popular. In 1844 he went to Vienna to bring out his Opera 'Pascal Bruno.' On his return to England he took the pseudonym of 'Czapek,' meaning 'hat on' in Hungarian, and published under it several of his works. He was director of the music at the Princess's Theatre under Charles Kean, and during this engagement produced settings of *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII.*, *Richard II.*, *Lear*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, etc. In 1877 his sacred drama, 'Hezekiah,' was performed at the Crystal Palace.

24. TRIO. "How sweet the moone-light." *Merchant of Venice, V. i.*
By JOHN GEORGE CALLCOTT; born 1821.

Organist at Teddington. For twenty-four years he was accompanist to Henry Leslie's choir. He has published two cantatas, 'The Golden Harvest' and 'Halloween,' as well as many part songs and pieces of dance-music.

25. SONG. *Orpheus with his lute. Henry VIII., III. i.*

26. SONG. *O Mistress mine. Twelfth Night, II. iii.*

By SIR A. SULLIVAN. (See no. 22.)

27. PART SONG. ~~Will~~ you buy any tape? *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.
By CLARA ANGELA MACIRONE; born in London, 1821.

Miss Macirone is of Roman descent. She received her musical education at the Royal Academy, London, where she was afterwards appointed to a 'professorship.' Her 'Te Deum' was the first composition by a woman which was performed in the Church service. Her setting of the 'Benedictus' obtained the admiration of Mendelssohn. But she is chiefly known by her part songs, many of which have been sung with success by various London choirs. Of late years Miss Macirone has organized a school of musical instruction.

The accounts given of the lives and works of composers are compiled from Baptiè's 'Biographical Dictionary,' by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Morley and Co., Regent Street; also from Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Bedford Street.







New Shakspeare Society.

SERIES VIII. MISCELLANIES, No. 3.

A LIST OF
ALL THE SONGS & PASSAGES
IN SHAKSPERE

WHICH HAVE BEEN SET TO MUSIC.

COMPILED BY
J. GREENHILL, THE REV. W. A. DARRISON,
AND F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE WORDS IN OLD SPELLING, FROM THE QUARTOS
AND FIRST FOLIO.

EDITED BY
F. J. FURNIVALL AND W. G. STONE.

PUBLISHED FOR
The New Shakspeare Society
BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57, 59, LUDGATE HILL,
LONDON, 1884.

The following Publications of the *New Shakspeare Society* have been issued

For 1874:

- Series I. *Transactions*. 1. Part I, containing 4 Papers, editions of the genuine parts of *Thomas Pericles*, and details of that of *Henry VIII.*, &c.
 Series II. *Plays*. The 1597 and 1599 Quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*, in a simple Reprint, Parallel Texts, by P. A. Daniel, [*b. presented by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany*].
 Series IV. *Shakspeare Allusion-Books*. 1. Part I. 1592-8 A.D. (*Grosvenor Grosvenorworth of Wil.* 18) Chettle's 'Kind-Harts Dreame,' 1593; five sections from *Mares's Palladis Tamia*, 1598, &c. ed. C. M. Ingleby, LL.D.

For 1875:

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For 1876:

- Series II. *Plays*. 7, 8. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher; a. A Reprint of a Quarto of 1634; b. a revised Edition, with Notes, by Harold Littledale, Esq., B.A., Trinity College, Dublin. (*The latter presented by Richard Johnson, Esq.*)
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 3. William Stafford's *Examination of certeyne Complaints in these our Days*, 1581; ed. D. Matthew and F. J. Furnivall. (*Presented by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Decha.*)
 4. Phillip Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1 May, 1583; Part I, § 1; ed. F. J. Furnivall.
 Series VIII. *Miscellanies*. 1. Prof. Spalding on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and the Characteristics of SHAKSPEARE'S style (1833). With Memoir by Dr Hill Burton, and Forewords by F. J. Furnivall.

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- Series I. *Transactions*. 4. Part II. for 1875-6, containing Papers by Prof. Delius, Miss J. Low, & Time-Analyses of the *Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, &c., Brutus's and Antony's speeches on Caesar's corpse, from the English *Appian's Chronicle*, &c.
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- Series I. *Transactions*. 5. Part I, for 1877-8, containing Papers by Mr Spedding, Mr Ross, &c.
 Series VI. *Shakspeare's England*. 5. William Harrison's *Description of England*, 1577, 1587, Part II, with Maps and Engravings, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A.
 Series VIII. *Miscellanies*. 2. Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601, in which Shakspeare's lines on the 'Pueria and Turtle' were first published, edited by the Rev. A. B. Grosart, LL.D.

For 1879:

- Series I. *Transactions*. 6. Part II. for 1877-9, Mr Daniel's Time-Analyses of Shakspeare's Plays.
 Series IV. *Allusion-Books*. 2. *Shakspeare's Centurie of Poets*, the 2nd edition, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., and Miss L. Toulmin Smith. (*Presented mainly by Dr Ingleby.*)
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For 1880:

- Series I. *Transactions*. 7. Part III. for 1877-9, Papers by Miss Philpott, Mr Ruskin, &c.
 Series II. *Plays*. 10. *Henry V.*; c. a revised edition of the Play, by Walter B. Stone, Esq.
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For 1881:

- Series I. *Transactions*. 8. Part I. for 1880-2. Papers by Dr B. Nicholson, Dr Tauger, &c.
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For 1883:

- Series VI. *Shakespeare's England*, 11, 13. A Cromo-foto-lithograph of SHAKESPEARE'S Monument in Stratford Church, printed by W. Griggs & Son.* A copy, by Dawson's Fotograving process, of the Droeshout [Droozhowt] Portrait of SHAKESPEARE.
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 Series II. 12. *The Old-Spelling Shakespeare*, Vol. I of *The Comedies*, ed. by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone. [In the Press.]

For 1884:

- Series VIII. *Miscellanies*. 3. A List of all the Songs and Passages in Shakespeare which have been set to Music. Edited by F. J. Furnivall and W. G. Stone.

A List of Publications of the NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY now at Press:

- Series II. *Plays*. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, published 1634; c. Introduction and Glossarial Index, by Harold Latholake, B.A.
 Series I. *Transactions*. 9. Part II. for 1880-2. Papers by Dr Landmann, Dr B. Nicholson, &c.
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Publications Suggested.

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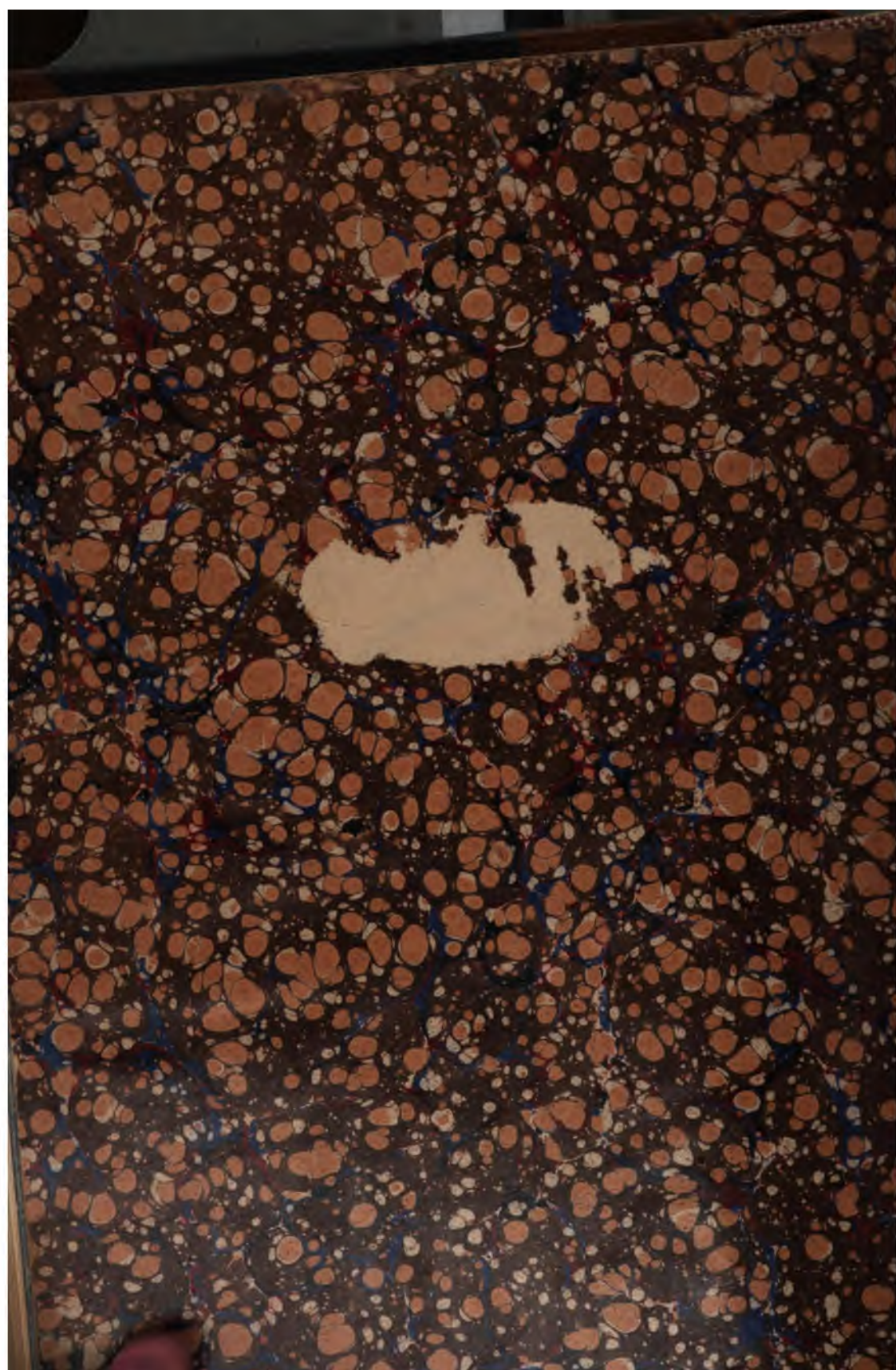
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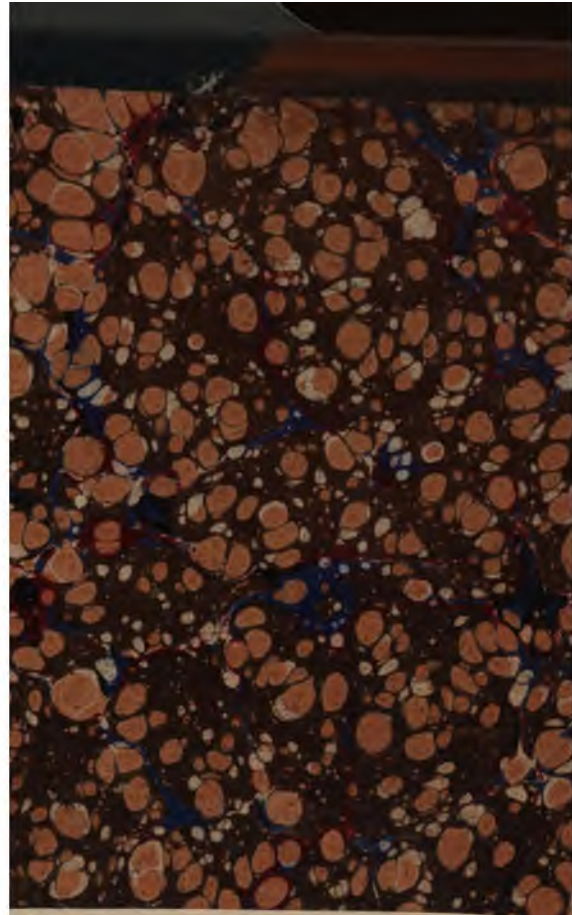
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